Oct. 22, 1973

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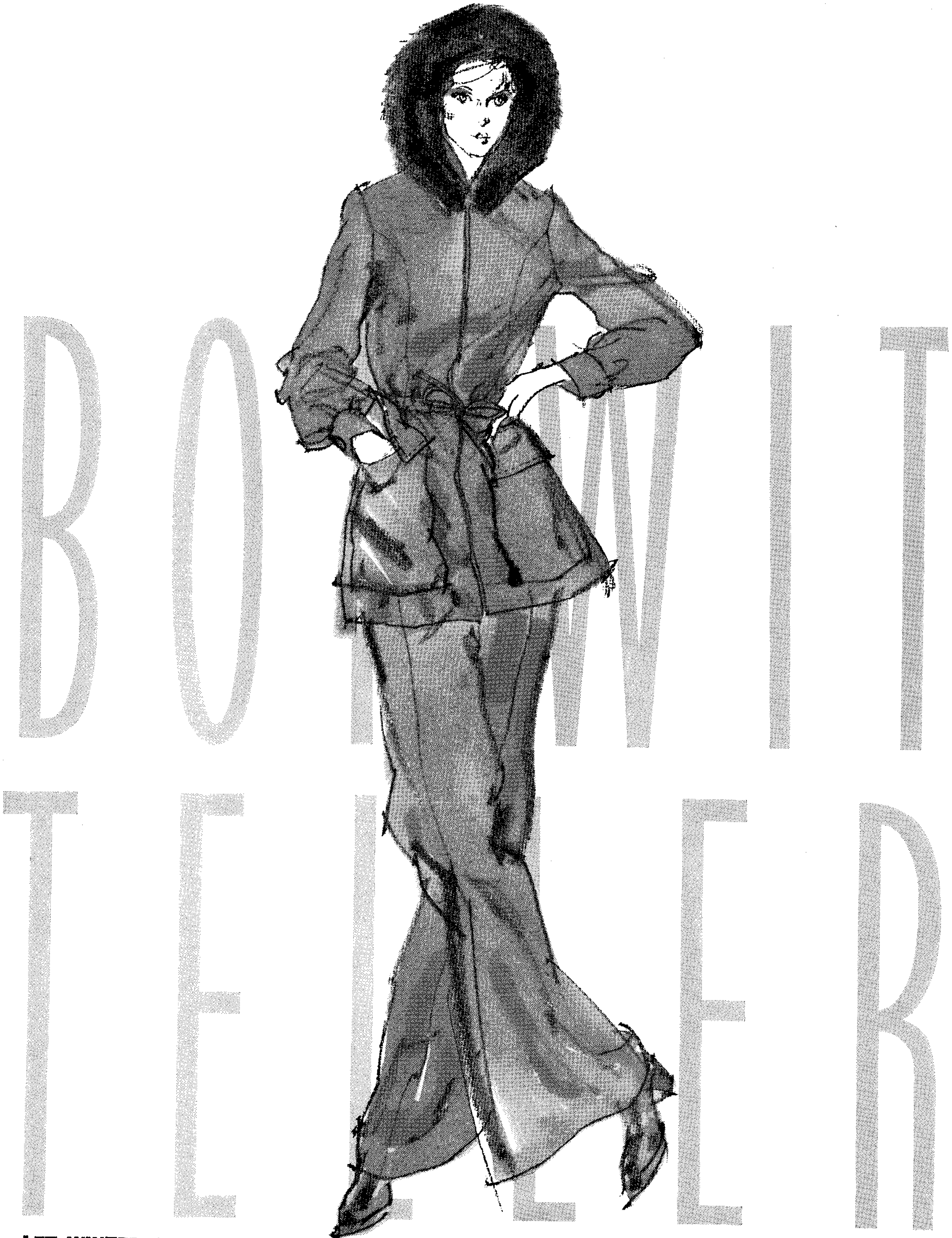

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A Breeze from the Gulf—Robert Drivas, Ruth Ford, and Scott McKay in a play by Mart Crowley. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of the Wind—A play by Jerry Devine, with James Callahan, Ann Thomas, Sarah Hardy, and Barry Goss. Directed by Shepard Traube. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 23. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Contractor—A London play by David Storey. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 17. (Chelsea/Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Crown Matrimonial—Eileen Herlie as Queen Mother Mary and George Grizzard as Edward VIII in a cleverly dramatized recapitulation of the sad events of 1936 by which Edward lost his throne and gained "the woman I love." The playwright is Royce Ryton and the marvellous setting is by Finlay James. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A comedy-drama, **BROADWAY**, by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 18, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 28. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Father—Strindberg's play, with Robert Lansing, Elizabeth Owens, and James Mitchell. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

House Party—A play by Ed Bullins, with music by Pat Patrick and lyrics by Mr. Bullins. Season subscribers only. Opens Thursday, Oct. 18. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30; Wednesdays at 6:15; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Irene—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 22, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ladies in Waiting—A play by Peter DeAnda. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Fridays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28. Free.)

The Lady from the Sea—Ibsen's play is here performed by a company most of whom are comparative beginners, and most of whom do quite well. Paul Sparer, no beginner, is excellent as Dr. Wangel. (Gotham Art, 455 W. 43rd St. 489-1816. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Little Night Music—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mein Mama der General—A Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nellie Toole & Co.—Sylvia Miles and Stefan Gierasch in a silly play by Peter Keveson. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 21.)

Nourish the Beast—Steve Tesich's comedy, formerly known as "Baba Goya," about an eccentric family in Queens. At times, the humor seems strained, but when Mr. Tesich is funny, he is funny indeed. The acting, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is good. With Olympia Dukakis, R. A. Dow, and Randy Kim. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—A musical taken from Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics, and the cast includes Virginia Capers, Joe Morton, and Ernestine Jackson. Directed by Donald McKayle. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 18. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and John Gavin, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

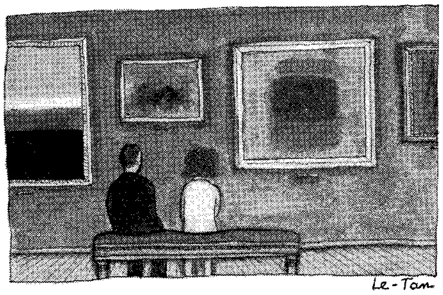
A Streetcar Named Desire—An able production of the Williams classic, starring Lois Nettleton and Alan Feinstein. The director is Jules Irving. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 21.)

Veronica's Room—Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy in a thriller by Ira Levin. Ellis Rabb directed. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 22-24. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 25. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A somewhat too American, somewhat too slapstick version of the charming Anouilh play, in which we are made to see how sad and comic it is that we grow old without growing up. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**don't bother me, i cant cope:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **the fantasticks:** 5,609 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **grease:** a musical, (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **the river niger:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **the sunshine boys:** A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **that championship season:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Moves," "Parade," "After Eden," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Moves," "Remembrances," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Remembrances," "Deuce Coupe," and "Interplay." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Interplay," "After Eden," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Deuce Coupe." ... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2: "Jive," "After Eden," "Meadowlark," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: "Parade," "Secret Places," "Interplay," and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Interplay."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Reflections," "As Time Goes By" (première), and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Jive," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Remembrances," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Utah Repertory Dance Theatre—The resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah in the last in a series of programs—Thursday, Oct. 18, and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: An unnamed Tetley dance (première), "Five in the Morning," and "Five Songs in August."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Women Waiting," "Within Bounds," " 'Opus' Jazz Loves Bach," and "Snack Pack." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Dizzy Gillespie—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Trumpet, leading a band, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 20.

Bobby Hackett—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a sextet that includes Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Mraz on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. From eight to one-thirty, except Sundays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quartet. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Drums, with his quintet, from nine to three, through Sunday, Oct. 21.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus an all-Richard Rodgers program on Sunday, Oct. 21, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Piano, with his trio, from nine to three, starting Tuesday, Oct. 23.

Charles Mingus—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Bass, leading a sextet, from ten, through Sunday, Oct. 21.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

Happy and Artie Traum—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Vocals and guitars, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Sunday, Oct. 21.

Dave Van Ronk—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Folksongs and guitar, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, beginning Thursday, Oct. 25.

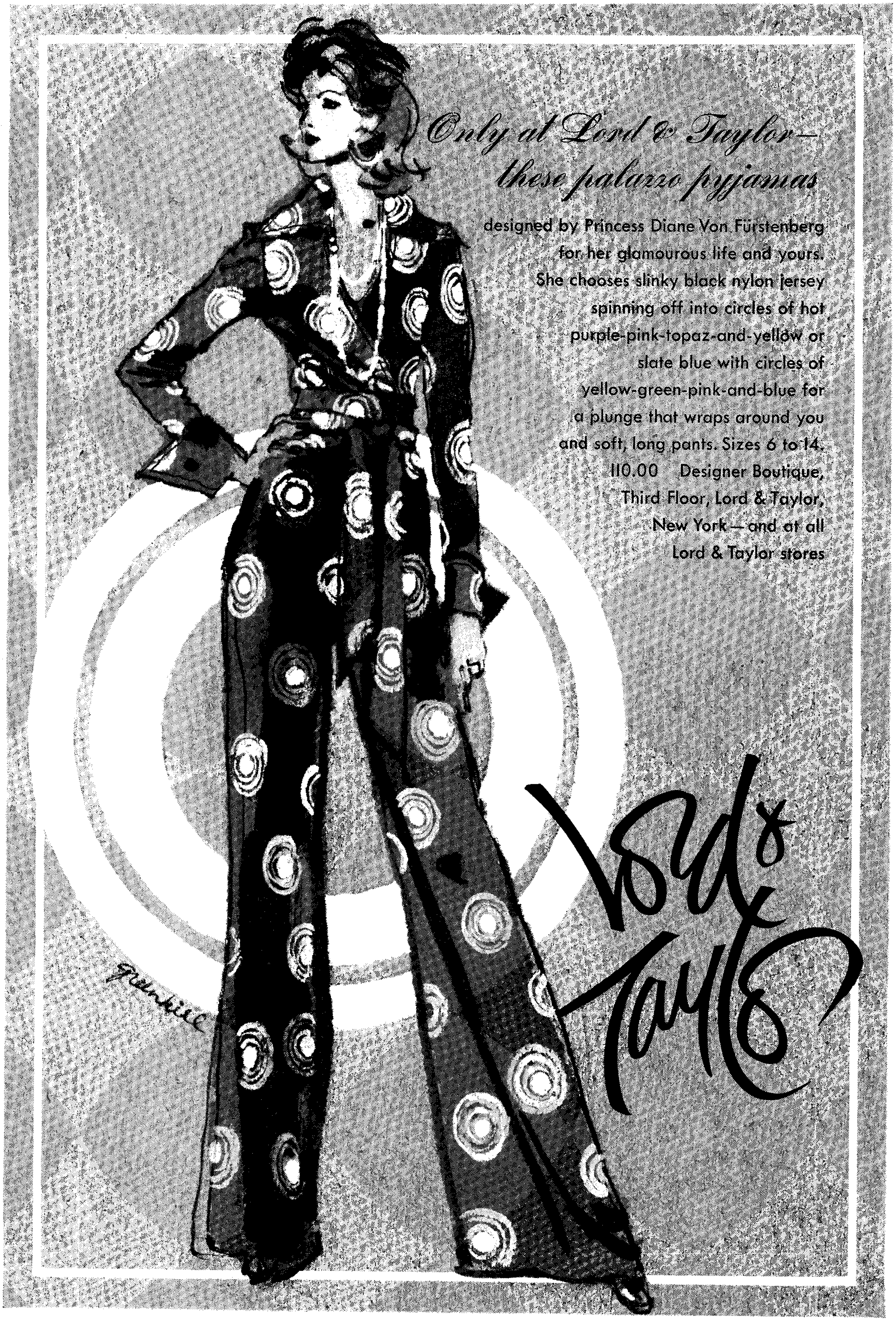
Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Cliff Leeman (on Tuesday, Oct. 23, Panama Francis will succeed Leeman). Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. The John Foster trio entertains the passengers, who vary from jazz patrons to local Chelsea folk. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty Fridays and Saturdays only. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band



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that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Connected rows of grammar-school-type desks (no more comfortable now than they were then) border three sides of a small stage occupied by Lori Lieberman and Jim Dawson, two folksingers, through Monday, Oct. 22. On Wednesday, Oct. 24, two more singers—Michael Franks and Ross Ryan—move in. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Trumpeter and jazz activist Joe Newman appears with his lively quartet through Saturday, Oct. 20. Drummer Omar Clay and his trio work here Sunday and Tuesday, Oct. 21 and 23. On Wednesday, Oct. 24, Charles McPherson, a fine alto saxophonist, arrives with his quartet. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Al Haig, a strong pianist who came up during the bop era, plays with a bassist through Sunday, Oct. 21. On Monday, Oct. 22, pianist Steve Kuhn and bassist Steve Swallow begin their acrobatic duets. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—This scene (getting trendier every year) has been going on for quite some time. Long before Bianca Jagger became Style, Bobby Short was steeping himself and his fortunate audience in the once-upon-a-time world of Cole Porter. Bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan amply support Mr. Short's proficiency and enthusiasm nightly at nine-forty-five, except Sundays and Mondays. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd and two musicians who hold its attention—pianist Brooks Kerr and trombonist Mathew Gee. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Suspend your disbelief as Nellie Lutcher, still as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards nightly, except on Sundays when Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers. The Magic Tramps, a glitter band, cast their spell nightly through Saturday, Oct. 20. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on Richard Rodgers' music on Sunday, Oct. 21, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five. Norma Shepherd sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened in the ground floor of a modern apartment house. Umbrellaed tables are scattered just outside the door, and the interior is relatively unadorned—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Jim Barto strums away to bass accompaniment through Saturday, Oct. 20. On Sunday and Monday, Oct. 21-22, guitarist Carl Thompson is featured. The guitar duo of Sal Salvador and Allen Hanlon takes over starting Tuesday, Oct. 23. The strings vibrate from nine to one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—It's hard to imagine sitting back and relaxing in this sombre, modern, almost Tati-inspired setting. (The waiters stand around stiffly, as grim-faced as subscribers to "Casket and Sunnyside.") Nevertheless, the double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. The Modern Jazz Quartet, still substantially unchanged (thank goodness), trades sets with vocalist and pianist Mel Dancy. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Assorted Sunday musical offerings from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

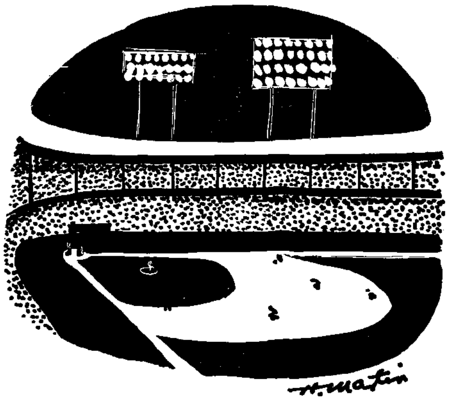
Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Pianist Jim Roberts plays Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 17-18, and Wednesday, Oct. 24. Beginning Friday, Oct. 19, Lance Hayward returns to the keyboard and is joined by bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-backroom with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine and amplifiers that are not so faint. The Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble, five pieces, plays through Sunday, Oct. 21. On Tuesday, Oct. 23, pianist Junior Mance brings in his strong and solidly bluesy trio. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Trumpeter Herman Autrey (sitting in for Roy Eldridge) and regular bandsmen Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Some solidly grounded jazz emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit); i.e., Barry Harris is on piano with Lawrence Evans on bass Mondays through Saturdays, from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the downstairs **52nd Street Room,** Dizzy Gillespie (who played with Charlie Parker and then moved on to other things) and his latest group alternate with the West Coast outfit Supersax (which plays transcribed and arranged improvisations by Charlie Parker) through Saturday, Oct. 20, at nine and eleven-thirty. Remaining for another week, Supersax—comprising alto, tenor, and baritone saxophonists and a rhythm section—turns Parker's solos, which were chilling and jarring when first played, into pleasant entertainment. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Of the many influences on rock music, New Orleans-style piano is clearly one to be reckoned with. Professor Longhair, who, along with Fats Domino and others, formulated this brand of Louisiana rhythm and blues in the late forties and early fifties, has been snared from obscurity and plays here through Sunday, Oct. 21. On Tuesday, Oct. 23, Yoko Ono troops in with her Plastic Ono Super Band. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.



Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—More humid than the jungles of Borneo, more crowded than the Sistine Chapel, this enterprise nonetheless usually offers sturdy, reliable entertainment. Eric Andersen, whose folk work has acquired a country twang, alternates with composer and singer Kate McGarrigle through Monday, Oct. 22. Bobby Blue Bland, whose middle name denotes his strong affiliation with the kind of southern blues—simple, low-keyed rhythm and blues (influenced, to be sure, by the earlier sounds of Professor Longhair)—popular in places like Houston and Memphis about fifteen years ago, sings here, starting Wednesday, Oct. 24. On the same bill will be a Room Full of Blues, a Boston group. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an overly solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. Happy and Artie Traum render original compositions that could easily pass for nineteenth-century folklore. They'll be singing and picking in their easygoing manner through Sunday, Oct. 21. Thursday, Oct. 25, marks the arrival of Dave Van Ronk, the gravel-throated singer-guitarist who hasn't changed a bit since 1963, and rightly so. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns, along with a certain number of cats. Pianist Dick Wellstood has charge of a trio nightly from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Chico Hamilton galvanizes his young and talented quartet Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret. Vocalist Betty Rhodes and Warholian female impersonator Holly Woodlawn, who does songs from the forties, perform for all their ardent fans through Saturday, Oct. 20. Pianist Louis St. Louis and Joy Hatton follow them in on Tuesday, Oct. 23. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Pianist Lewis Friedman and guitarist Tiger Haynes play from eight-thirty to two between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

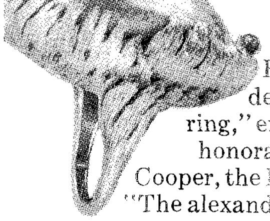
Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bucky Pizzarelli, a chord-oriented guitarist of subtle wit, has the place to himself and his listeners nightly. Music from nine-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by the Bobbi Humphrey quartet Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Various jazzpersons are sequestered here nightly from ten. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is featured on Wednesdays. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Charles Mingus offers support and inspiration to his sextet through

What does the great wave of Hokusai have to do with a $225,000 chrysoberyl alexandrite? "Absolutely nothing," says Diene Cooper.



"The great wave of Hokusai inspired the design of my Japanese ring," explains Mrs. Cooper, honorable wife of Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler. "The alexandrite got into the act because Douglas just couldn't wait for the next advertisement to show it off."

In any case, Mr. Cooper will have to wait for the next two paragraphs while we tell you all about Diene's ring. You see, Mrs. Cooper is really into "Japonica"—bonsai, squid drying, the prints of the great artist, Hokusai. (All right, maybe not squid drying.)

Here she is at Philadelphia's Japanese Exhibition House, a fine example of classical Japanese architecture. This is the spot where Diene says she got the idea for her new ring—a freshwater pearl awash in a great wave (like the one Hokusai was so fond of). In 18 karat gold with rubies and diamonds, $3,500.

Now about Mr. Cooper's alexandrite. The alexandrite, as you may know, changes its color. From sea green by day to Titian red by night (or candlelight).

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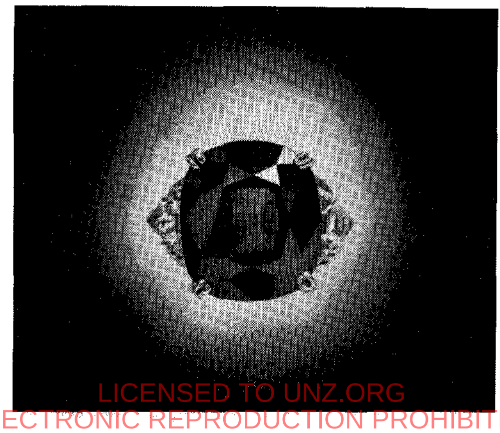

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, Oct. 21. The Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet, co-captained by a vigorously talented reedman and a deft, innovative guitarist, respectively, descends the staircase on Tuesday, Oct. 23. Mondays are given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, trumpeter Bobby Hackett is on deck, with a hearty crew of musicians, including Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Mraz on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. They alternate with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Through Saturday, Oct. 20, Phil Wayne will be in the CAFÉ with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad will be on duty Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-27. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The PERSIAN ROOM is occupied at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday by singer Dax Xenos. On Monday, Oct. 22, the Wright Brothers, a singing and dancing duo, will succeed Mr. Xenos. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the PALM COURT, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu provides violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. Composer and pianist Cy Coleman is presenting his own musical show, with the assistance of a quartet and two vocalists, at nine and eleven-fifteen every night but Sunday. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. The piano duo of Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver present an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Freda Payne. The dance band is Anthony Terini's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . LA BOITE RUSSE, the next-door sylvan glade, offers violin-and-piano music as well as a Russian singer named Aelita, from eight to one, every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

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. . . ¶ The ST. REGIS ROOM is host to the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Leslie Uggams serves as décor and oriole in the EMPIRE ROOM. Her operations embrace both the dinner and supper hours. On Wednesday, Oct. 24, Jack Jones will take over the premises. He'll do just one show at ten opening night; thereafter, he will appear at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance band of Bob Rosengarden is at play all evening long. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 21-23.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Recent paintings by a Belgian member of the "Cobra" group. Through Nov. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Domingo Alvarez—Neon-and-glass environments. Through Nov. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Recent paintings of figures and interiors. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Belkin—A series of figure paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Mobiles, stabiles, a painted model jet plane, gouache paintings, and models for commissioned sculptures. Through Nov. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Callahan—Paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Paul Cézanne (1839-1906)—Sixteen watercolors. Through Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peter Chapin—Figure paintings on canvas and on panels of Plexiglas and wood; also prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Paintings of this abstractionist's late works, most of them in white. Through Thursday, Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Crowl—Portraits of New Yorkers and landscapes of New York. Through Nov. 3. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William F. Draper—Realistic paintings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures in stone, bamboo, string, and other materials. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Joseph Floch—Interiors and landscapes. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Russell Forester—Paintings and pen-and-ink drawings built up of rhythmic patterns of tiny squares. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Frederick Franck—Drawings from his two new books. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Drawings and collages. Through Nov. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Gussow—Abstract landscapes by the author of "A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land." Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jeroen Henneman—Landscape paintings and drawings of objects from daily life, lighted; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 7. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hockney—A retrospective of prints of landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes. Starts Thursday, Oct. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Tom Holland—Abstract paintings on fibre glass. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Nov. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine Hyman / Jeannette Judson—Stone figure sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. / Geometric abstractions. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Ilson—Watercolors of cityscapes, landscapes, and seascapes. Starts Thursday, Oct. 18. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Floyd Johnson—Paintings on unstretched canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Lawrence—Gouache paintings done during the past four years. Through Nov. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonid—Paintings by the Russian-born Neo-Romanticist. Through Nov. 3. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Two hundred graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zero Mostel—Oils and collages. Through Nov. 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Oct. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Multi-sectioned canvases. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

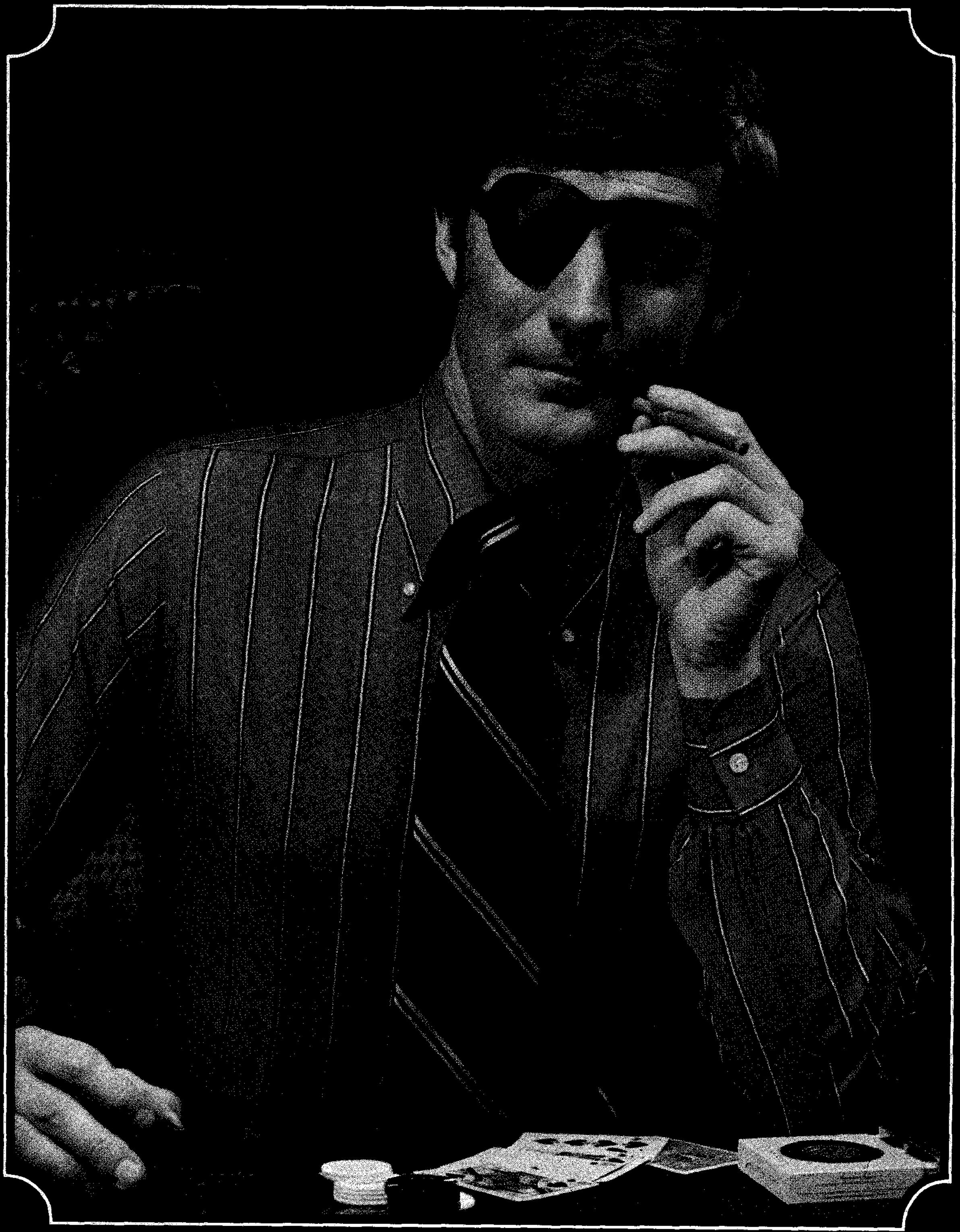
Paul Resika—Landscapes. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helene Simon—Abstract stone sculptures of Hebrew and Arabic calligraphies. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Drawings. Through Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Alma W. Thomas—Color paintings by a Washington, D.C., artist. Through Nov. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: "I like the country. It's a nice spot," a native of Manhattan in a story by the late A. J. Liebling once observed. The loan exhibition here of seventy-six paintings from ten midwestern university collections is evocative of that nice spot the American provincial museum, and for people who have never travelled to our cultural backwaters, a visit to Wildenstein will help fill in the gap in their education. The striking unevenness of the exhibition—works of dull competence, daubs, and masterpieces hang side by side—gives it an atmosphere of eccentricity, even of mystery. The principle of selection is so unclear that it may not even exist (the works were chosen by the Committee on Institutional Coöperation, representing eleven universities), and coming upon the bits of gold among all the dross is a particular pleasure for the jaded habitué of our predictably gold-glutted local palaces of art and culture. The great names in the show include Murillo, Hals, Tiepolo, Turner, Fantin-Latour, Ingres, Sargeant, Miró, O'Keeffe, Dove, Hartley, Dali, Picasso, Matisse, and Pollock, and the great works are about five in number. It's a benefit show, and admission is $2. Through Oct. 31. . . . ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Matisse, Picasso, Tanguy, Rothko, and other twentieth-century artists. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . GOLDOWSKY, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Watercolors and drawings by Léger, Fein-



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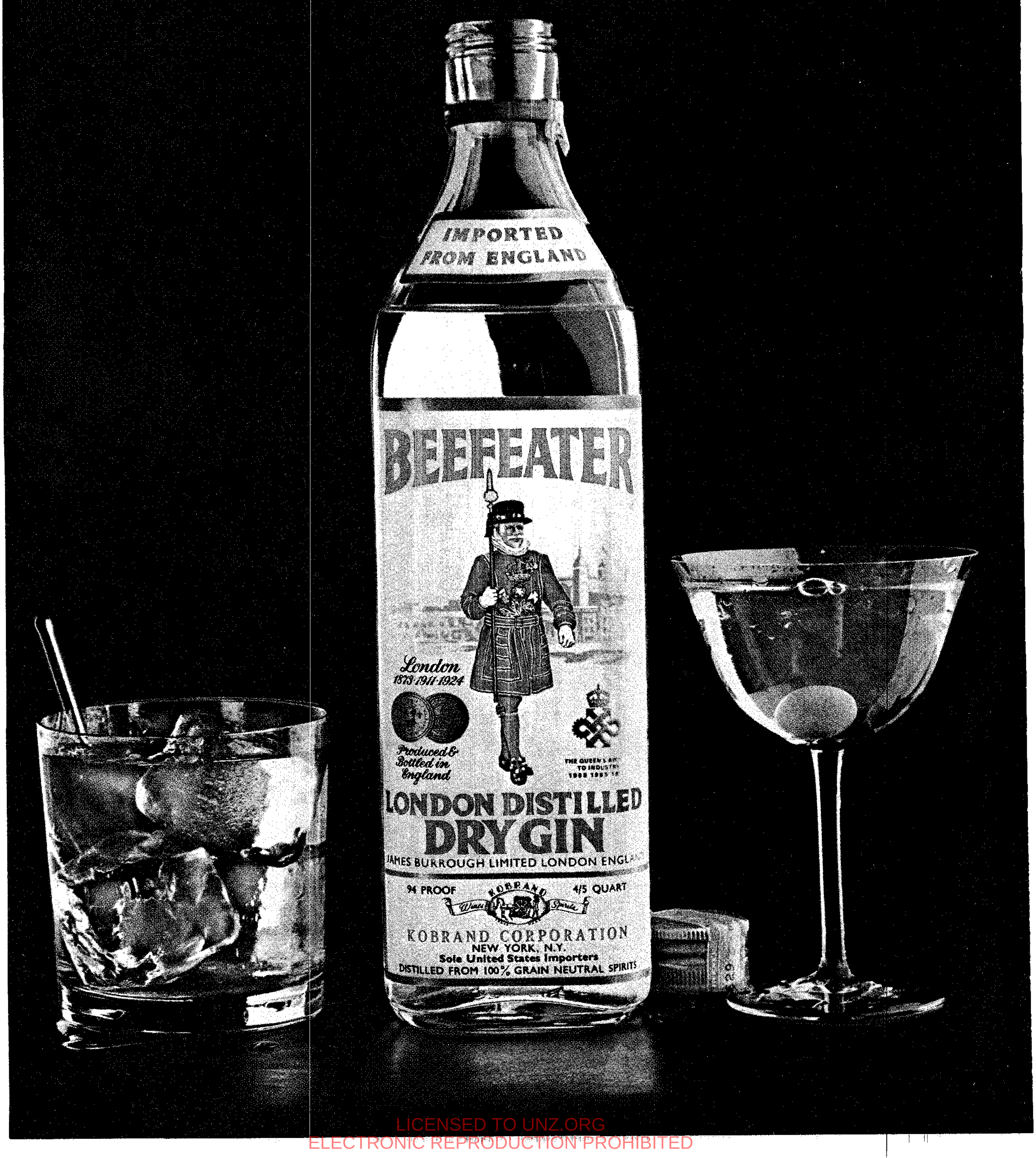
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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inger, Klee, Miró, Giacometti, Matisse, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SOLOMON,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Nov. 30. . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Americans, including Avery, Burchfield, Calder, Lipchitz, and Maurer. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO (1887-1964)—Thirty sculptures, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Watercolors done in 1938 on the Gaspé Peninsula. Through Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOLFGANG BEHL—Wood sculptures. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Twenty-five watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JACKIE FERRARA—Geometric constructions made of cotton batting. Through Thursday, Oct. 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GOTO—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LORRIE GOULET—Twenty-eight stone sculptures of the female figure. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

NATHAN HALE—Welded figurative sculptures, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HELD—Two shows of large geometric paintings in black and white. Both through Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Emmerich, uptown, at 41 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

A. RAYMOND KATZ—Thickly textured abstract paintings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM MOÏSE—Expressionist paintings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

STEPHEN MUELLER—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Oct. 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE SCHLANGER—Figure paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

YEHIEL SHEMI—Rectangular bolted-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK SONENBERG—Large sculptures, plus models and drawings. Through Nov. 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHAÏM SOUTINE (1894-1943)—A benefit loan exhibition of seventy-eight paintings, most of them executed in the twenties and thirties. Through Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANET STAYTON—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Demuth, Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe, and other American abstractionists. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by four California artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **JANIS,** 6 W. 57th St.: The gallery celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a loan exhibition of paintings (Picasso, Dubuffet) and sculptures (Brancusi, Giacometti). Through Nov. 3. . . . **SCHAB,** 37 W. 57th St.: European drawings dating from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth. Through Nov. 21.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ARMAN—This artist engages in such activities as collecting garbage from the studios of his contemporaries and packaging it for display, blowing up motorcycles with dynamite and reassembling the fragments, and stomping on selected debris until it arranges itself to his taste, and this exhibition of the results is accompanied by photographs showing him in the throes of creativity. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MEL BOCHNER—Works by a Conceptualist. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

DANIEL BUREN—One large striped canvas. Through Nov. 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JIM HUNTINGTON / SALVATORE ROMANO—Abstract sculptures. / One moving sculpture. Through Nov. 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

MARILYN PERLMAN—Abstract sculptures, most of them in marble. Through Oct. 31. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Five large oils and twenty watercolors. Through Nov. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM SCHENCK—Paintings based on old movie stills. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH / MAUREEN CONNOR—Three large figure paintings. / A work in fabrics resembling a garden. Through Oct. 31. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NORA SPEYER—Figure and landscape paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL VON RINGELHEIM—Abstract stainless-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 3. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

IDELLE WEBER—Paintings of fruit and vegetable stands. Through Nov. 3. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JACKIE WINSOR—Abstract sculptures in wood and rope. Starts Saturday, Oct. 20. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

TINO ZAGO—Paintings. Through Nov. 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Video tapes by twelve artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **CUNINGHAM WARD,** 94 Prince St.: Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FISCHBACH,** 489 Broome St.: Works on paper by Gene Davis, Robert Ryman, Red Grooms, and others. Through Nov. 3. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of original pen-and-ink caricatures, drawings, lithographs, and etchings. Through Oct. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER,** ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Large paintings by seven women artists. Through Thursday, Oct. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.). . . **GLASS,** 315 Central Park West, at 91st St.: Collages and pen-and-ink drawings by Benny Andrews, Marcelin Cardinal, Zoltan Hecht, Alice Neaman, and Judith Shahn, and sculptures by Bea Goldfrank and Dorothy Robbins. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Seven sculptures, by Robert Smithson, Sol LeWitt, Dan Flavin, Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Robert Morris, and Carl Andre. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays, except Oct. 22, through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—A retrospective of the seventy-five-year-old master photographer's career. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

ELSA DORFMAN—Photographs of Allen Ginsberg. Through Oct. 29. (Focus II, 163 W. 74th St. Daily, 6 P.M. to 11 P.M.)

ROBERT HEINECKEN—Works in collage, multiple and serial image, and offset press. Through Nov. 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LASZLO MOHOLY-NAGY (1895-1946)—Reproductions of approximately thirty of the Bauhaus Master's experimental photographs of the twenties. Through Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

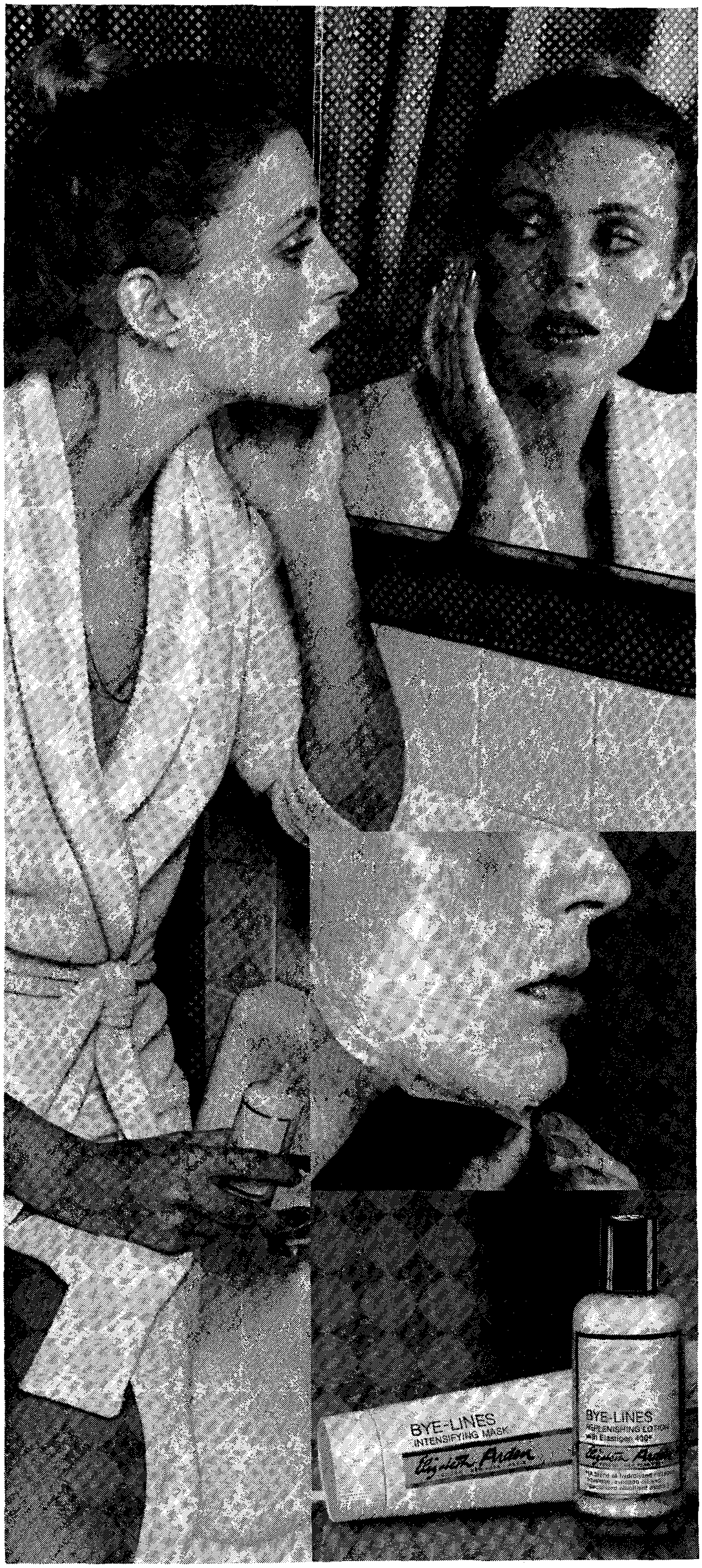
WILLIAM HENRY FOX TALBOT (1800-77) **AND DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL** (1802-70)—Calotypes made in the eighteen-forties by two pioneers of photography. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Scott Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs taken in Egypt and the Holy Land between 1848 and 1870 by Maxim Du Camp, Francis Frith, Auguste Salzmann, Felix Teynard, and Frank Good, among others. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.). . . **EASTMAN KODAK,** 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: Photographs, films, and memorabilia of national events and preoccupations from the early days of the century to the present. Through Nov. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **SOHOPHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Minor White, George Alpert, Michael Lloyd Carlebach, and Seiji Kakizaki. Through Oct. 30. (Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **UNDERGROUND,** 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St.: Photographs by students and faculty of Montclair State College, some reverting to processes used in the nineteenth century. Through Nov. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Starts Thursday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and pastels by Mary Cassatt (1845-1926). Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Four paintings borrowed from the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, worth seeing if you can find them dispersed among four galleries in the European Painting section. . . . ¶ About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of landscapes, Biblical and mythological subjects, and studies of farm workers by Abraham Bloemaert (1564-1651). Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ A show of photographs of Egypt and the Holy Land; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Ellsworth Kelly retrospective: early reliefs and constructions, collages of squares or strips of paper arranged by chance, and delicate, spare line drawings of plants. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 10. A complementary show of graphics is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and happenings, as well as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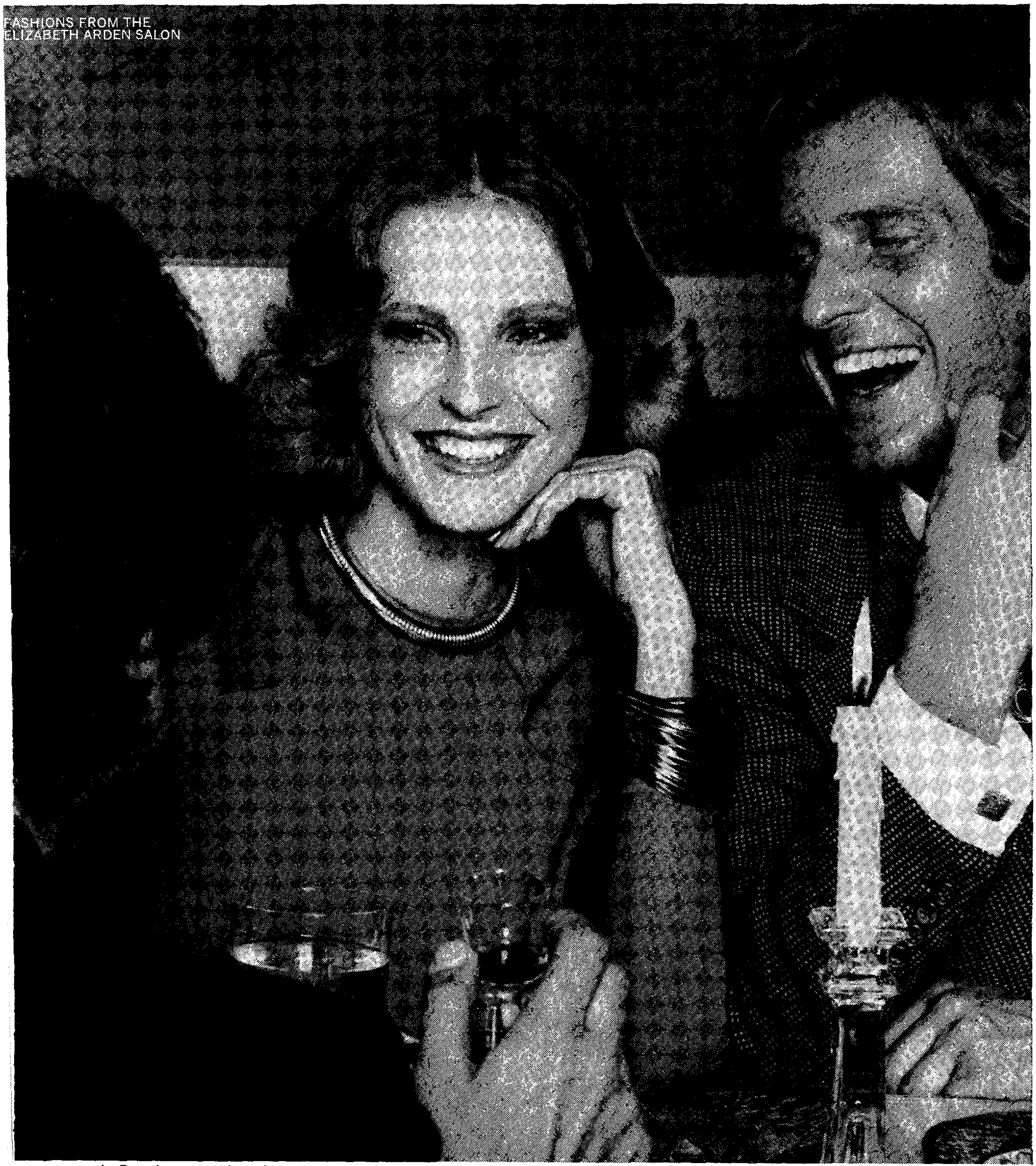

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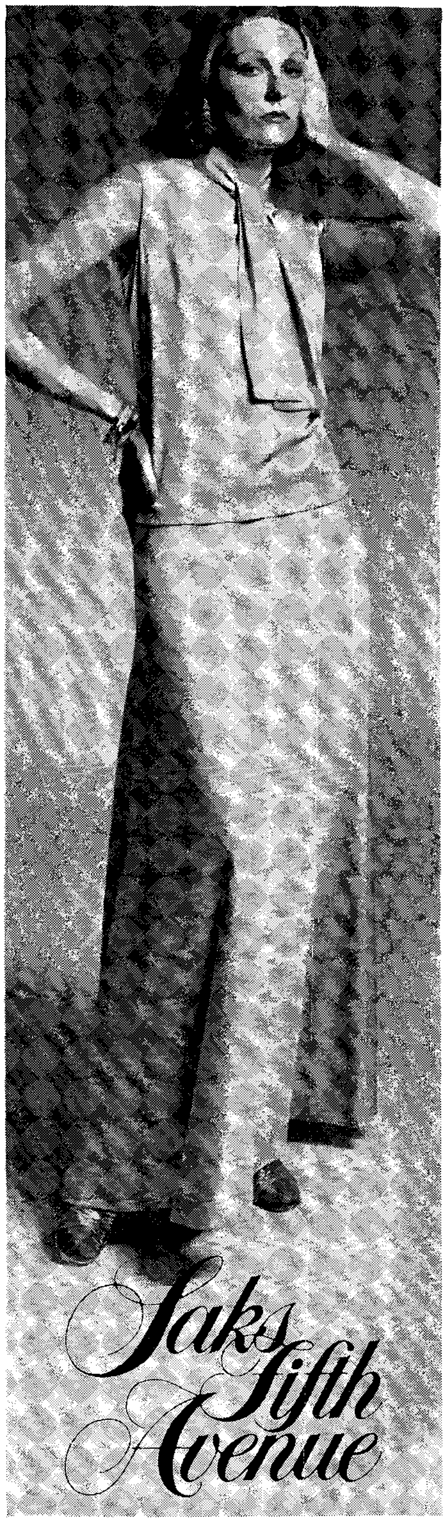

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for unrealized projects. Starts Friday, Oct. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. At press time, picket lines were still around the museum because of a strike by museum employees, but the museum was open.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A big retrospective of the British avant-garde artist Richard Hamilton. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 22, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of Jules Olitski, the color-field abstractionist, ranging from the late fifties to the present. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Architectural constructions by Tony Berlant. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs by artists (most of whom have not exhibited in New York) who are concerned with a restructuring of the existing world. Through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 22, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., about twenty paintings by twentieth-century Americans. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays, except Oct. 22, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Oct. 22, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 22, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and the Arts of Isfahan," an exhibition of paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Nearly two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from the Martha Jackson collection. Through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy bronze and steel sculptures, many on religious subjects, by Luise Kaish, along with some of her drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books, from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who was head of the museum from its inception, in 1957, until 1963. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The high point of an exhibition called "Blacks: U.S.A.: 1973" is twelve paintings by the late Palmer Hayden (1890-1973), illustrating verses from the folk epic "The Ballad of John Henry." Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty-six works surveying contemporary Japanese printmaking. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Bread sculptures, by John Fischer. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Forty prints, from 1961 to the present, by Marisol. Through Nov. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Leo Goeke, and Robert Merrill; conducted by Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mady Mesplé, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Matteo Manuguerra, Raymond Michalski, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Nell Rankin, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 22, at 7: The New York première of Berlioz' "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, William Lewis, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marina Krilovici, Nedda Casei, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Andrea Velis; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 9: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Nell Rankin, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, Raymond Gibbs, and John Macurdy; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Carol Bayard, José Carreras, Dominic Cossa, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Olivia Stapp, Jeanne Piland, Vittorio Terranova, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Vahan Khanzadian, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Margaret Yauger, Franco Marini, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Diana Catani-Soviero, John Stamford, Vasile Martinoiu, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Beverly Evans, Reginald Byers, and Michael Devlin; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 1: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Jeanne Piland, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, José Carreras, Richard T. Gill, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Deborah Kieffer, Helene Guilet, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Doris Jung, Sylvia Anderson, Patricia Wise, John Alexander, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with

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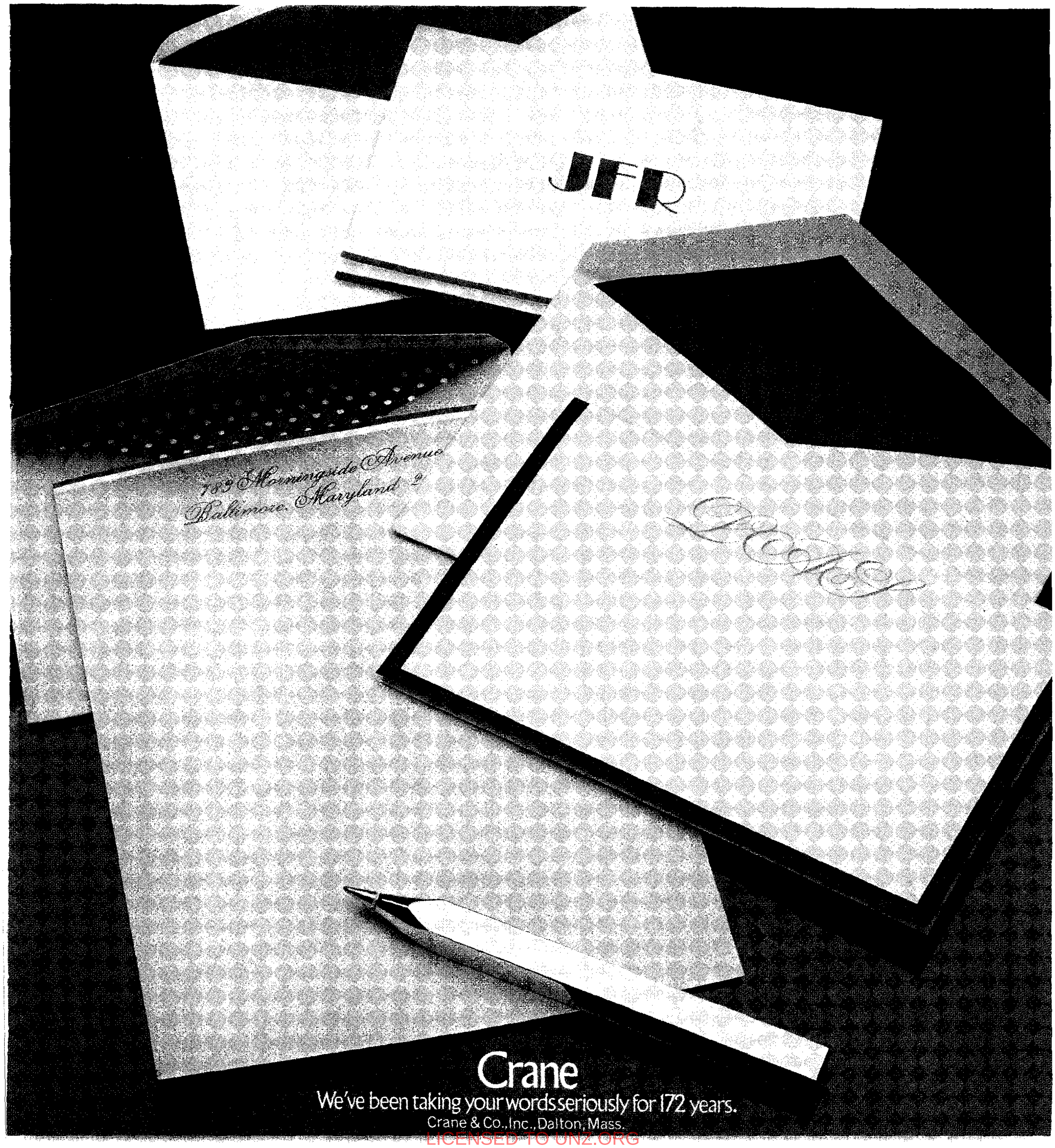

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sylvia Anderson, Patricia Craig, Harry Theyard, John Darrenkamp, and David Rae Smith; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Edward Pierson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Susanne Marsee, *Reginald Byers, Michael Devlin and* William Ledbetter; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Rafael Druian, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24-25, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 26, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Paul Zukofsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the first two in a series of four concerts—Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: A Shostakovich-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: An all-Prokofieff program, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin; Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano; and the Rutgers University Choir.

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Mozart's opera "Idomeneo" in concert form, with Margaret Tynes, Elisabeth Carron, and Doris Jung, sopranos, and Mallory Walker and Aaron Bergell, tenors. (Town Hall [JU 2-4536], a change of site from Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a new "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by British composers, with commentary by the composer Harrison Birtwistle. Also with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Joseph Porrello, tenor; and Paul Ingraham, French horn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—James Frazier conducting, with George Shirley, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting an orchestra, with Charles Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman *conducting, with Jaime* Laredo, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program entitled "The Aeolian Organ and Its Music." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Marilyn Dubow—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5.)

Alban Berg Quartet—Of the Vienna Konzerthaus. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Michael May—Pedal piano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Jacqueline Giat—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute/theorbo/vihuela. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, Felix Galimir, and Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Julius Levine, bass; and Stuart Scharf, guitar. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Noël Lee—The fourth in a series of five recitals presenting the Schubert cycle of piano sonatas. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Marie-Françoise Bucquet—The first in a series of four programs entitled "The Twentieth-Century Piano," this one devoted to the music of Schoenberg and Xenakis. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Carrol Anne Curry—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Clive Lythgoe—Piano, in an all-MacDowell program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs—A program of twentieth-century music for one and two pianos. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 6.)

Music from Marlboro—Pina Carmirelli and James Buswell, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; Madeline Foley, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Note—The Beaux Arts Trio, with Samuel Rhodes, viola, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Oct. 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Musica Sacra of New York—A festival of music of Olivier Messiaen. Monday, Oct. 22: A women's chorus and an orchestra directed by Richard Westenburg, and the Philomusica Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23: Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and Calvin Hampton, organ. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24: Yvonne Loriod and M. Messiaen, pianos. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 5:45: **BOBBY HACKETT.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 5:45: **ALLEN GINSBERG,** poetry readings.

Cleo Laine with the John Dankworth Quintet—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8.

Jazz: The American Invention—The third and fourth in a series of five concert/lectures. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "The Birth of Bop," with the Dizzy Gillespie quintet and Max Roach. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "The Big Band," with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra and Dee Dee Bridgewater. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. For information about tickets, call 598-2028.)

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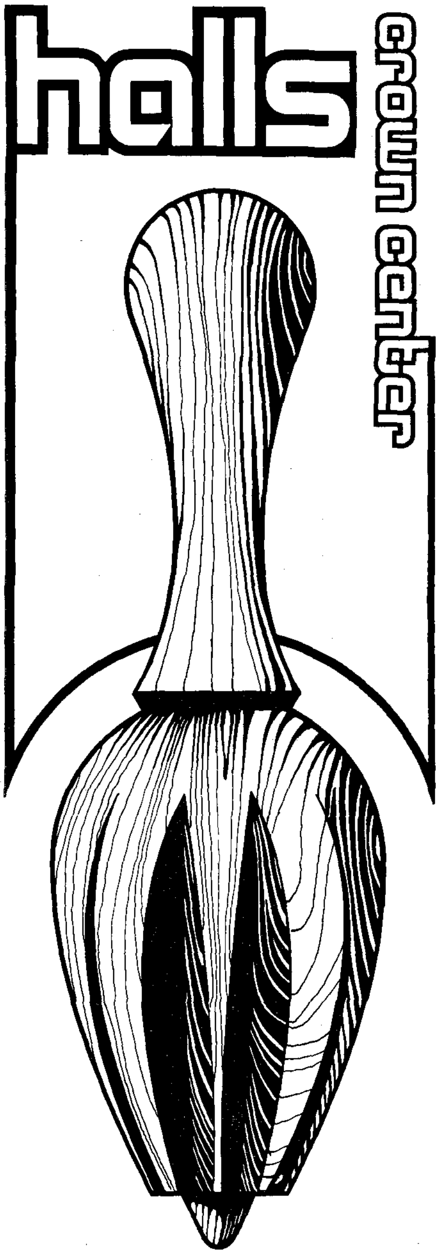

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3-1/2% Mo., 3% Ka., 2% Okla., 2-1/2% Neb.

Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.

Quicksilver, R. E. O. Speedwagon, and Joe Walsh & Barnstorm—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Black Oak Arkansas, Robin Trower, and Grin—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Deodato & the 2001 Orchestra and Weather Report—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.

Al Haig Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Gato Barbieri Ensemble, Alice Coltrane, and Keith Jarrett Quintet—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Mark/Almond, Chick Corea, and Return to Forever—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8.

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8 and 11.

Moody Blues—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.

Electric Light Orchestra and Estus—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8. For tickets, call 360-5504.

John Mayall, Z Z Top, and Flash Cadillac & the Continental Kids—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Capital Bullets, Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadephia, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Oct. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Oct. 26, at 7:35.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 20**: Army vs. Notre Dame, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Johns Hopkins, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Georgetown, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Delaware, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, oct. 27**: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 21: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Oct. 18, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Quebec Nordigues, Sunday, Oct. 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Minnesota Fighting Saints, Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. New England Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 27.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20; the Vosburgh Handicap, Monday, Oct. 22; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Oct. 22, through Monday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, Oct. 17, through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 20-21, at 4. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Oct. 27, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **meri mini players**: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Invisible Universe." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Oct. 22, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—James Earl Jones reading selections of his favorite poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7:30.)

Flower Show—The Chrysanthemum Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Oct. 24, from noon to 4.

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the items displayed will be Japanese dolls and costumes, prints of New York City, and a collection of old bicycles. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, through Sunday, Oct. 28. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 10; Saturdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Bus Tours—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets, and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4960. . . . ¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the collection of the late Edwin C. Vogel, and a group of Picassos, from the collection of Bernice McIlhenny Wintersteen. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: Fifty paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Robert C. Skull. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including

Tiffany glass and pottery; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings, including Eastman Johnson's "Washington Crossing the Delaware;" from the collection of Ambassador and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 20.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078); at press time, picket lines were still around the museum because of labor negotiations, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans—Oct. 17 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30: "A Time for Burning" (1966), a documentary, directed by William C. Jersey and Barbara Connell. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 5:30: "The Hanging Tree" (1959), directed by Delmer Daves, with Gary Cooper and Maria Schell. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 8: "Parrish" (1961), directed by Delmer Daves, with Troy Donahue and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2: "Seven Men from Now" (1956), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 5:30 and Oct. 20 at noon: "The Quiet One" (1949), a documentary, directed by Sidney Meyers. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 3: "New York Confidential" (1955), directed by Russell Rouse, with Broderick Crawford. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5:30: "Stakeout on Dope Street" (1957), directed by Irvin Kershner, with Yale Wexler. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 12:30 and 3: "Jack and the Beanstalk" (1952), directed by Jean Yarborough, with Abbott and Costello. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5:30: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2: "Bullitt" (1968), directed by Peter Yates, with Steve McQueen. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5:30: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932), directed by William K. Howard, with Joan Bennett and Donald Cook. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: "Some Call It Loving" (1973), directed by James B. Harris, with Zalman King and Tisa Farrow. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5:30: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 5:30: "The Rain People" (1969), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with James Caan and Shirley Knight. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 8: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (1970), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Jason Robards. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle (LT 1-2311)—Six programs in a series of films directed by Tay Garnett: Oct. 17: "Love Is News" (1937), with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. . . . Oct. 18: "Eternally Yours" (1939), with Loretta Young and David Niven. . . . Oct. 20: "Soldiers Three" (1951), with Stewart Granger and Walter Pidgeon. . . . Oct. 21: "China Seas" (1935), with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. . . . Oct. 24: "Slightly Honorable" (1940), with Pat O'Brien and Edward Arnold. . . . Oct. 25: "Trade Winds" (1939), with Joan Bennett and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Oct. 19: "Beau Geste" (1939), directed by William Wellman, with Gary Cooper. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Méliès, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Vertov, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Oct. 25) at 10. No Mondays. On Friday, Oct. 19, at 6, a special screening of films by Myron Ort. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Oct. 17: "Carriage Trade," directed by Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 18: "Howzer," directed by Ken Laurence. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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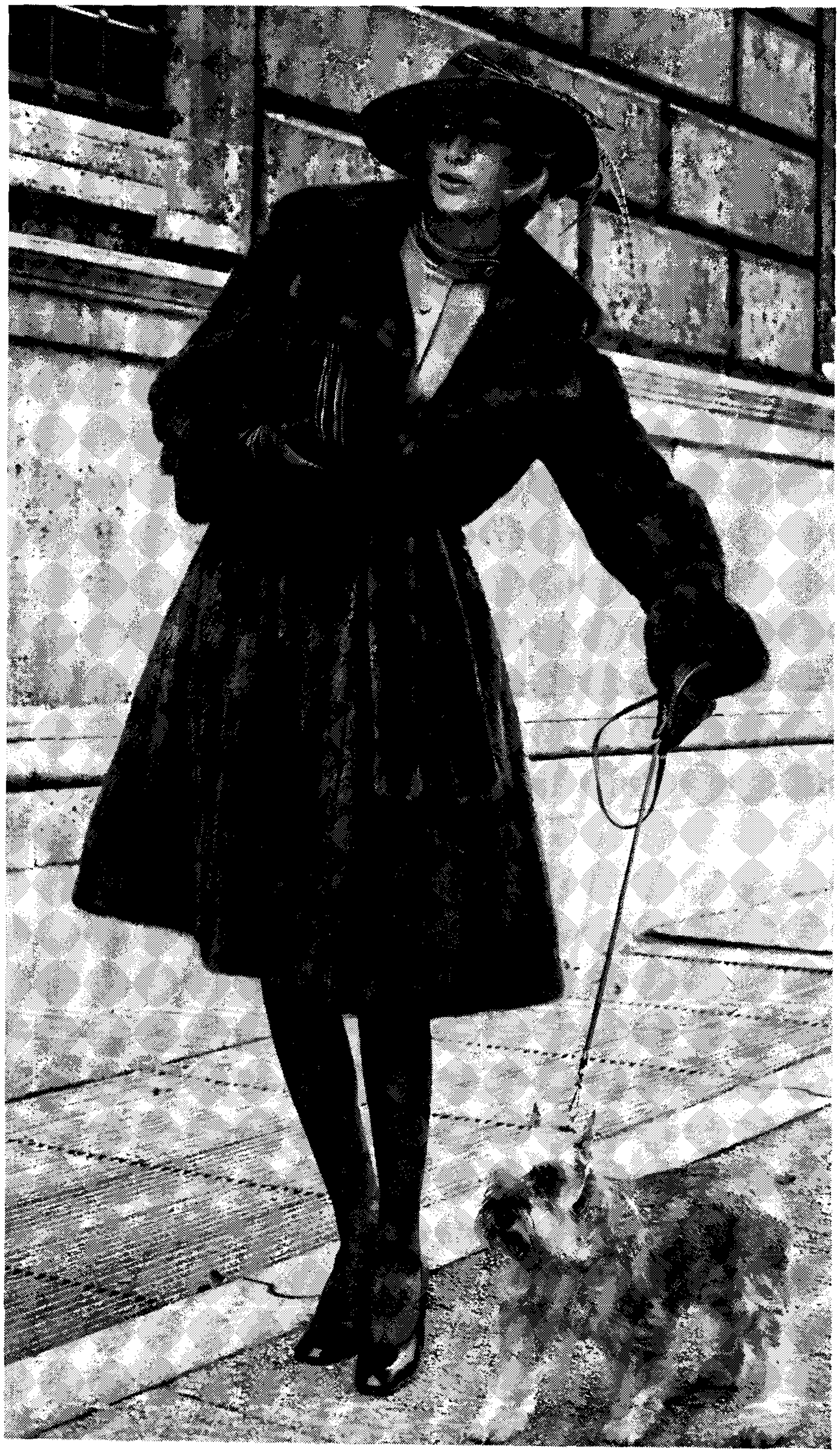

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 23: "Visions of Eight."
From Oct. 24: "I Could Never. . . ."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 20: "Cavalcade" and "The Scoundrel."
Oct. 21-23: "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Barkleys of Broadway."
From Oct. 24: "The Shop Around the Corner" and "To Be or Not to Be."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Oct. 23: "Paper Moon," "Play It Again, Sam," and "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Fantasia."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Blume in Love" and "Save the Tiger."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 18: "Camelot."
Oct. 19-23: "The Day of the Jackal" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Oct. 24: "Massacre in Rome."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Touch of Class."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Inheritor."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 22: "American Graffiti."
From Oct. 23 at 7:45: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 23: "The Second Gun."
From Oct. 24: "The Long Goodbye."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Day for Night."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 20: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
From Oct. 21: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 23: "A Touch of Class."
From Oct. 24: "The All-American Boy."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"*What?*"

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sisters."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Heavy Traffic."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Sex Shop."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Mean Streets."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bang the Drum Slowly."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Oct. 17: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Easter Parade."
From Oct. 18: "I. F. Stone's Weekly."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Paper Chase."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Hireling."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 22: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Oct. 23: "American Graffiti."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Inheritor."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Way We Were."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 23: "1776."
From Oct. 24: "Blume in Love."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"I Escaped from Devil's Island" and "The Outside Man."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Spook Who Sat by the Door."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Paper Moon."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 18: "Electra Glide in Blue."
From Oct. 19: "M*A*S*H."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 18: "Hit!"
From Oct. 19: "Charley Varrick."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 18: "Enter the Dragon."
From Oct. 19: "The Summertime Killer."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 23: "Jesus Christ Superstar."
From Oct. 24: "Massacre in Rome."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 23: "The Slams."
From Oct. 24: "Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Le Sex Shop."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Cops and Robbers."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Year of the Woman."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 18: "Night Watch" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Oct. 19: "M*A*S*H."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 23 at one or another of the theatres: "Paper Moon" and "A Separate Peace"/"A Clockwork Orange"/"The Great Dictator" and "Little Caesar"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Women in Revolt."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 17: "Samurai Banners."
Oct. 18-20: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Clowns."
Oct. 21-22: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Fellini's Roma."
Oct. 23: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne."
Oct. 24: "Sanjuro."
From Oct. 25: "Junior Bonner" and "The Wild Bunch."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Paper Moon" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Camelot."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Oct. 17: "From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler."
From Oct. 18: "The Optimists."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 18: "Romeo and Juliet."
From Oct. 19: "From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ben-Gurion Remembers."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Sex Shop." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 23.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Grande Bouffe."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 18: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "To Die in Madrid."
Oct. 19-21: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
Oct. 22-23: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Women in Love."
Oct. 24-25: "Portrait of Lenin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 25: "The Harder They Come."
From Oct. 25 at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Cops and Robbers."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 23: "Paper Moon" and "A Separate Peace."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 23: "The Last of Sheila" and "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."
From Oct. 24: "A Doll's House" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Oct. 23: "Hit!" and "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Oct. 24: "Billy Jack."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 18: "Camelot."
From Oct. 19: "The Summertime Killer."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"*Late Autumn.*"

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 23: "Blume in Love" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
From Oct. 24: "Billy Jack."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 23: "Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 23: "A Clockwork Orange."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"I Escaped from Devil's Island" and "The Outside Man."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 23: "It Happened in Hollywood" and "Heat."
From Oct. 24: "Casablanca," "To Have and Have Not," and "Key Largo."

Note: A few specialist film houses—**the thousand eyes**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes five. . . . **bijou theatre**, 209 W. 45th. (757-8455): Japanese films, with English subtitles. Daily. . . . **film forum**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825). Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The All-American Boy—With Jon Voight, directed by Charles Eastman. (Baronet; starting Oct. 24.)

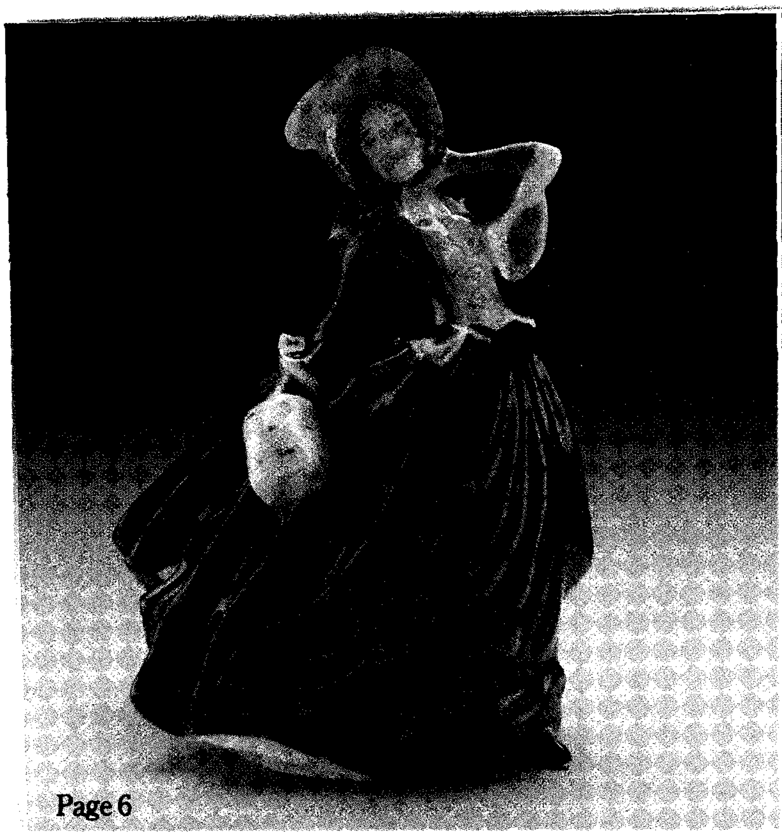
American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing, because the figures aren't treated as creatures of easy nostalgia. (Sutton; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Oct. 23.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19-21.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema II.)

The Barkleys of Broadway (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Tchaikovsky and Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance." Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their buoyant usual best. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21-23.)

Ben-Gurion Remembers—A documentary tracing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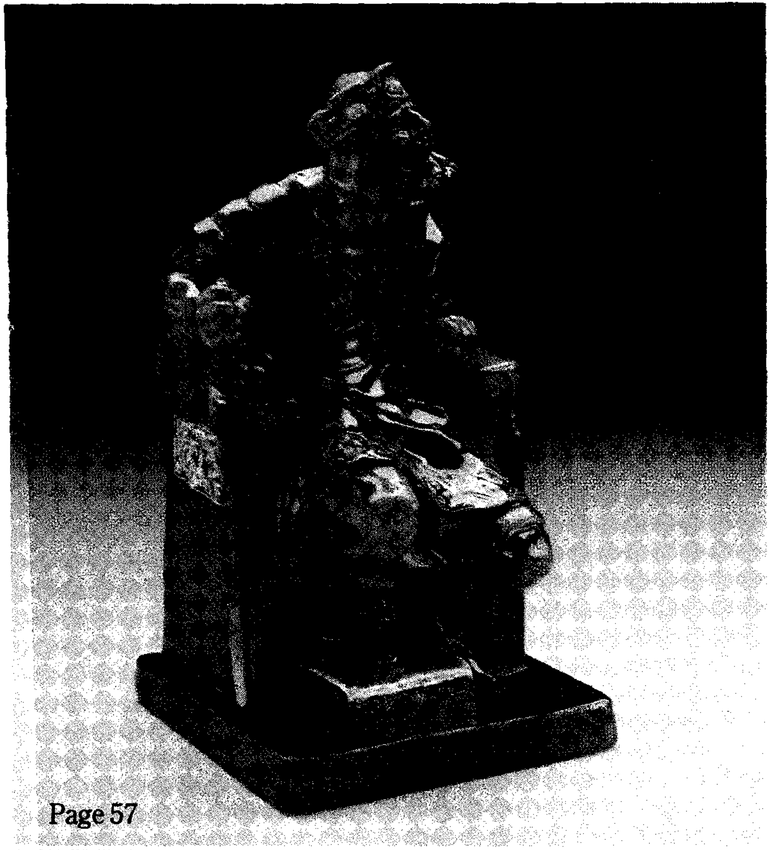
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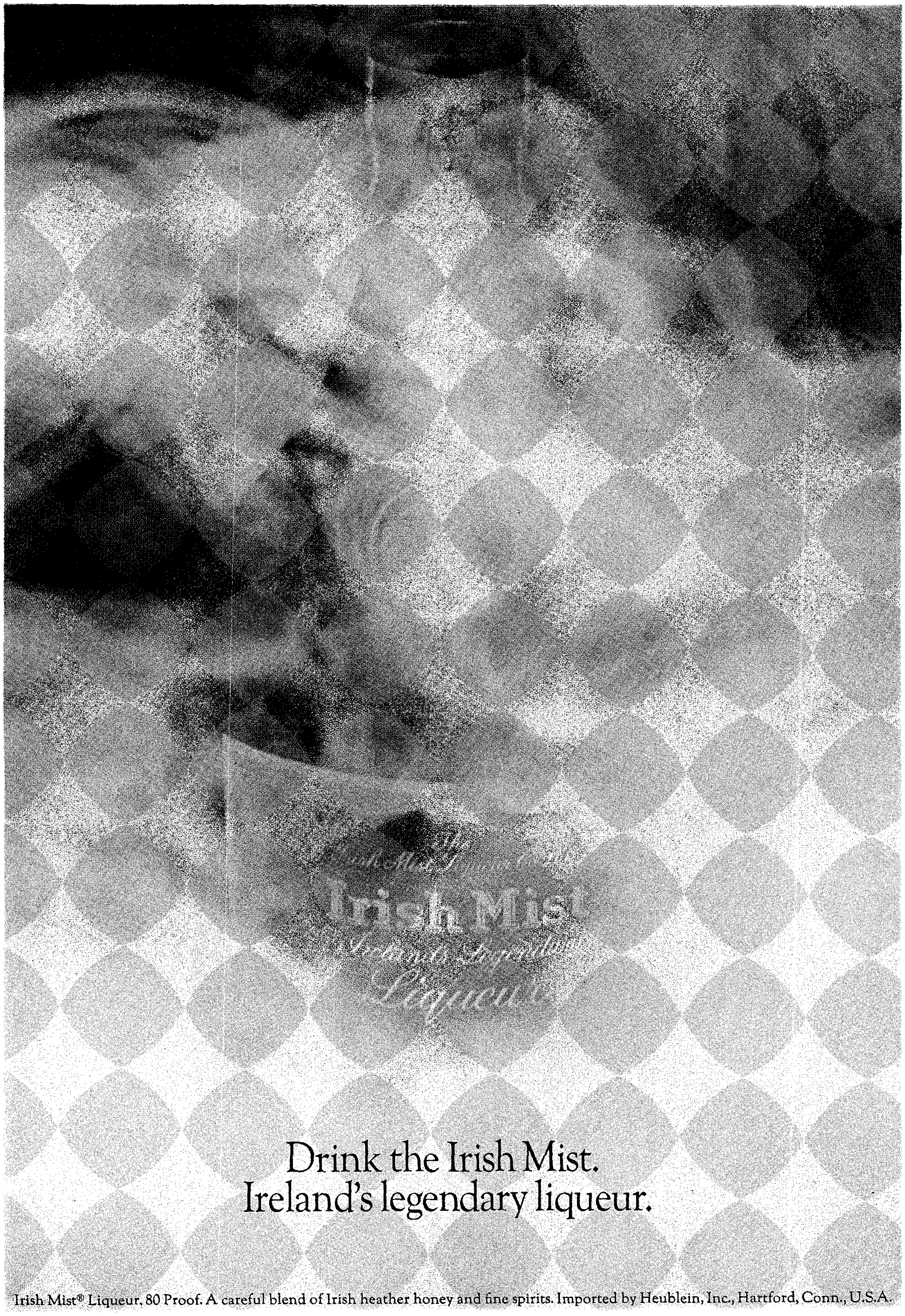
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Irish Mist
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Liqueur

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the political career of David Ben-Gurion, directed by Simon Hesera. (Festival.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Beacon, and Symphony; starting Oct. 24.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doge's Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky (of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve). (Gramercy. . . ¶ Symphony; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 24.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn, and Estelle Winwood and Lionel Jeffries. (Guild. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 18.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 19-21.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Olympia; starting Oct. 24.)

Cavalcade (1933)—An orgy of British self-congratulation in the restrained, clipped style of Noël Coward, with the added know-how of an American producer (Winfield Sheehan, of Fox) and a Hollywood director (Frank Lloyd). Americans doted on this gilded tear-jerker that began with Clive Brook and his wife, Diana Wynyard, toasting the advent of the twentieth century, and followed the fortunes of their son (Frank Lawton) and their servants (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) up to the present—i.e., when the picture was made. The self-conscious good taste of it all creaks, but Noël Coward knows plenty of tricks, and the performers know how to get the most out of his lines. The cast includes Ursula Jeans, Billy Bevan, Beryl Mercer, and John Warburton and Margaret Lindsay honeymooning on the Titantic. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 20.)

Charley Varrick—With Walter Matthau and Joe Don Baker, directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Orpheum; starting Oct. 19.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Beekman; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Riverside; through Oct. 23.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; Oct. 18-20.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by middlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Robert Bresson's film was defended at the time of its release by Jacques Becker, to his credit; not by many others. It is highly stylized, artificial on purpose, with a degree of photographic chic that Bresson later cast off. Cocteau wrote the dialogue; Maria Casarès plays a diabolical sophisticate called Hélène who is engaged in a revenge drama. The presence of Cocteau and Maria Casarès makes the film glamorous, histrionic, and not typical of Bresson, though glimmers of his reserved sensibility show through. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 23.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts.)

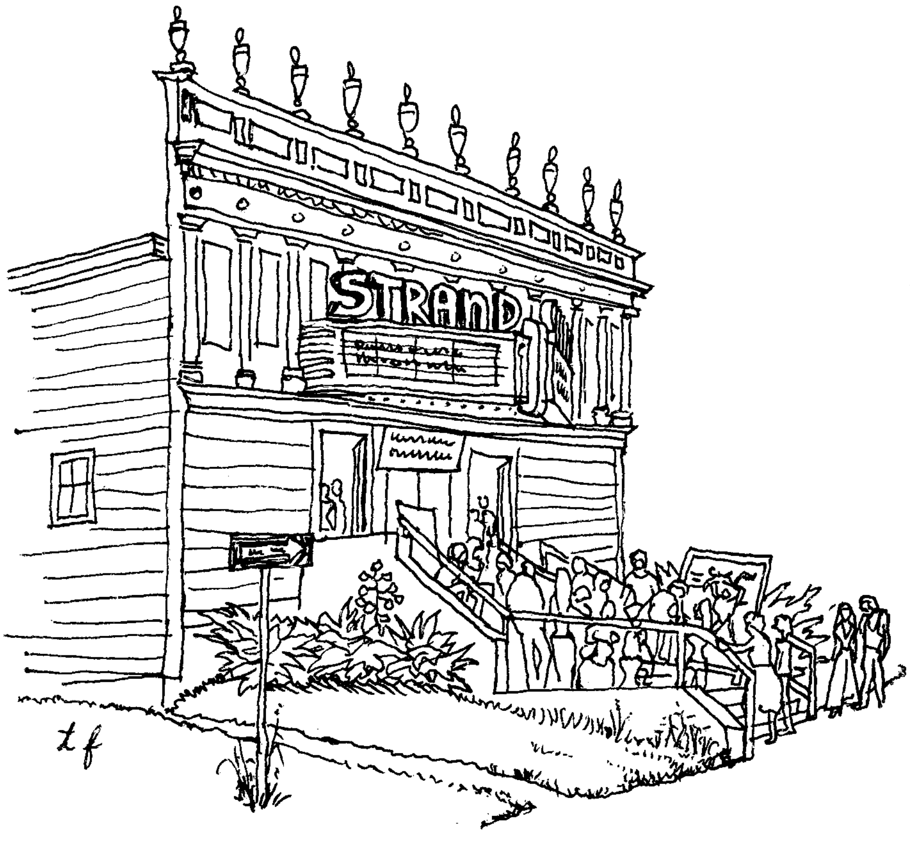
The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Murray Hill; Oct. 19-23.)

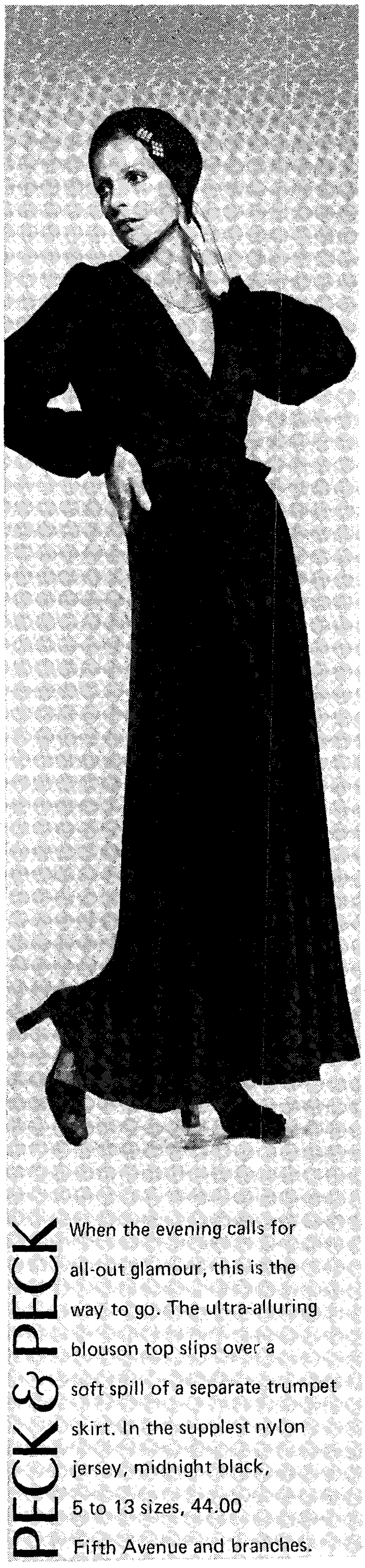
A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 24.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Plaza; through Oct. 20.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 23.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, in-





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cludes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 17.)

Electra Glide in Blue—One of those youth movies about Americana in which the sky looks turquoise blue, though this is not to deride the generally fine photography of Conrad Hall. Story of a motorcycle cop in the West who is clobbered by the corruption and newfangled times around him. Robert Blake plays a Vietnam veteran who is psychologically wobbly but who helps to clinch the movie's veracity. The old tale of the do-gooder lawman in a preening new guise. Directed by James William Guercio. (U.A. East; through Oct. 18.)

Enter the Dragon—With Bruce Lee and John Saxon, directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Ciné; through Oct. 18.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Cinema Village.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin; Oct. 18-20.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; Oct. 21-22.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 24.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21-23.)

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler—Ingrid Bergman, as a recluse art patron, and two coy runaway children who've hidden for a week in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Directed by Fielder Cook. (Music Hall; Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 19.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Symphony; through Oct. 23.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about *peace and unity still* wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

The Harder They Come—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Oct. 25.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Olympia; through Oct. 23.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street II.)

The Hireling—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Columbia II.)

Hit!—With Billy Dee Williams and Richard Pryor, directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Beacon; through Oct. 23.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Plaza; through Oct. 20.)

I Could Never. . . .—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (Art; starting Oct. 24.)

I Escaped from Devil's Island—With Jim Brown and Christopher George, directed by William Witney. (Juliet 1, and Riviera.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Oct. 18.)

The Inheritor—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Denner, directed by Philippe Labro. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (86th St. East; through Oct. 23.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton; starting Oct. 23 at 7:45. Opening night by invitation only.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Oct. 21-22.)

Junior Bonner (1972)—Sam Peckinpah's affectionate piece about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos, with very fine performances by Robert Preston as an aging roisterer of a father, Ida Lupino as a practical mother with a voice like a nutmeg grater and too much wisdom for her own comfort, and Steve McQueen as a roaming rodeo performer too young to be already so tarnished with disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. (Elgin; starting Oct. 25.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Olympia; starting Oct. 24.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Beacon; through Oct. 23.)

The Last of Sheila—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 23.)

Late Autumn (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

The Long Goodbye—With Elliott Gould, directed by Robert Altman. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 24.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (U. A. East, and Greenwich; starting Oct. 19.)

Massacre in Rome—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East; starting Oct. 24.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 17.)

Night Watch—Elizabeth Taylor in a stereotyped thriller directed by Brian Hutton. The one about a rich woman who won't be believed, even by her best friend (Billie Whitelaw), in the middle of a nasty plot. Worth a miss. (Greenwich; through Oct. 18.)

The Optimists—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Music Hall; starting Oct. 18.)

The Outside Man—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Ann-Margret, directed by Jacques Deray. (Juliet 1, and Riviera.)

The Paper Chase—With Timothy Bottoms and Lindsay Wagner, directed by James Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (23rd St. Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Regency; through Oct. 23.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (23rd St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 24.)

Playtime—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm. and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Thalia; through Oct. 23.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likeable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24-25.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Ziegfeld; through Oct. 18.)

Der Rosenkavalier (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Paramount; starting Oct. 25 at 8. Opening night by invitation only.)

Samurai Banners (1970)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 17.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 24.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Gramercy.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it because of the principals' tacit determination to note that there is all the difference in the world between a wisecrack and a wise saying. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 20.)

The Second Gun—Theodore Charach's probe of the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. Filmed by Gerard Alcan. (Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 23.)

A Separate Peace (1972)—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Quad Cinema, and Regency; through Oct. 23.)

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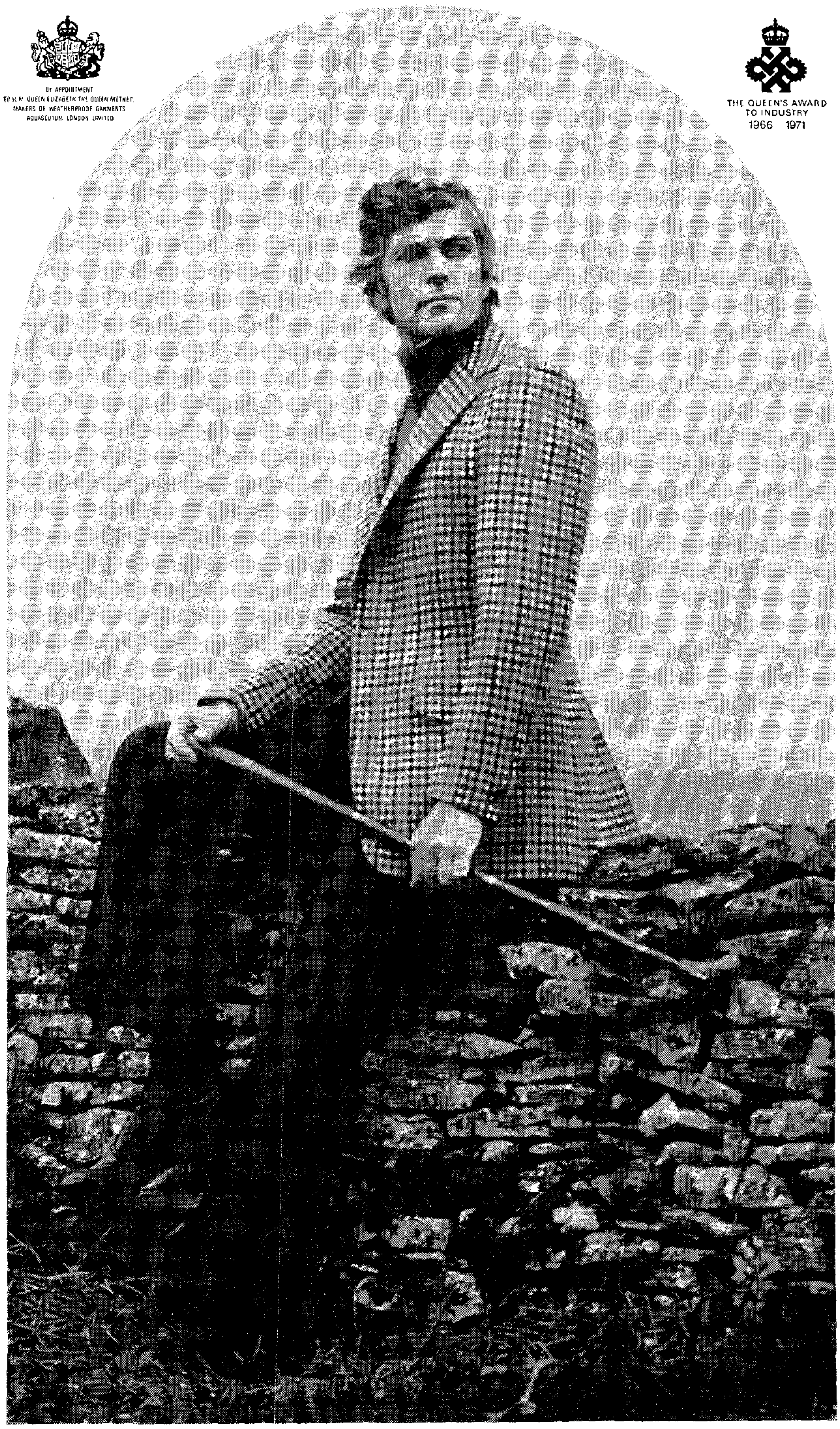

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lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (72nd Street East; through Oct. 23.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Ciné Malibu, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Playboy. No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 23.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—In its own way, this romantic comedy is close to perfection. Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are lovers who hate each other in the most understandable ways. Samson Raphaelson adapted the play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Bucharest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, and Inez Courtney. (A later, lesser version starred Judy Garland.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 24.)

Sisters—With Margot Kidder, directed by Brian De Palma. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Slams—With Jim Brown, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 23.)

The Spook Who Sat by the Door—With Lawrence Cook and Paula Kelly, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

The Summertime Killer—With Karl Malden and Christopher Mitchum, directed by Antonio Isasi. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 19.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza; starting Oct. 21.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Murray Hill; Oct. 19-23.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24-25.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Thalia; through Oct. 23.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh, Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 23.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—A strangely tasteless anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, crudely effective at times. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 24.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Olympia; starting Oct. 24.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is women's lib prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East . . . ¶ Baronet; through Oct. 23.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22-23.)

Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Art; through Oct. 23.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand as a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right and Robert Redford as a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but it's enjoyable the rest of the time. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East.)

What?—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Roman Polanski. (Coronet.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Elgin; starting Oct. 25.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22-23.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

Year of the Woman—A documentary by Sandra Hochman. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

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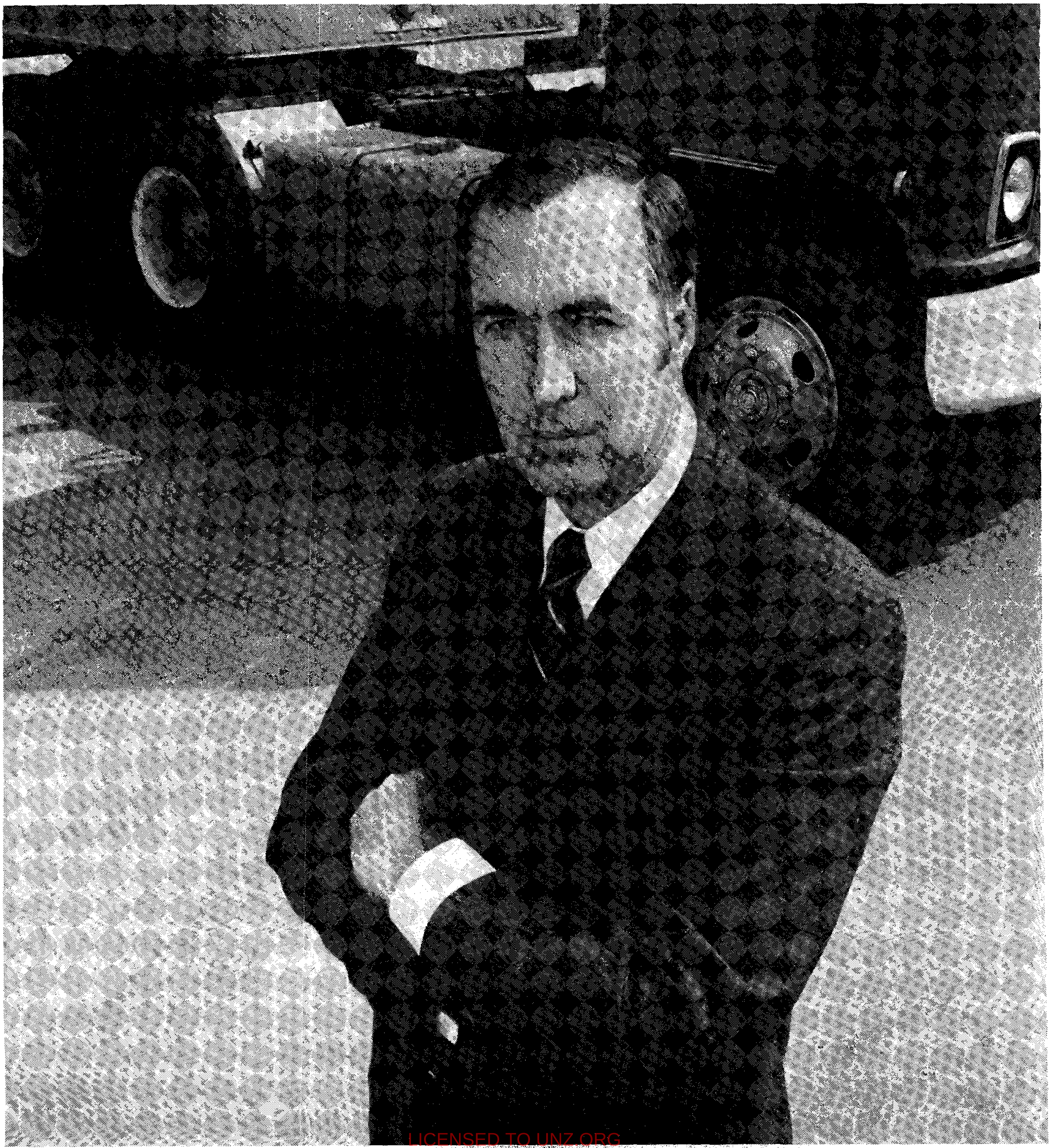
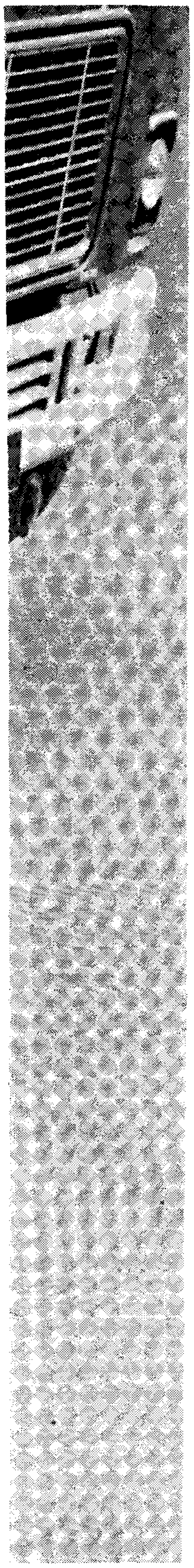


your automotive business in trucks, even if you wanted to."

An interview with Mr. James H. McNeal, Jr., Group Vice-President, Automotive Products, The Budd Company.



The passenger car business may have to take a breath. Some day soon. When it does, we're ready.

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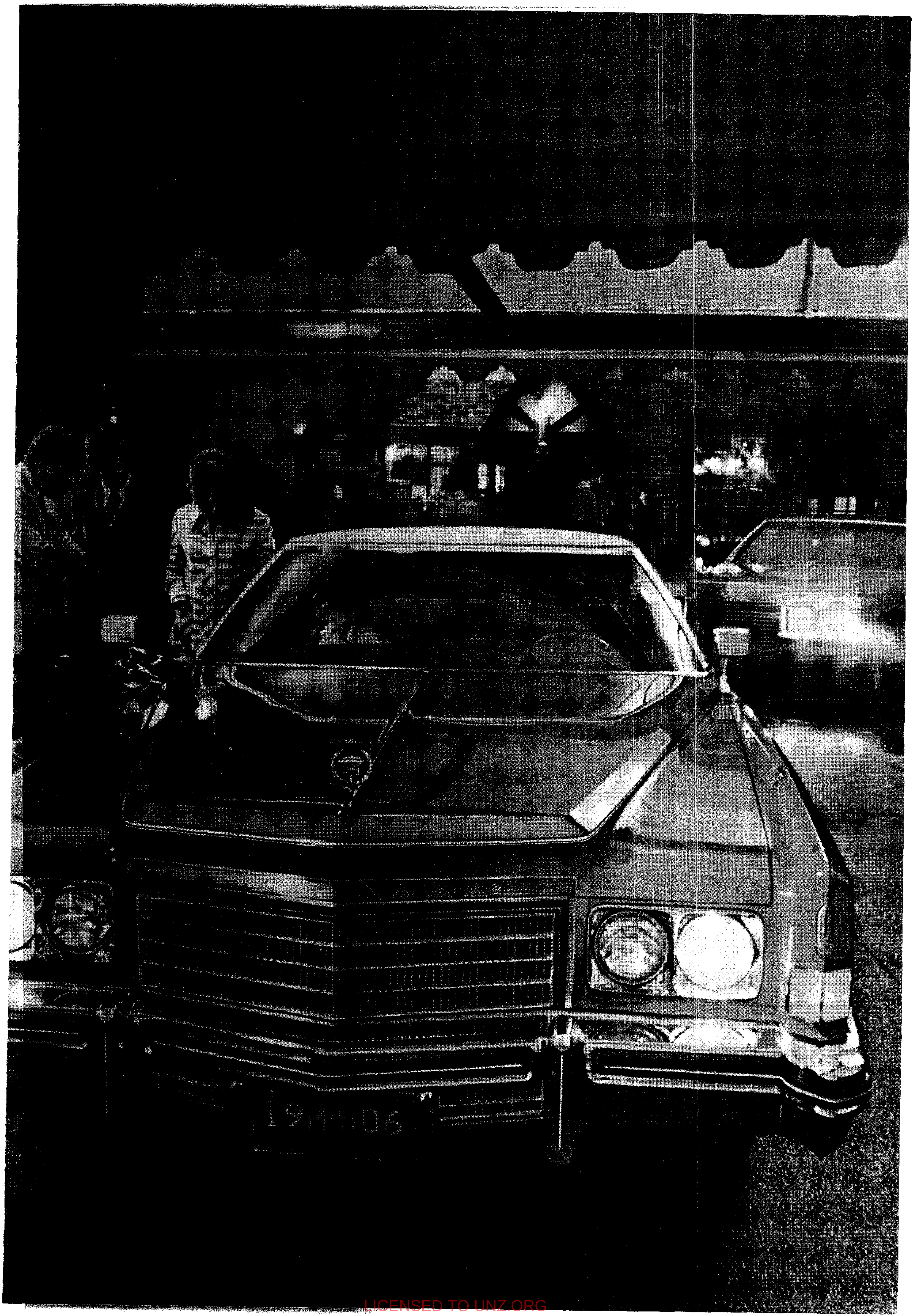

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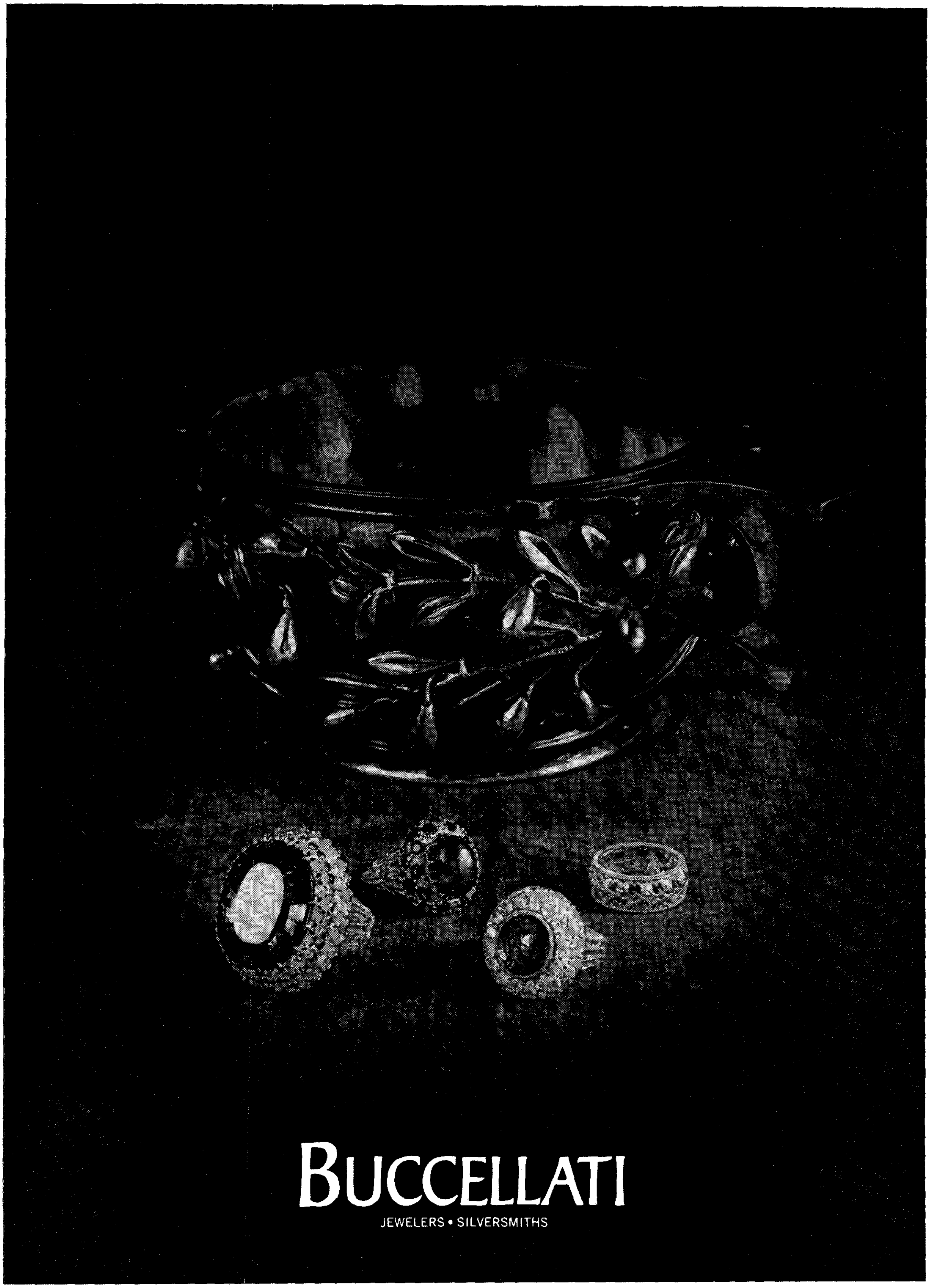

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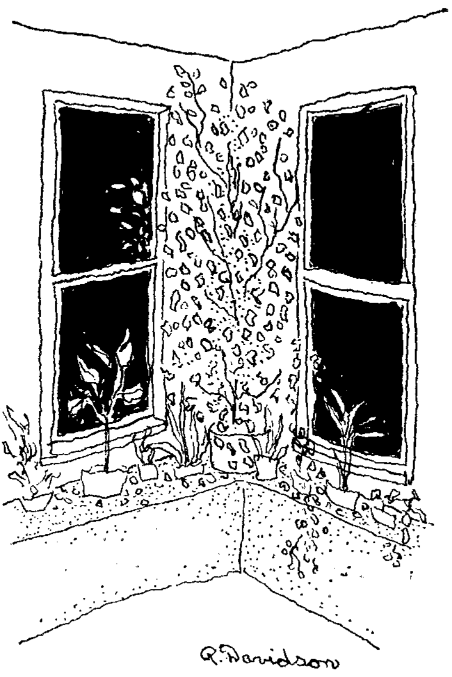
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

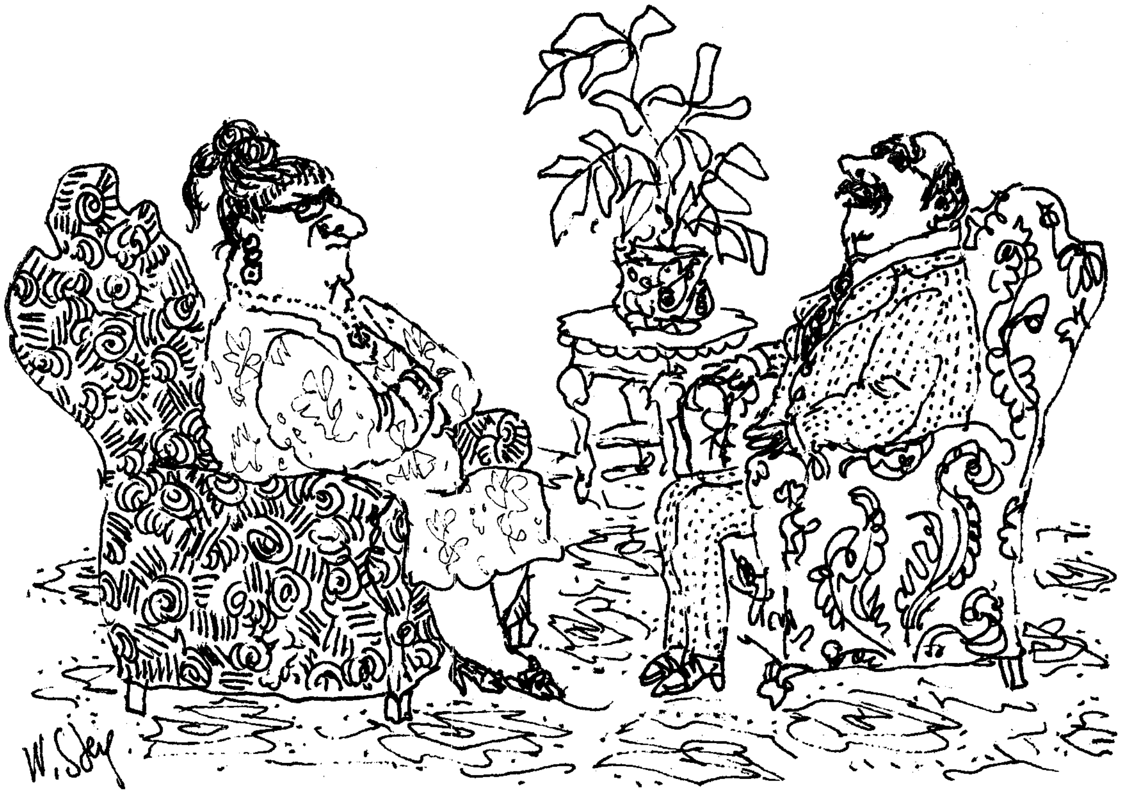
THE day after Vice-President Agnew resigned, we tuned in to the Watergate hearings and found, of all things, the large, humorous, melancholy face of Senator George McGovern's "political director," Frank Mankiewicz, on our screen. We realized that we had more or less forgotten that there had ever been an opposition in the 1972 election. Mankiewicz's testimony brought back some aspects of the opposition's campaign. Asked to "state briefly" his "role" in the campaign, he listed a few duties—he had "travelled with the Senator," he had been the main "inside man"—and then, with a smile, gave up the attempt. McGovern's campaign hadn't been as structured as the Nixon campaign, he reminded us. Mankiewicz came before the Watergate committee with clean hands. He had nothing to apologize for, and he did not choose to be combative. A relaxed, genial atmosphere spread through the Caucus Room. Majority Counsel Sam Dash read a few memos written by Patrick Buchanan, President Nixon's political strategist for 1972. "McGovern is our candidate. . . . McGovern is the one," Buchanan had written—as though the McGovern campaign had been run by a subcommittee of the Committee to Reëlect the President. "Let him have his run at the nomination," one memo recommended. Buchanan seemed to have had more ideas for clandestine tactics to use against the Democrats in their primaries than the Democrats had for open tactics to use against each other. He wanted the Republicans to promote black candidates in the Democratic Party. The way Buchanan saw it, this would help divide and defeat the Democrats. He also suggested that the Republicans act to promote a fourth party, on the left, which would siphon off votes from the Democrats. When Mankiewicz heard these memos and others in the same vein, he remonstrated that the Democrats, too, had had something to do with their campaign, and that although Buchanan's efforts to foment disorder in the Party had had considerable effect, the Democrats had not simply been tools of the White House. But Sam Dash, as though to affirm that the McGovern campaign had been nothing more than a figment of Patrick Buchanan's imagination, referred to Mankiewicz as Mr. Buchanan at one point, and later referred to him as Mr. McMinnoway. Michael McMinnoway had been one of the Nixon spies. Mankiewicz took it all in a spirit of resignation. "I'd rather be called Buchanan than McMinnoway," he said, with meek humor. The television cameras panned the room. Where once there had been hundreds of newsmen, there were empty tables. The McGovern campaign had not managed to command the nation's attention in 1972, and didn't command it now. At the end of the afternoon, as Mankiewicz rose from the witness table, the chairs around him were empty. No one rushed up to him to ask him questions or to congratulate him. The news was all elsewhere. Outside the empty, paper-strewn Caucus Room, the capital was reeling from the Agnew resignation. And the case of the tapes was moving forward. For Mankiewicz, it was all over. The fate plotted for him in the White House had befallen him: he was out of power. But his honor was intact. Now, in courtrooms and prosecutors' offices all across the country, the Nixon Administration was moving steadily closer to the much harder fate it had unknowingly prepared for itself.



Using Less

FOR the past year, persons walking by the site of the demolished Loew's Sheridan Theatre, at Twelfth Street and Seventh Avenue, have been dazzled by the view of a lush new garden, crammed with what seems like dozens of kinds of plants, rocks, and flowers. This bit of scenery—a joint product of nature and the West Village Committee—contains, along one side, another remarkable achievement: the busiest of the city's volunteer recycling centers. The Village Green Recycling Team, as the group in charge calls itself, has been collecting more cans, bottles, and newspapers than any of the forty other recycling centers in New York, and would undoubtedly win a trophy for its efforts—a gilt beer can, perhaps—if one were being awarded. As it is, the collected trash, which the trucks of the Environmental Action Coalition help to cart away, earns enough money from reprocessors to pay the center's expenses. Last week, the V.G.R.T. celebrated the first birthday of its center by bringing the famous conservationist David Brower to New York and holding a reception for him at the Loeb Student Center of New York University.

Before the reception, Mr. Brower gave a public lecture in an auditorium



"'Depressed'? Why should I be depressed?"

of the Student Center. He discussed the Alaska oil pipeline, the growing incidence of mercury in the environment, the danger of breakdowns at nuclear-power stations, and other elements of what he called "the energy epidemic." "The present policy of the government with respect to energy is about like trying to handle someone who has been drinking too much alcohol by giving him a lot of Martinis to sober up on," he told the audience. "What the government seems to want is more and more energy, so that people can use it faster. All I'm doing is to present the admittedly almost totally unsalable position that they use less."

Mr. Brower, who was wearing a rumpled brown suit, smiled frequently during his talk and followed a few of his wry comments with boyish, shoulder-shaking laughs. His manner at the reception, in an upstairs lounge, was no less easygoing. A small crowd surrounded him and sought his views.

"Mr. Brower," a blond woman said, "do you drink any special water? I've been drinking Mountain Valley Water for years and years."

"Anything I can put bourbon in," he said, with a smile.

At one side of the room we found Russell C. Childs, the chairman of the V.G.R.T. He showed us a copy of his group's newsletter, which reported that a total of three hundred and sixteen tons of trash had been collected in the past year, including enough paper to save four thousand one hundred and forty-eight trees.

We asked him how he explained his group's enthusiasm.

"Greenwich Village is a middle-class neighborhood," said Mr. Childs, who is an architect, aged thirty-nine. "There are a lot of professionals, and a lot of people who believe in recycling. We've had some opposition from the neighborhood, though—people who regard us as they would a dump. That's why we've gone to so much trouble to make the center attractive. And we turn away anything dirty, even if it's just an unwashed mayonnaise bottle brought in by a little old lady. One cockroach, and we could be closed down." He went on to say that the site belonged to St. Vincent's Hospital, which, as far as he knew, had no immediate plans for building on it.

Back at the group surrounding Mr. Brower, we found the conservationist still being pressed with questions. A woman asked him why the oil industry was so determined to have the Alaska pipeline if, as Mr. Brower had said, a trans-Canadian rail route was at least as practical. He replied that the pipeline was part of a complicated deal that involved Japanese pipe, deliveries of oil to Japan, and a possible ten billion dollars in extra profits for American oil companies.

The V.G.R.T. had arranged a late supper for Mr. Brower at the Granados Restaurant, at Third and Macdougal Streets, and when the reception had thinned out we left the building with the guest. He told us that he would be flying the next morning to Frankfurt, where the Friends of the Earth, of which he is president and founder, has books on display at the Book Fair. "I once figured that I spend one hour in eight aloft," he said. "Think of the jet fuel!" He laughed wryly. "It gives me a chance to do my reading."

On the street, Mr. Brower walked with his hands in his trouser pockets and his head erect. An assistant by his side gave him figures on his books' sales, which help support the Friends of the Earth. In the restaurant, when he was seated, he ordered a Tanqueray Martini.

Four others were at the table, and one, a pretty young woman, said, "Dave, have you had a chance to get into the mountains lately?"

"My wife and I were in Greece recently, and we did some climbing in the Peloponnesus," Mr. Brower said. "We were able to drink out of all the streams. I couldn't believe it."

Kid Pix

WE'VE been spending a lot of our spare moments lately looking at baby pictures. The blessed event, in this instance, is the publication of "As They Were," a new book, or non-book, by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Topp. "As They Were" is a collection of about a hundred and sixty baby or childhood pictures of celebrated people, ranging (alphabetically) from Bella Abzug to Frank Zappa, and every one of them is worth a long look. Abzug, we were astonished to discover, looked almost exactly the same when she was five as she does now. Zappa, the rock satirist and leader of the Mothers of Invention, shed his baby fat and added a mustache on his way to stardom, but at one and a half years of age, wearing a huge sombrero and leaning conspiratorially on the tray of his stroller, he was already a cutup.

Looking at these children, each frozen at an instant in time when their accomplishments were still nothing more than mere potential, one gets a sensation that feels very much like prescience. Edith Piaf at four, Orson Welles at three, James Cagney at ten, T. S. Eliot at three, Ingrid Bergman at eight, Steve Allen at two and a half, Roy Rogers at five, John Wayne as a swaddled babe—all look remarkably as they did at the height of their careers. Marlene Dietrich was a beautiful little girl (she has always been beautiful, it seems), while Garbo at thirteen was homely and overweight. Aldous Huxley was an Edwardian dandy at eight, his eyes intense but his body full of fin-de-siècle languor. Hubert Humphrey was a bouncy, happy three-year-old. (Now he is a bouncy, happy sixty-two-year-old.) At four years of age, L.B.J. was already craggy, rangy, and manifestly Texan. Henry Miller and George S. Patton, Jr., those exemplars-to-be of extreme machismo, were as pretty and girlish in their infancy as Oscar Wilde was in his. When Dwight D. Eisenhower was in the fourth grade, he looked just like Leslie Caron. "As They Were" shows Jane Fonda with her dad, and, better still, Sigmund Freud with his. The alphabetical arrangement of the book creates some fortuitous couplings on facing pages—Joyce and Kafka, Abbie Hoffman and J. Edgar Hoover, Nietzsche and Nixon. And little Jean-Paul Sartre is as cute as a button, but, my, how solemn he looks!

We liked "As They Were" so much that we went right down to the lower East Side to congratulate its creators. Tuli Kupferberg doesn't look any particular age, though if one had to guess one would say he was around thirty-five. In fact, he is fifty. Sylvia Topp, who is thirty-eight, has been his friend and co-worker since 1957. Tuli has wild dark hair, a full but sparse beard, and prominent teeth, giving him the look of a chipmunky Che Guevara. He has been a fixture of bohemian life in this city for twenty years. During the nineteen-fifties, he wrote poetry and was what was called a beatnik; during the sixties, he wrote songs for and was a member of the Fugs, and was thus a rock star of sorts. He has masterminded some thirty books and pamphlets, and published most of them himself, and has edited several little magazines, including *Birth*, *Swing*, and *Yeah*. He is a radical pacifist. Tuli and Sylvia have a three-year-old son, Noah, and are expecting another baby in January. Their apartment, on East Tenth Street between Avenues B and C, has two kitchens, with a bathtub in each one. They live in a clutter of books, papers, naked bulbs, and furniture that looks as if it had been picked up off the street, which it was. As a precaution, nothing in their home has a retail value of more than twenty-five dollars. Tuli estimates that they have been burgled five times, while Sylvia puts the figure closer to ten. "Where else is there to live?" Tuli asked us after we had settled into what we had to assume was a chair. "Where else can you get a cheap apartment, and only be robbed and stabbed a little bit?"

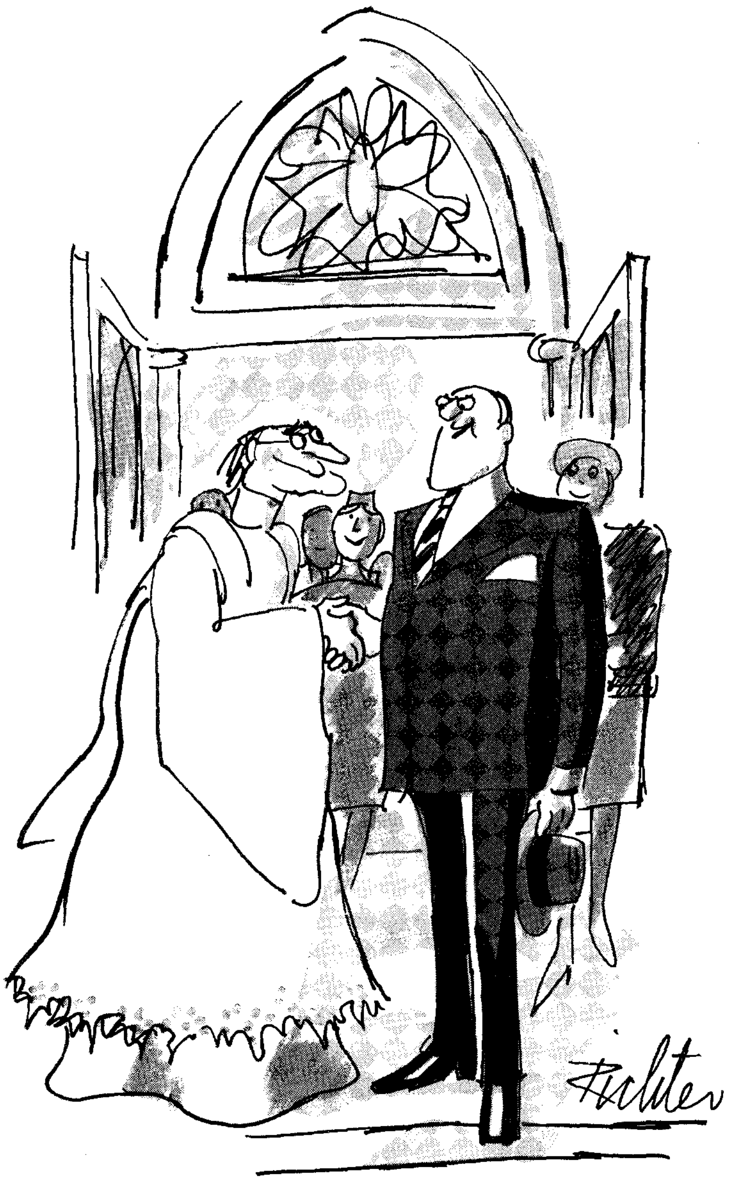
Sylvia told us that it had taken a year to put "As They Were" together. "We didn't have more than about twenty pictures when we started. We looked for pictures in biographies, old movie magazines—all sorts of places. We badgered a lot of the current people with letters and phone calls. Walter Cronkite, for example, was very pleased to be included. He got his baby pictures from his parents and sent them to us. Jack Anderson's father sent us about a hundred snapshots, with the glue still on them from the photo albums they had been pasted into. We ended up with pictures of four hundred people, and we had to winnow them down."

Despite the winnowing, Tuli and Sylvia managed to slip in pictures of many of their favorite people, people who, while famous, are not normally considered "celebrities"—Isaak Babel, Martin Buber, Emma Goldman, Peter Kropotkin, A.S. Neill, George Orwell, and Ezra Pound among them. "Look at this," said Tuli, opening the book to the picture of a chubby three-year-old named Fidel Castro. "You can't really hate someone who looks like that. He looks a little spoiled, but he's so adorable."

"It surprises people that he's so obviously middle-class," Sylvia said. "Look at that rattan chair he's standing on."

The next Kupferberg & Topp production, Tuli told us, will be a collection of childhood writings by celebrated people. "We're calling it 'First Glance,' and it ought to be an interesting book," he said. "We've been collecting children's writings for a long time."

"As They Were" offers a preview of "First Glance": half a dozen of the pictures are accompanied by snippets of prose or poetry. Here's an excerpt from Chapter 11 of "The Martian Invasion," by Norman K.



"I would like to say, Reverend, I enjoyed your apt analogy between the loaves and the fishes and Consolidated's three-for-one split."

Mailer, aged ten. Captain Bob Porter, "wanted for court-martial and murder and hated by both sides," is being interrogated by one of the invaders.

> Then to the surprise of all he said, "Welcome friends to our country." Bob gasped in amazement and the thought ran through his mind how did he know English.
>
> The Martian reading his thoughts laughed and said, "My friend wants to know how I speak english." Bob noticed that he was purple with laughter.
>
> Bob had noticed that the man talked with a French accent. Bob had a smattering of French so he said, "Parlez vous Francaise." The Martian answered, "Oui, oui, mons—you dog," he shouted, "the idea."
>
> Bob lay back choking his laughter back. The Martian sputtered in rage and threw his sceptar at him. Bob dodged it and it fell on the ground after hitting the wall.
>
> Then he continued, "You shall die a nice death, a very nice death." The Martian again became purple. He then said, "Suffocation is nice isn't it. A slow long drawn out death, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho." And again the monster laughed.
>
> Bob felt an eerie chilling of his veins and his heart seemed dead. How he wished he was loose and had an electric pistol.

"Mailer wrote that when he was spending the summer with his aunt," Sylvia said. "He was a natural storyteller, and his mother would always find him outside on the corner, surrounded by other little kids, telling them stories. He had so much energy his family didn't know what to do with him, so they bought him little school notebooks and he wrote in them for a couple of hours every morning. 'The Martian Invasion' has forty chapters—a whole novel, really."

Next to a sketch of Karl Marx, looking disconcertingly Byronic at the age of nineteen, is a poem that begins:

> The player strikes up on the violin,
> His blond hair falling down.
> He wears a sword at his side
> And a wide, wrinkled gown.
>
> "O player, why playest thou so wild?
> Why the savage look in the eyes?
> Why the leaping blood, the soaring waves?
> Why tearest thou thy bow to shreds?"

"It's interesting that he was such a romantic as a young man," Tuli said. "Marx's early writings were lost for a hundred years, and most of them haven't been translated. There's an early play and some humorous writings. Marx's humor—that's something I'd like to see."

Tuli and Sylvia couldn't find a childhood picture of their favorite poet of all, but they did find a poem, and they put it on the last page of "As They Were," and here it is:

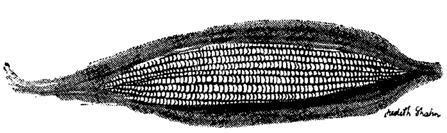
> How sweet I roam'd from field to field
> And tasted all the summer's pride,
> Till I the Prince of Love beheld
> Who in the sunny beams did glide!
>
> He show'd me lilies for my hair,
> And blushing roses for my brow;
> He led me through his gardens fair
> Where all his golden pleasures grow.
>
> With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
> And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
> He caught me in his silken net,
> And shut me in his golden cage.
>
> He loves to sit and hear me sing,
> Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
> Then stretches out my golden wing,
> And mocks my loss of liberty.

When he wrote that, William Blake was not yet fourteen years old.

Party at the Shack

THE most cheerful wake we've ever attended was a block party held last week to commemorate the passing of the Police Shack, a venerable three-story brick building at the back of Police Headquarters which has served as a training ground for generations of fast-talking, fleet-footed crime reporters. The police moved their headquarters downtown recently to a modern fifteen-story office building just west of City Hall, and the Shack—a pre-Civil War warren of cluttered rooms, scabrous hallways, and antiquated plumbing—will soon be replaced by a spacious but impersonal room on the second floor of the new building. Reporters, of course, preferred the Shack, because it combined convenience (you crossed Centre Market Place and dashed in at the back door of Police Headquarters for a chat or a press conference) with independent office space that could be used for such extracurricular activities as drinking, betting, and cardplaying. The rooms were leased to daily papers and wire services on a long-term basis, and there was a shared "hot-line" telephone connecting the Shack with the Police Department's public-information office. Maintenance, by all accounts, was minimal.

We arrived at the party shortly after 6 P.M., to find more than a hundred guests assembled in the street outside 4 Centre Market Place—the Shack—eating hot dogs (courtesy of Nathan's) and drinking beer (courtesy of Miller's) and liquor (courtesy of Schenley's, Seagram's, and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association). "Vinnie must have put the arm on everybody in sight," said an impressed customer, eying the well-stocked bar. The crowd consisted mainly of middle-aged men in business suits, who were greeting each other like long-lost friends. Above their heads, strings of flags and colored lanterns crisscrossed the street. Draped across the front of the Shack and several adjacent buildings were swathes of red-white-and-blue bunting. Drawn up along the curb were two antique fire engines, an 1890 horse-drawn paddy wagon, and a coach from the Cattleman restaurant. Three reporters dressed in red-and-white striped vests, white aprons, and black derbies acted as bartenders, serving what appeared to be an inexhaustible supply of liquor. We fell into conversation with two former police reporters—Jim Parlatore, now a public-relations man for Carl Byoir, and Bill Hogan, now copy editor of the Asbury Park *Press*.



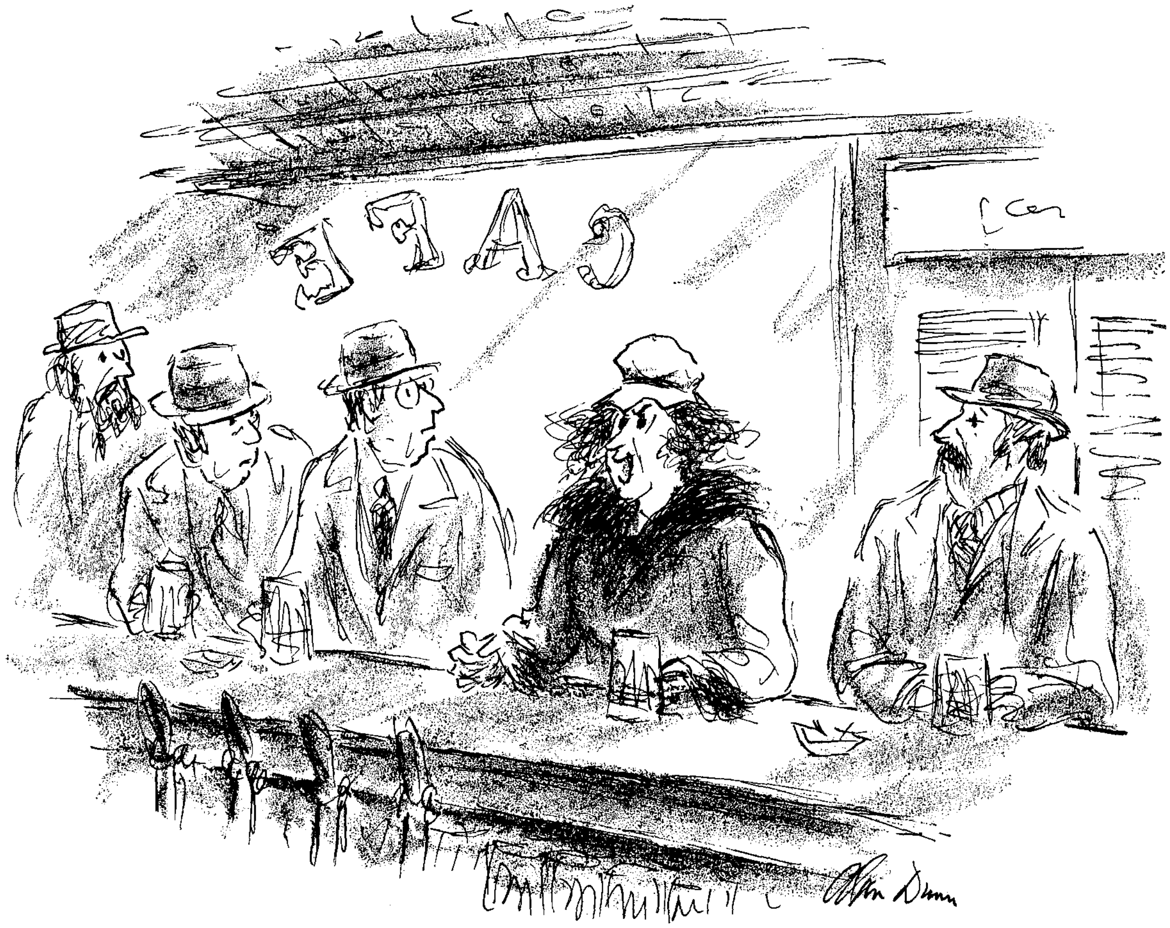
"When I came here for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in '35, reporters were spread all along the street," said Mr. Parlatore. "Then, in 1940, Ted Prager, of the *News*, bought No. 4, remodelled it, and rented the offices to reporters. You have to remember that there were eleven daily papers then covering police news."

"This stretch of sidewalk in front of the Shack was known as Valentine's Beach," said Mr. Hogan. "It was named for Lewis J. Valentine, a very tough man, who was LaGuardia's Police Commissioner. We used to keep a list in the Shack of all the officers Valentine had broken—most of them for drinking. Anyway, we'd sun ourselves on a bench outside here, and we'd hooked up an arrangement of colored lights, so that we'd know which phone was ringing inside. God forbid that you'd run in to take a call from somebody else's city editor."

We got in line at the bar and received a Scotch-and-water from Vinnie Lee, a huge, red-haired reporter, who told us that he worked for the *News*. "I started here as a slip boy in '60," said Mr. Lee. "Which means I used to pick up the reports from the police communications center and bring them back to the Shack to check them out for the reporters. Now we have a different kind of training program. We get Columbia graduates, and we have to restructure them a lot. The basis of police reporting is to get something, to get it fast, and to get a story when a person does not want to *give* you a story."

"How about an example?" we said.

"The Pierre Hotel robbery," replied Mr. Lee, sliding a beer down the bar. "The first day, the police said that up to five hundred thousand had been taken. We went to the scene and talked to a lot of people. One of the hotel people told us unofficially that it had to be in the millions. When we printed that, Robert Daley, the Deputy Police Commissioner for Public Information, told other reporters that my story was totally inaccurate. Then we got a better figure out of one of the offices across the street and went for two million dollars. Daley appeared on TV and said that it was preposterous. But a few days later Police Commissioner Murphy came out and admitted that it was probably a four-million-dollar heist."



"I can lick any man over fifty-five in the house!"

• •

As we sipped our Scotch, standing near the doorway of No. 4, we noticed two short, compact men, both wearing black-rimmed glasses, on the adjoining stoop.

"Our name is Bunz," said one of the men. "I'm Tommy, and this is my brother Sonny. Our family has lived on this block for eighty years."

"The real name is Marcuso," said Sonny, "but everybody calls us Bunz, because our father, Jimmy, used to run errands for the police and the newspaper boys. They got so used to sending him out for coffee and buns that the name stuck."

We took a brief tour of the Shack, pausing, in various rooms, to chat with Paul Serafini, of the Associated Press ("In the old days, reporters worked in combinations of two or three, and you had to play strictly by the rules"); Gene Haggerty, of United Press International ("Police reporting is one of those experiences everyone should have. It gives a reporter a chance to see how the Police and Fire Departments operate, it teaches him to get around town fast, and it introduces him to the local hoodlums"); and Pat Doyle, of the *News*, a legendary character, who wears his hat indoors in the "Front Page" tradition. "The fascinating part of this job," said Mr. Doyle, "is that when I leave home in the morning I never know what I'm going to write about next. Murders, muggings, suicides, train wrecks, plane crashes—you name it and we've got it. I even solved a murder a few years ago."

"How did you do that?" we asked.

"A man blew up his house in Queens and killed a two-year-old infant by mistake," said Mr. Doyle. "After questioning some of the neighbors, I had a hunch about the case, so I went to see him in the hospital, and he confessed that he had set the bomb. The police came over and thanked me for it."

Next door to Mr. Doyle's office, we found two distinguished Shack alumni—Joe Schoener, the A.P.'s man at City Hall, and Tony Marino, assistant city editor of the *News*.

"When I came here, in '28," said Mr. Marino, a tall, genial man, "the reporters were very anti-Italian. So I knew I'd have to beat them on a story to become part of the group. And I did beat them, thanks to a police lieutenant, now dead, who was Italian, like me, but who had changed to an Irish name so that he'd get ahead in the Department. We became friends, and when there was a hundred-thousand-dollar jewel robbery I got the story all alone. The next day, all the old-timers decided they could work with me."

"What I remember are some of the outstanding stories," said Mr. Schoener. "The crowd that filled this entire block the night that Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the Lindbergh baby's killer, was brought in through the back door. Albert Fish, that crazy cannibal who told the reporters that being electrocuted would be the supreme thrill of his life. Robert Irwin, the mad sculptor who committed the Easter Sunday murders. Metesky; the Esposito brothers—the Mad Dog Killers of Fifth Avenue . . ."

By 9 P.M., the moon was out, the lanterns were glowing, and most of the guests were dancing to the music of Frivolous Sal's Last Chance Saloon Band, a banjo group, which had acquired Mayor Lindsay as a relief drummer. In between sets, the Emerald Society's bagpipers, in full regalia, marched up and down the street, keening and playing "Amazing Grace." "This is the way the Shack should go out," said John Mulligan, an ebullient reporter for the A.P. "It's dirty, it's raunchy, and it's desperate, but it's always been a place where reporters felt comfortable. Now that all the deadlines are past, everybody can relax and have some fun. As we say in the business, this is going to be a no-survivors party."

A ROOKIE'S NOTEBOOK

(A Thoughtful Preview of the Champion Knicks' New Season)

Above all, the Knicks won with brains. Coach Red Holzman proved once again that he is the smartest coach in the sport. His athletes, clever enough as individuals, produced pure basketball genius as a team.—*Newsweek.*

The Knick style of play had by now fully evolved. It was based on the difficult, sophisticated ideal of five men moving meaningfully, then rewarding that man who successfully used the plays and picks organized for him to get off the best shot. . . . Look for me again next season. I'll be in my laundered Levis and my Adidas sneakers, under the backboard, front-row, almost directly under the east-side basket of the thinking man's team in the thinking man's town.—*George Lois with Bill Pitts in New York.*

NOVEMBER 16

TONIGHT I think everybody on the ball club sensed our potential to go all the way again this year. We won a barn-burner from the SuperSonics, but more impressive than the win was that Willis Reed went one-on-one with Spencer Haywood, taking it to Spence with a series of brilliantly turned insights about Herbert Marcuse's "Eros and Civilization" just before the opening tap. Haywood attempted to bluff, but it was obvious even from the bench that the new pivot man had never dipped into Marcuse, for he showed only the shakiest grasp of the concept of surplus repression. You could see Haywood was bothered. He ended up blowing three conventional stuffs and going zero-for-eight at the line, while Willis was thirty-two on the night.

NOVEMBER 28

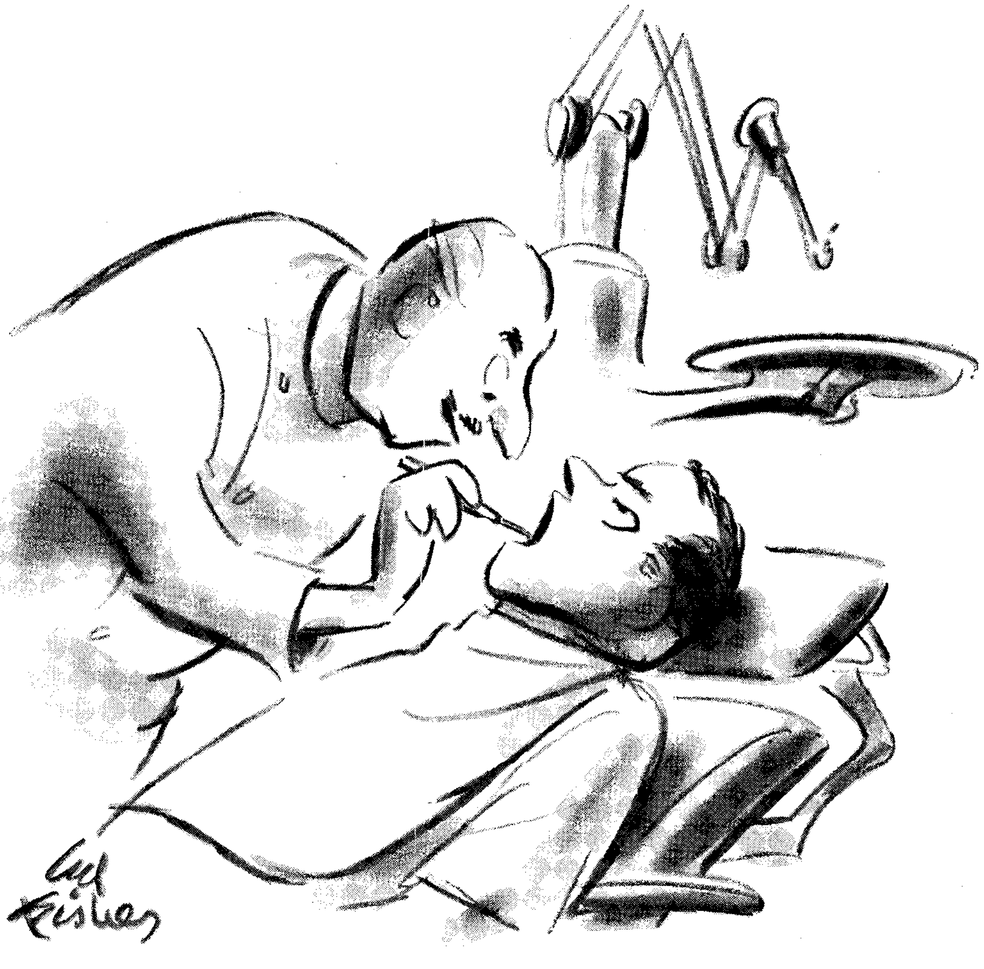
Rough swing through the Midwest. Bulls, Bucks, and Pistons caught us off our game at a time when many of the veterans were subjecting their value systems to searching reëxamination. A week before, still in New York, Jerry Lucas had brought a copy of Tom Pynchon's novel "Gravity's Rainbow" into the locker room, and several of the starters were profoundly shaken by its unrelieved nihilism. Earl Monroe seemed particularly affected. "Why twenty-*four* seconds to shoot?" he inquired during half time. "Why not twenty-three? Or seventeen?" Or, again, "Why *four* team fouls before a penalty shot? Why a penalty shot? Why anything?" The Pearl had to sit out the second half, replaced by Dean Meminger, himself wrestling with ambivalent feelings toward the Faustian obsession with "victory" that pervades the N.B.A. On the floor, we haven't been moving, with or without the ball, and in the brief stretches when we do move, though it seems fluid enough, it just isn't meaningful. Red Holzman has made a new rule about no post-modernist novels in the locker room till the playoffs . . . assuming we even get into the playoffs.

DECEMBER 11

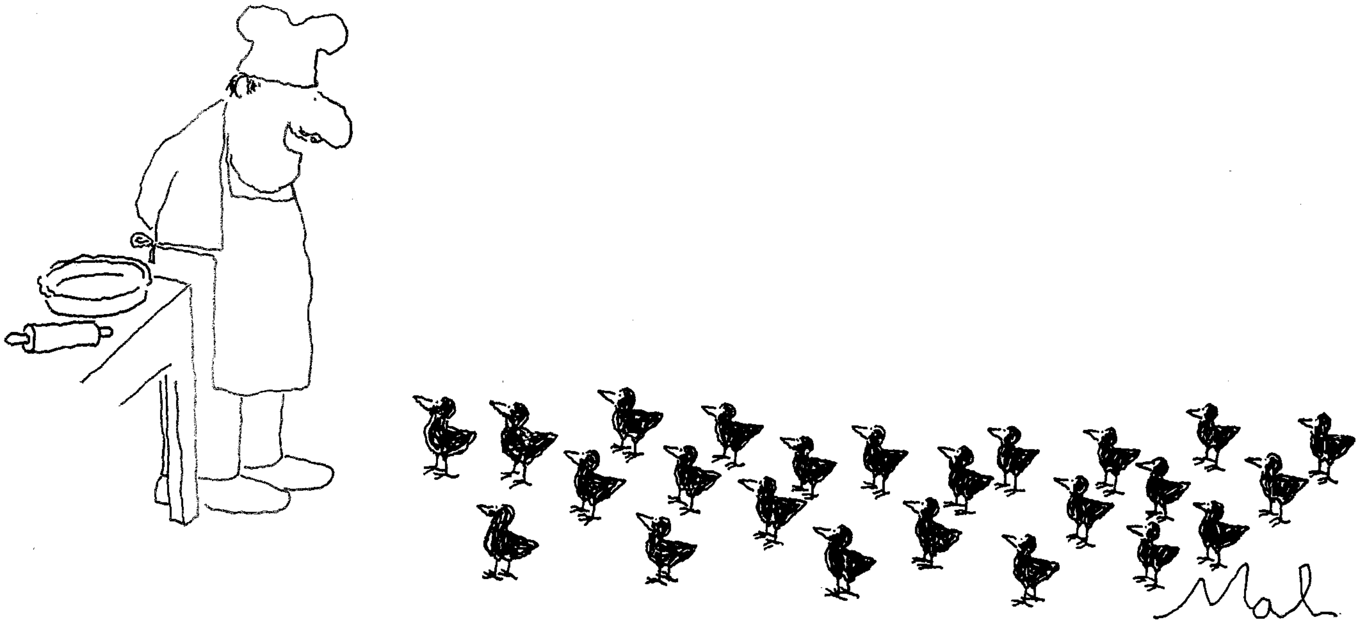
I had never thought until now about how many movies professional athletes go to, especially on the road. This is no pain to me, a person who believes film to be the most vibrant of the contemporary arts—a view shared by most of the younger Knicks. Still, when things are going bad, as they are now going bad with us (as of yesterday the Celtics were four games up on us in the loss column, where it counts), it seems they can only get worse. This afternoon in Houston, Bill Bradley asked if anyone cared to join him in catching a double feature of Bergman's "Persona" and "Winter Light." Phil Jackson, glancing up from his copy of *Cahiers du Cinéma*, replied hell no, he'd seen his last Bergman film, and from now on he preferred to take his Kierkegaard straight. A rough remark, and needlessly insensitive, I thought. Bradley went off to the flicks with Meminger and Dave DeBusschere. Morale is low as we open a five-game swing through the West Coast—Golden State, Portland, the Lakers, and two with the SuperSonics in rainy Seattle. Things look bleak.

JANUARY 20

I'm not seeing much action this year. Red is bringing me along slowly, encouraging me to work on my outlet pass in practice, allowing me to read at my own pace on road trips. I get extended playing time only against low-I.Q. outfits like the Philadelphia 76ers and the Houston Rockets. Still, I don't regret not playing regularly. I know I have a lot to learn—something I feel keenly when I'm in the company of the regulars. Listening to them (before practice yesterday) discuss the deliberate foul and the problem of moral responsibility was an education in itself. Something happens now and then to give me a lift—like last week, when Jerry Lucas asked my opinion of his new kinetic sculptures—but for the most part things have been rough. I seem to be pressing, and this has caused me to make some mistakes in fundamentals. After the Phoenix game last night, I



"Hmm. Been biting the old bullet again. Eh, Mr. Hedelby?"



"You're probably all wondering why I called you here today."

• •

got into a hassle with one of the other rookies and attributed several lines from Camus's "The Myth of Sisyphus" to André Gide. Willis, stripping off his sweat socks at his locker nearby, said nothing but arched one eyebrow significantly. It was a stupid rookie blunder. Now I am faced with the problem of how to regain Willis's respect. Should I approach him or let the matter slide?

JANUARY 28

Although he is unquestionably the Knicks' floor leader, Dave DeBusschere off the court is a complex, distant, in many ways enigmatic figure. The fellows closest to him—Reed, Lucas, Clyde Frazier—say there is no overestimating the hurt DeBusschere suffered at the ignorant reception of his book, "The Open Man." In the main, the critics treated it as just another superficial "jock book," missing not only the intended parallel with Karl Popper's "The Open Society" but its whole critique of post-industrial culture as well. Recently, DeBusschere has taken to behaving mysteriously. For example, last night before the Milwaukee game at the Garden, a former Knicks' star, Harry Gallatin (down from Yaddo, where he has been athletic director for some years), came into the clubhouse to wish us luck. There was good feeling all around, till we began to notice DeBusschere staring at him. Gallatin noticed it, too, and asked Dave if anything was the matter. DeBusschere, still giving him the fixed stare, proceeded to recite the opening forty-eight lines of T. S. Eliot's "Burnt Norton": "Time present and time past/Are both perhaps present in time future,/And time future contained in time past . . ." etc. An awkward silence followed. I don't think Dave intends anything personal by this sort of thing. It's just his way of psyching himself for a game—he got twenty-nine points, and we won a laugher.

FEBRUARY 5

Can it be that the club has finally turned itself around? Being back at the Garden has had a lot to do with our taking three straight—from Baltimore, Atlanta, and Boston, our chief competition in the East. But the real credit has to go to Red. Leaving those paperback copies of R. D. Laing's "Knots" in the guys' lockers was a stroke of genius.

FEBRUARY 8

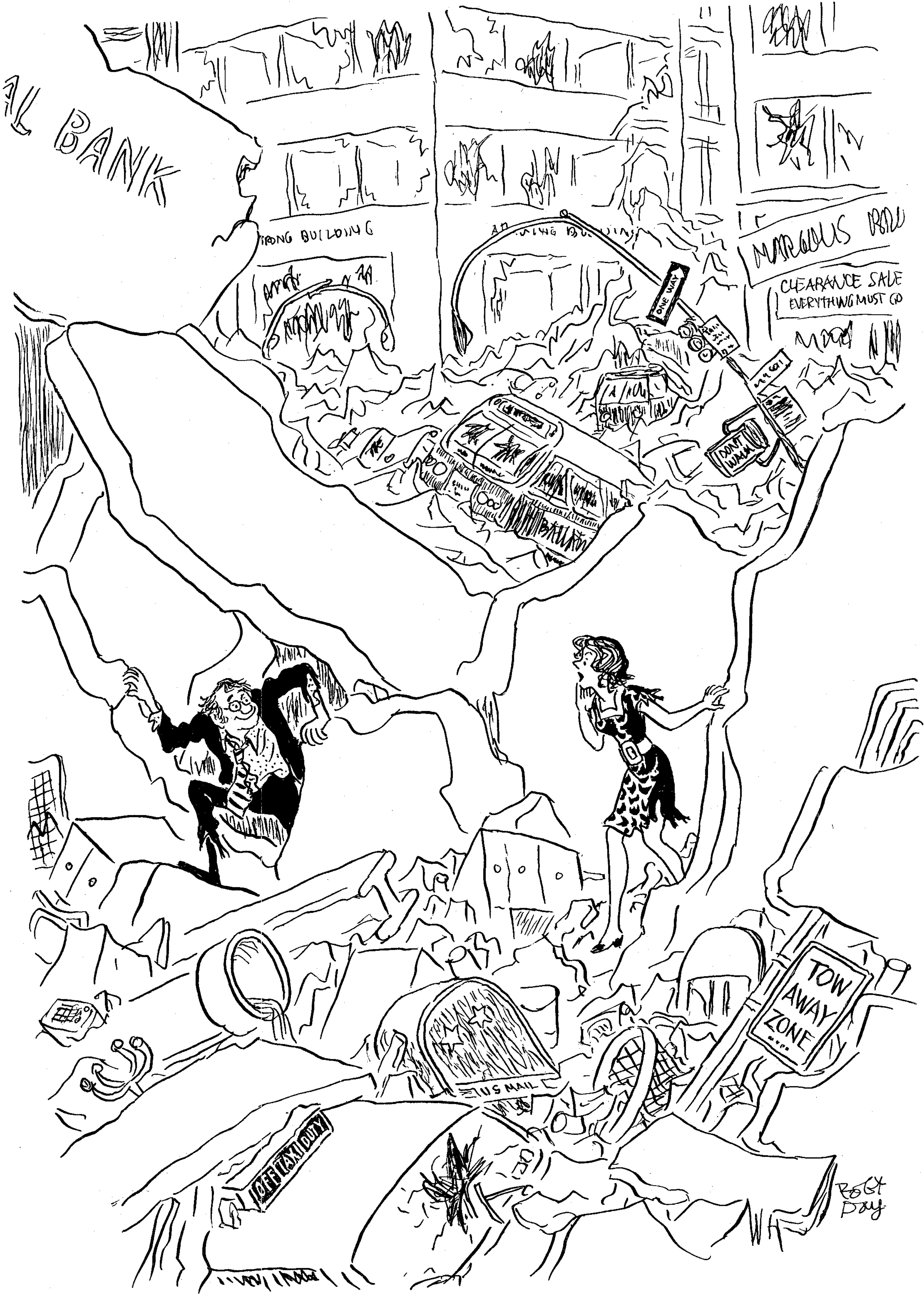
DeBusschere is really taking charge for us as we come down the homestretch. He recently got an encouraging letter about "The Open Man" from Sir Isaiah Berlin, at Oxford, and he has it from the grapevine that the book is among the finalists in its category for the National Book Award. Spurred by these developments, Dave grabbed off twenty-one rebounds against Golden State. Our opponents have been pulling out all the stops in an effort to check our momentum, but so far nothing seems to work for them. As we were lining up for the second half against Golden State, their main man, Rick Barry, "improvised" some flashy commentary on the last volume of Leon Edel's biography of Henry James. But you could see Rick was forcing it, and when Clyde caught him in a flagrant misquotation the game was in the deep freeze.

FEBRUARY 22

Back-to-back wins over the Celts! For the first time since early in the season the whole team is healthy and working together as an organic unity. Lucas's Oedipal conflicts appear almost resolved. Pearl is playing as if he never heard the word "angst." And Red Holzman, having at last, perhaps, come to terms with the burden of authority, is making all the right moves, like the quotation from Spengler he murmured the other day as we piled into the team bus: "The secret of all victory lies in the organization of the non-obvious." I got six points in the closing minutes in Boston. Although the outcome had already been decided, it was good to have made a contribution, and as I was walking off the court I felt Willis's huge hand on my shoulder. "That Gide-Camus business, kid," Willis said. "Forget it. Every rookie blows one now and then."

The excitement runs high. Our sense of *communitas* may have come too late for us to catch the Celtics in the divisional race, but I wouldn't bet against us in the playoffs. The Fauves in Paris, Freud and his circle in Vienna, Fermi and his fellow-physicists about to enter the handball court at the University of Chicago, Shaw and the Fabians in London, F. R. Leavis and the Cambridge *Scrutiny* critics—did these teams feel, as each and every one of us on the Knicks feels now, that they were destined to pick up all the marbles?

—GERALD GRAFF AND JOSEPH EPSTEIN


AL BANK
RONG BUILDING
MARVELOUS
CLEARANCE SALE
EVERYTHING MUST GO
ONE WAY
DON'T WALK
US MAIL
TOW AWAY ZONE
OFF TAXI DUTY
Robt Day

"*Pinky Russell! Don't tell me you're the last man on earth!*"

CHILDREN IN THE PARK

EACH morning, Jessica and I walked from Campden Hill Road along Notting Hill Gate to the Kensington Gardens playground. My husband, Phil, had brought us to London three weeks ago, at the beginning of June, and we were to stay for a year. Some days Jess and I lingered in front of the jeweller's window or at the bookstore. Sometimes we bought buns at the patisserie, and we never passed the window of the German delicatessen without marvelling at the great sausages hanging there. Once we had passed Mac Fisheries, Jess became impatient. When she saw the gate to the playground, she started to run.

As I watched her, I wondered if anyone would talk to us today. So far, no one had said a word. Jess didn't seem to mind. She was just four and happy to be pushed on the swings or go down the slide or pretend she was taking a trip in the huge rocking boat. After she got to know the playground, I would take out my knitting or a book, and as long as she could run over to me or blow a kiss she was content.

Still, it was lonely. And as I sat and watched the English children and their mothers I began to be uncomfortable. The children were so blond and talkative, the mothers so dark and taciturn. When I described this to our only English friend, a bachelor who worked with Phil, he howled. "Those aren't the mothers," he said. "They're the *au-pair* girls."

From then on, I looked for the few children who were brought to the park by their mothers. I sat as close as I decently could to these women, but they were involved with their children or each other and there never seemed a chance to break in and introduce myself. I had always been shy, and as the days passed it was harder and harder to smile.

Finally, on a strangely quiet Fourth of July, Jess found a friend, a little Indian boy named Raja. The children played, and Raja's mother and I sat together. They were in London for a week while Raja's father attended a conference. She was sweet and gentle and had read a good many American books. Raja was her first child. We were soon comfortable with each other.

The breezes that week were soft. Southern England hadn't had such a good summer in years; the papers and radio were astonished by it. We went to Round Pond almost every day to feed the ducks; twice we picnicked—first on American food, then on Indian. The roses seemed to multiply before our eyes, and on our last day we went to Hampton Court and took photographs of the children sniffing the flowers; then we kissed goodbye.

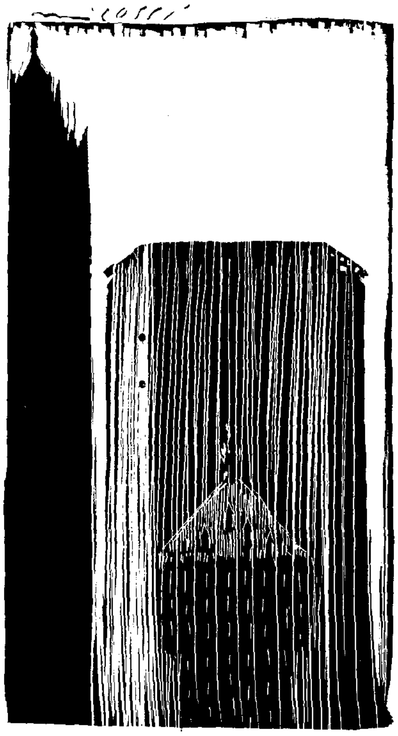
The next day Jess announced, "I'm not going to the park today. I shall miss Raja too much." In the time we had been here, she had begun to sound like an American's idea of an English child.

I smiled.

"Don't laugh at me, Mommy," she said and started to cry. She was usually such a cheerful child that it upset me. I suggested that for a treat we go the long way, past Princess Margaret's house and through the Orangery, which meant that we would enter the playground at the back.

Right next to the back gate was a child who seemed to be waiting for us. I had noticed him the day before at the statue of Peter Pan. He had watched Jessica point out to Raja all the tiny animals hidden in the statue. When he saw me watching him now, he looked frightened, so I lowered my eyes. When I looked up he was gone. Then he was back again. He held open the gate. I said, "Thank you." He didn't answer and darted ahead of us. When Jess went off to the rocking boat, he followed her, staying always a few feet behind.

He was the thinnest child I had ever seen—so flat and angular he looked like a paper doll. In his short faded pants his legs were all bone and knobby knees; his wrists and ankles were no bigger than Jessica's, though he was several years older.



His face was one of those appealing homely faces that children have when one feature seems to have grown a little ahead of the others: small nose, much too wide mouth, biggish ears, a nice firm chin, and small, almost black eyes. His brown hair was dull and very thin; it reminded me of newborn hair, and though it was cut in a neat bang across his forehead it flopped as he ran through the playground, never taking his eyes off Jess.

Jess always left the swings for last, and before we did them we usually had a snack. The child lingered near us. I offered him a cracker; he hesitated but finally shook his head and ran away.

"Who is he?" Jess said.

"I don't know."

"Maybe he's my friend. He looks like a marionette."

As we left by the front gate, we looked for him. I thought I saw him behind the little brick house where the Matron was stationed, but he didn't come out, and perhaps I had been wrong.

That night Jess told her father about her friend, and the next morning it was clear that she expected to see him again.

"He may not be there today. He may have to go somewhere," I warned her on the way to the park.

"He'll be there. I know he will. I feel it in my bones," she said to make me laugh.

He was waiting for us at the front gate. He must have watched us leave by the front the day before. He seemed less frightened. When Jess said, "Good morning," he smiled. He swung on the gate as we went through. We waited for him; after a few seconds he joined us.

"What's your name?" I asked.

His reply was so soft that I had to bend down to hear. "She's Jess, you're Mum, I'm Pat-rick."

Patrick stayed next to Jess that day. He shared our snack. When I pushed Jess on the swing, he stood far enough away not to get hurt and made funny faces to amuse her; she laughed and laughed. When we were getting ready to leave, he tapped me on the arm and pointed to a very high slide. At the bottom of its ladder was a sign: "Only Children Ten Years Old and Up Can Go on This Slide." Patrick climbed the ladder slowly, waving to Jessica when he reached the top. Then, as if it were nothing at all, he slid down the slide. We clapped for him.

He walked us to the gate. "I was ten in March," he explained. When we looked back, he was swinging on the gate as if he had nothing else in the world to do.

EACH day, we found Patrick where we left him. The days got warmer and lazier, and we walked to Round Pond and fed the ducks. We began to bring lunch. At first I brought a sandwich for Patrick; after two days he produced his own brown bag. Before he ate, he showed me a thick cheese sandwich on whole-wheat bread and an orange. "Mum knows I like oranges," he said shyly.

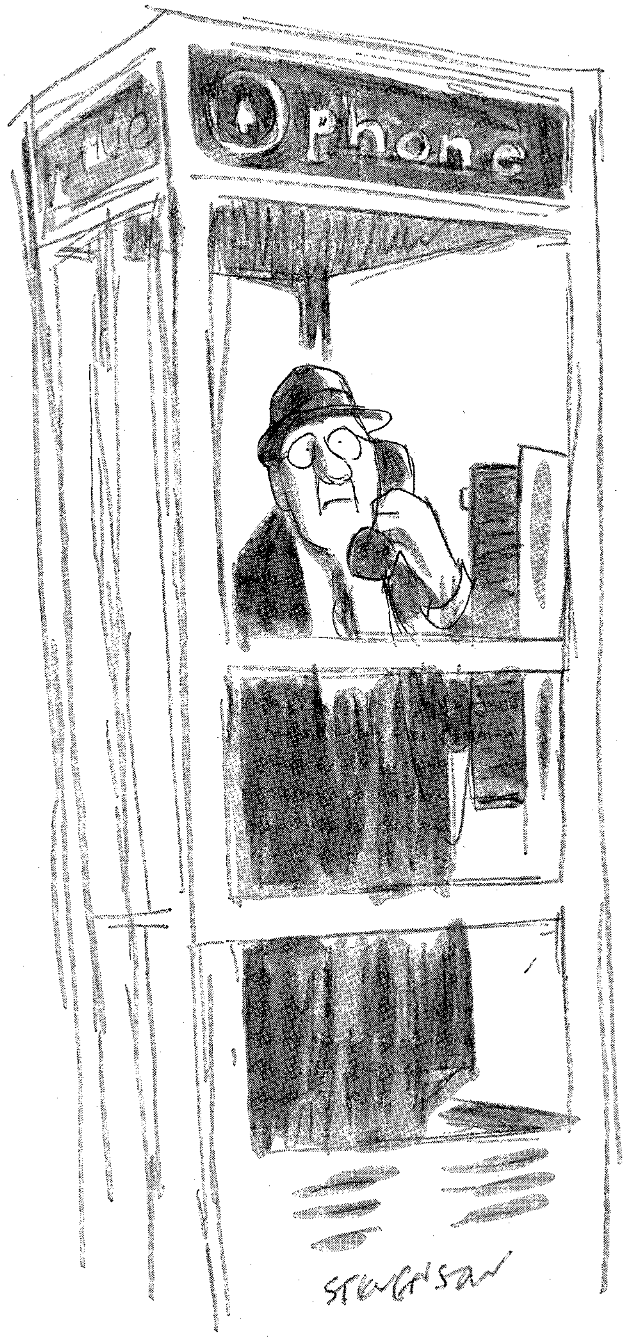
We knew nothing about his family except that there were a mother and father and several children. If Jess or I asked the names of his brothers and sisters, he would reel off a different list each time, like the ending of "Rumpelstiltskin." When I asked Patrick where he lived, he pointed toward Bayswater Road but named no street.

The days were still beautiful. Sometimes we stayed in the park after lunch. If Jess was sleepy, she napped on a blanket while I read in the green canvas chair I got from the chair man for sixpence. Patrick would go off for a walk, but he always managed to return just as Jess was waking up. Then they would roll Jess's ball in and out among the plane trees or play marbles on a piece of flat grass. Patrick was a good player. I kept his marble collection for him each morning while he was in the playground. When he handed it to me, I had the feeling he was trusting me with his life.

Sometimes the two children sat under a tree and talked quietly. Patrick had made up a tale about a large family in the country. One day they were elves, another day they were people. The family was energetic—always building something—and happy. In the beginning Patrick did all the telling of his story, but after a while Jess made up some characters, and once I heard him say, "Now that's an interesting person, Jess." They were an appealing picture: the thin earnest boy and the dark, curly-haired little girl intent on every word he said. People smiled as they passed them.

Although I was still quick to spot the regulars in the park, it didn't matter so much that they ignored us. Jessica had a friend and I had begun to relax. There was a pleasant rhythm to our days. Patrick was a natural mimic. He loved to imitate the lady whose boxer broke away from her to have a daily swim in Round Pond. Or the hysterical mother of a little boy named Andrew, who was forever lost. Or the old man who found us at lunchtime, ate his lunch beside us, then covered his face with the London *Times* and snored for two hours. When Patrick was miming someone, he seemed to disappear. The shy wariness that seemed so much a part of him was gone.

"You'll be an actor, Patrick. I know it," I told him once, and he blushed with pride.



"This is a recording. Mr. Kimberley's line is busy, and we are putting you briefly on Hold. While you are waiting, please enjoy this selection of Burt Bacharach favorites."

The English school year runs well into July, and when I realized that Patrick was the oldest child in the park in the mornings, I asked him why he wasn't in school.

"I been sick, and I go back to school in the autumn," he said. "After the August holiday." That seemed to explain his thinness, so I accepted it.

One afternoon, Jess asked if we could all go to Mac Fisheries for some candy. I noticed that Patrick walked slowly and reluctantly. We were tired. It had been a hot day.

In front of the candy assortment, each child held my hand. It was the first time Patrick had taken my hand, and I was pleased.

Suddenly we heard a harsh voice. "Go on, get outa here. There's nothin' for you here!" I didn't pay attention until I felt a sharp tap on the shoulder. A large man in a dirty white apron was standing over us. "He yours?" he said, and then he shrugged. "Nah, he's not yours."

"He's our friend."

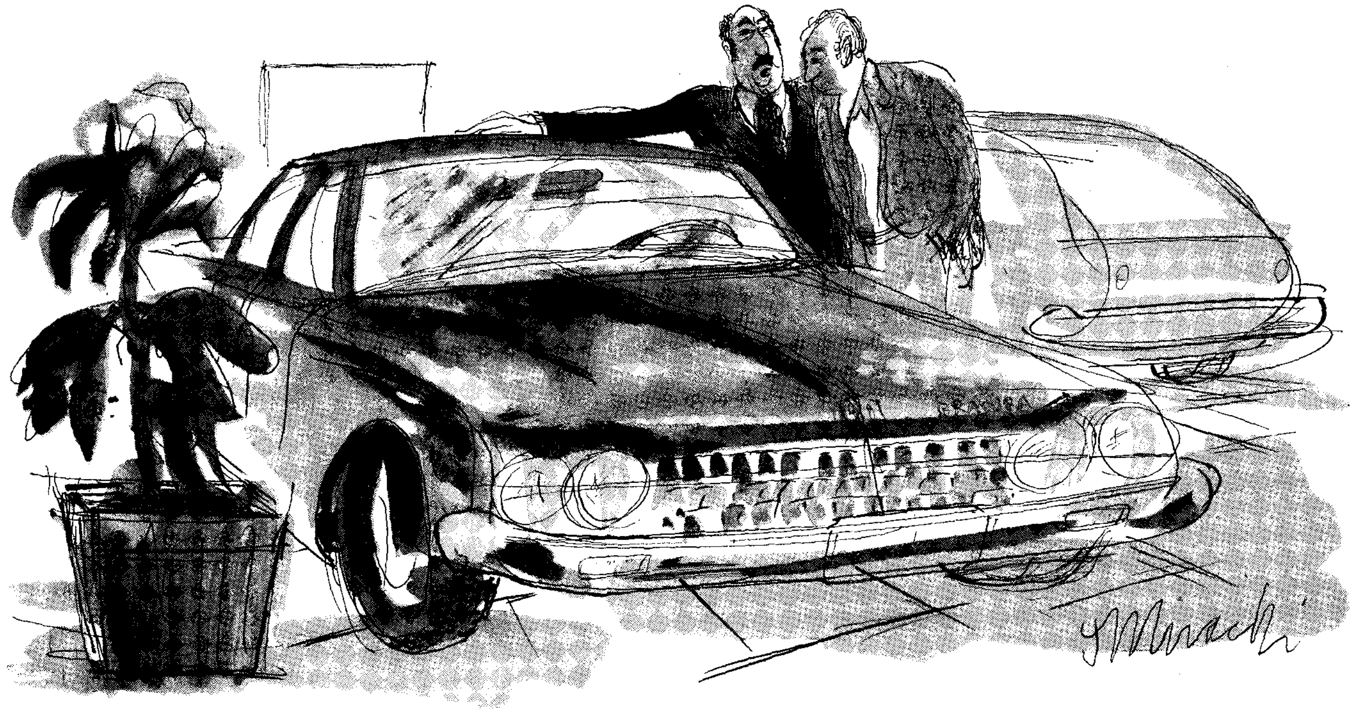
"He's a fruit thief, that's what he is." He bent as if to cuff Patrick on the ear, but the boy ducked and the man lumbered back to the fruit section.

I quickly paid for the candy that Patrick and Jess had chosen; we left the store quickly. When we got outside and had walked a way toward the park, I turned to Patrick. "Did you take his fruit?"

"No'm," he said. "One day I had some pennies and I was trying to figure if I could buy an orange, and he thought I took one." The child wasn't lying.

From then on it was understood that we stay in the park. Soon the playground and all of Kensington Gardens was crowded—school was out; it was holiday. I persisted in my game of smiling at all likely Englishwomen, and now sometimes I got a smile back and a few times a sentence or two. One woman greeted me with "How's SuperAmerica?" and insisted on our exchanging names and addresses, but nothing came of it.

At the end of the holiday



"Let me put it this way, pal. Pound for pound, she's cheaper than chopped chuck."

• •

there was to be a puppet show in the playground. Flyers were handed out early in the week, and on the day of the show Patrick came dressed in his best clothes. He and Jess and I got seats in the front row. A woman and her boy sat down next to us. We had seen them occasionally. She smiled. "Big day," she said.

"I should say." I turned to the children. "Isn't it?"

"Are they both yours?"

"No, just Jessica. This is Patrick."

"And who is Patrick?"

"A friend of ours. We meet him in the park almost every day."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know," I said.

As if to help me, she leaned over and asked Patrick, "What school do you go to?"

He didn't answer.

"He hasn't been to school for a while," I said. "He's been sick."

"Is that what he told you? Cunning child." She looked at me suspiciously. "My sister said Americans were strange. She went there last summer. So gullible, she said." She took her child's hand and moved away from us. Soon someone else sat down and the show began. It was a production of "Cinderella," and Patrick and Jess were thrilled. They clapped hard at the end.

As we were walking out, I said rather too lightly, "Patrick, where *do* you live?" But the minute I asked the question I knew it was no use.

"In a flat, 'm," he answered with exaggerated politeness, and he and Jess went off into giggles. No one was going to tell me anything that day.

SCHOOL started, and Patrick continued to meet us in the playground. When I asked him about it, he said, "My school starts later." By this time I knew there was something wrong with Patrick that was not merely physical sickness. He reminded me of a pollarded tree that had been neglected and had begun to sprout branches in some directions but not in others. For one thing, he could read only the simplest words, and those stumblingly. Yet he could tell marvellous stories—some based on the beginnings of fairy tales, some his own. He had trouble counting, yet he knew the name and habits of every bird that passed us in our wanderings through the park. When I admired his marble collection, he began to tell me about glass—how it was made and colored and the different grades.

"How do you know so much about glass?" I said.

"An old man I used to know worked at the glassworks up North. We liked to pass the time," he said. "He was my friend."

We went to Europe for three weeks in October, and when we returned Jess was sure Patrick wouldn't be in the park; we didn't hurry the first morning. But when we saw the gate, there he was. It looked as if he had been swinging on that gate ever since we left.

"School starts in a few weeks," he said to me before he grabbed Jess's hand.

The days grew shorter and cooler, but compared to Massachusetts it was a mild fall. Roses bloomed into the beginning of November; the trees still had their green leaves. Because the weather was good, Jess and I decided to take Patrick to the Regent's Park Zoo. We planned to be gone most of the day, and I felt it was necessary to get permission from Patrick's parents. I explained this to him, expecting him to give me a telephone number. Instead, he said, "Could you write a note for me, Mum? We don't have a telephone."

He brought me a note in an illegible scrawl. With effort I deciphered: "Patrick can go. Thank you. Ivy W——." The surname was a wiggly line. But the note was obviously authentic, and when the day came Patrick was waiting for us at the park in his best clothes, with his lunch and a bag of sweets for Jess.

The chimpanzees' tea party was the highlight of the day. After we had gone back to see the chimps three more times, I insisted that we start for home. The sky was streaked orange and gold; the air was chilly.

We got out of the bus at Kensington Gardens to drop Patrick off. I had no intention of going into the playground and was looking forward to a cup of hot coffee and a different pair of shoes when Jess pulled at my arm. "Mommy, look at those funny people."

In the playground was a gang of young boys dressed up in tattered clothes. "It's Guy Fawkes Day," Patrick said.

Jess insisted on going closer.

"A penny for the Guy! A penny for the Guy!" the boys called when we approached them. I opened my handbag to get some pennies, and Patrick and Jess slipped away to the swings. I could feel dusk coming. I wanted to leave. Patrick's parents would worry; it was past teatime.

Suddenly a voice called, "There's Patrick!" and the boys left me and ran toward the swings.

"Where ya been, Patrick?" one called.

Patrick didn't answer and began to swing higher.

"We miss ya at school!" another yelled.

I ran over to Jessica's swing and stopped it. "Come on, Patrick. It's time to go home," I said loudly.

He stared as if he didn't know me, and pumped harder.

The boys were chanting: "We'll catch Patrick and kick Patrick and hit him with stones, and after he's dead we'll just stamp on his bones."

"Get out of here!" I shouted, but they laughed and chanted the same words again. Patrick swung higher and higher, and I had a horrible vision of him going as high as he could and then falling to the ground in a pool of blood.

"Get out of here! Get out of here!" I yelled, but the boys didn't listen and it was useless to call for help because the playground was empty; the Matron had gone home.

I turned my back on the boys and began to talk to Patrick. When he swung toward me I could see that his eyes were glazed.

"Patrick!" I called his name several times. He stared but didn't answer.

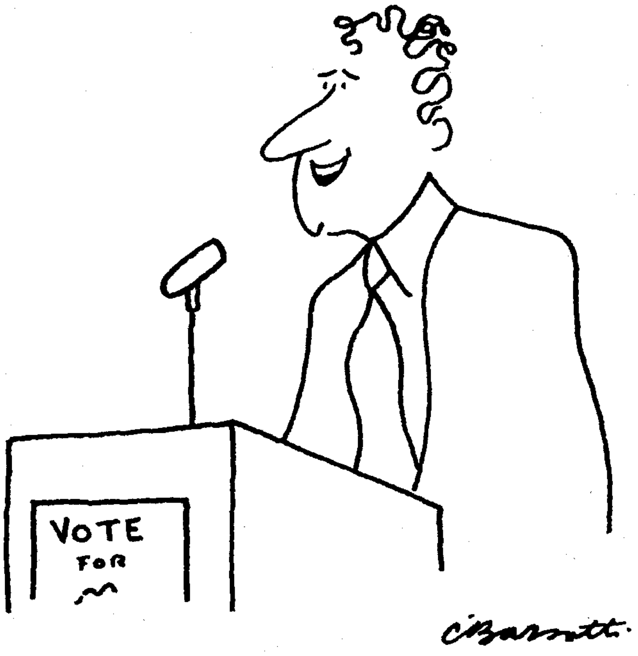
Jess tugged my hand. "Patrick!" she screamed. "Patrick, it's Jess!"

He looked down.

"Come on, Patrick. It's time to go," I called.

With that he stopped pumping and let the swing slow down. The playground felt unnaturally quiet; for a moment I thought the boys might be hiding, ready to pounce on him. But then I saw them walking toward Bayswater Road, calling, "A penny for the Guy! A penny for the Guy!" I held the two children close and we waited until we couldn't hear them anymore, then hurried out of the park.

"They were from my last school," Patrick said, and I squeezed his hand. We watched him turn off Bayswater Road and we waved goodbye; then Jessica and I caught the bus home.



"And if elected I promise to remain as charming as I am today."

• •

THE next day Patrick wasn't in the park, or the next, or the next. At first, I tried to make our search for him a game of hide-and-seek, but neither Jess nor I felt like playing at it. We became more concerned, until one morning I approached the Matron at the playground. She was standing at the door of the little brick house, her thin coat pulled tightly around her, for suddenly the weather had become cold and damp. She was not quick to smile, but she was not unkind with the children. In the summer, when Jess had scraped her knee, she had helped us wash and bandage it. A few days after that, she seemed about to say something to me—I think about Patrick, because she had pointed to him. Then she had thought better of it and said, abruptly, "Never mind."

"Do you know where Patrick could be?" I asked her. Jess had consented to go on the swings for a few minutes.

"Hasn't shown up, has he?" she asked.

"No, not for a few days." Actually, it was exactly three days. "And he never said goodbye. I'd like to get in touch with him."

She shrugged. "I don't know how. I don't know where he lives and I don't know his people's name." She paused. "There's something wrong with him, you know. His mum came here once and said if he got too wild I was to take him by the shoulders and tell him to go home. Loud. But he never got wild, just jumped around a lot. Until you came. With you and the little girl he seemed happy." She looked at me thoughtfully.

"Did his mother say what was wrong?"

"She didn't seem to know. Poor people they are, lots of children. Said they had told them he was disturbed or retarded—one or the other. Couldn't seem to make up their minds. You know, psychologists and the like."

"Did she say anything about school?"

"She did say he'd be going off to a boarding home in Scotland one of these days—they thought they could help him if he lived away. Make him more manageable. I guess he's gone." Her voice softened. "Don't worry. He'll make his way," she said. "They always do. They have to."

—ROBERTA SILMAN

• •

THIS PAIN

This pain you think of as yours
Wells up from something much deeper than yourself,
It is Existence, not you, that is suffering,
You are a tune it is trying to play on a flawed harp—
The pain is protest, is reprimand, almost—is warning
That the instrument will not serve, that withdrawal threatens.
Then the tune that is you will cease, the universe
Be there, without you. But Existence will go on,
And the music it makes in endless others,
The music will go on. What, then, is lost?
Only the self, the loved, the fleeting tune.

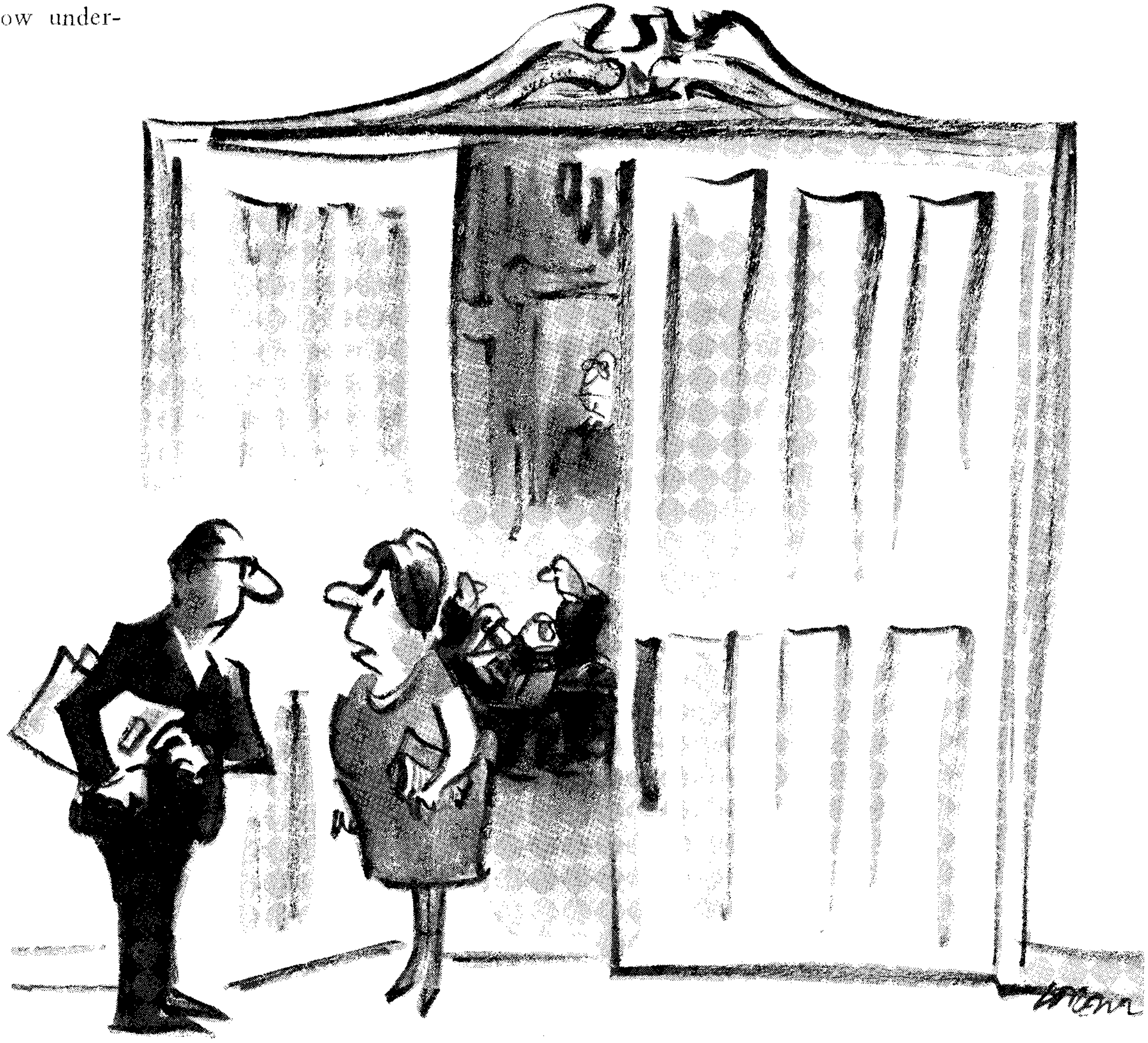
—JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

THE CHART

TAKING advantage of what he had heard with one limited pair of ears, in a single and relatively isolated moment of recorded history, in the course of an infinitesimal fraction of conceivable time (which some say is the only time), he came to believe firmly that there was much that he could not hear, much that was constantly being spoken and indeed sung to teach him things he could never otherwise grasp, which if grasped would complete the fragmentary nature of his consciousness until it was whole at last—one tone both pure and entire floating in the silence of the egg, at the same pitch as the silence. Next, by measurement and invention he came firmly to believe that there were high notes which the dog could hear that remained inaudible to his own limited ears, and which the dog had been hearing for longer than he himself had been hearing anything. Therefore there must be something in the nature of the dog which the dog had never understood, for it had not been meant for the dog alone—something, however, which he himself would now understand better, if he could ever come to hear it, since it was for understanding that he had sacrificed hearing. So he domesticated the dog. But before he learned to hear the high notes he came firmly to believe that there were lower notes that the donkey, the bull, and the cow could hear and he himself could not, and he domesticated the donkey, the bull, and the cow. Still higher notes, and he domesticated the porpoise, the bat, the bee, the ant, and kept all the surviving species of birds in cages. Still lower, and he domesticated the elephant, the cat, the bear, the rat, and kept all the remaining whales in dark stalls, trying to hear through their ears the note made by the rocking of the axle of the earth. Because by that time, by measurement and invention he had defined a relation in which they stood to each other solely with regard to the frequencies of their limits of hearing, and he had drawn them in their appropriate frequencies on a chart, in orderly progression, like a calendar going forward and backward but not in time, even though time was the measure of the frequencies as it was the measure of every other thing (therefore, some say, the only measure), and across the chart he had drawn lines at the outer limits of what he believed each could hear, tracing a river flowing both ways. And from the chart he could calculate what each of the other beings could hear, though not what it could be: the owl could hear a head turn. Turning his head he tried to imagine what it would sound like to an owl. The bat could hear a hand held out. It took shape in the bat body. The only thing he could not imagine was the bat. The elephant could hear the roots of a tree, and slept without moving its feet.

But the chart did not teach him to hear anything or even how to listen for it. The flattened paper became one more of the promises of knowing for which he had given up fragments of his hearing. Furthermore he had to admit that the animals certainly did not hear the same things, tamed or in cages, that they had heard in their free estate. And beyond—and in fact among—the last known animals living and extinct, the lines could be drawn through white spaces that had an increasing progression of their own, into regions of hearing that was no longer conceivable, indicating creatures wholly sacrificed or never evolved, hearers of the note at which everything explodes into light, and of the continuum that is the standing still of darkness, drums echoing the last shadow without relinquishing the note of the first light, hearkeners to the unborn overflowing. The lines projected off the chart, out into the night. Even from the squares that were occupied by creatures with ears limited like his own, no sound rose. He pressed his fingers against the white panes of the paper, and he thought the vestigial ears in the skin of his fingertips stirred for a moment, but he still could not understand anything they heard. He straightened and turned out the light and listened to the rain.

—W. S. MERWIN

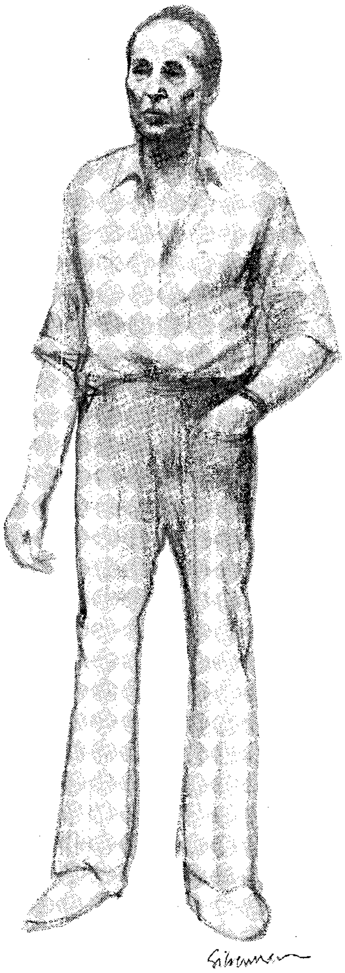


"The merger's off. Mr. Hempstead is an Aries and Mr. Billings is a Sagittarius."

PROFILES

AN ETERNAL PRESENT

Monday, August 20th: It's noon, and quite hot. A breeze that can be seen, though not felt, stirs the tops of the eucalyptuses and pines that rim the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles's Griffith Park. Fortunately, it's not very smoggy today—not yet. It's possible to take a deep breath without choking, and one can actually discern the blue of the sky above the milky haze. Up on the stage, George Balanchine is conducting class for his New York City Ballet company, as he does daily whether the company is at home or on the road. In his lessons, it is his practice to concentrate on some particular aspect for a large part of the hour-and-a-half session. Today, he seems to be working his dancers mostly on assemblés—vertical jumps, done sometimes from a stationary position, sometimes after a glissade, a pas de bourrée, or some other small step. He indicates what he wants done, and then, to the accompaniment of the piano, they try to do it, measuring themselves by an ideal that none of them will ever fully attain. Balanchine is stressing that the two legs must come together in the air, with the toes pointed, and must be absolutely together for the landing, in the fifth position. The landing must be at the identical spot on which the dancer began. Before takeoff and on landing, the knees must bend in a demi-plié. A strong demi-plié on landing is actually the most crucial part of the jump. It's not how high you go that gives the illusion of height and ease, he has told them, it's how you land. What he is imparting is essentially what he learned as a boy at the Imperial School of Theatre and Ballet in St. Petersburg, before the Revolution. Only, he says, he has speeded up the process. He likes to say that he has taken the cholesterol out of it. He speaks in a nasal twang, and accents the word on the last syllable—"cho-les-ter-*ol*." He also says that in his teaching he is more demanding than the Russian teachers of his day were, that he stuffs his dancers with more technique—force-feeds them, like a Strasbourg goose. I've told him that the two metaphors seem contradictory, but he denies that. Anyway, he declares, the result is what counts: in the one case, pâté de foie gras truffé de Strasbourg; in the other, the Balanchine style of dance.



George Balanchine

On the stage, being put through their paces, are such leading dancers as Jacques d'Amboise, Patricia McBride, Kay Mazzo, John Clifford, Peter Martins, Karin von Aroldingen, Sara Leland, Anthony Blum, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and Helgi Tomasson. D'Amboise moves cautiously through the sequences that the others, behind and around him, are doing full out. He has been out for a couple of months with a torn cartilage in his right knee, for which he has had an operation—essentially the same operation Joe Namath had. Ballet dancers are vulnerable. The profession is risky, and brutal on the body. Violette Verdy and Gelsey Kirkland are also out with injuries. D'Amboise has dark circles under his eyes. As he essays his leaps, his face wears a questioning, introspective look, as if he is monitoring his body—his body which is his instrument and his livelihood, and which throughout his professional life he has entrusted to Balanchine for the accomplishment of whatever Balanchine has seen fit to ask of him. D'Amboise is thirty-nine years old, has been one of the world's most dazzling male dancers since he was seventeen, and may well be wondering at this moment if he will ever again do a virtuoso role.

Also onstage are numerous lesser-known soloists and members of the corps de ballet. When the company made its second trip to Russia, last year, many Russian ballet teachers and dancers flocked to the studios to watch Balanchine teach. They expressed surprise at finding principal dancers, soloists, and corps-de-ballet members all taking class together. In the Russian companies, the classes are segregated, for it is assumed that the corps members neither need to practice technique as difficult as the soloists' nor are capable of doing so. Balanchine's expectations for his corps members are much higher; the corps gets more challenging and varied assignments in the New York City Ballet than in most other companies. On any given night, in fact, several dancers who are nominally corps-de-ballet members may be seen dancing solo parts, and often to great acclaim.

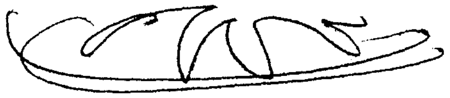
Rehearsal follows class, after a short break. By this time, a number of spectators have filtered into the Greek Theatre and are scattered about the seats of the orchestra section. Some of them are probably friends of company members; others may simply be visitors to the park who noticed an open gate and wandered in. Onstage, under Balanchine's calm, merciless gaze, the performers work through the ballets they will present this evening and the two following evenings: "Swan Lake," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." The stage is concrete and very hard on the feet, and the dancers are unhappy about that. Balanchine sympathizes. He offers to simplify, for reasons of safety, a terrifying leaping turn that Helgi Tomasson has to make in the "Tchaikovsky," ending on one knee with upflung arm. Tomasson is a quiet, slim, black-haired young man who was brought up in Iceland. He joined the company three years ago, one of a trio of newcomers who in recent years have strengthened the company's male contingent, the others being Peter Martins, from the Royal Danish Ballet, and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, from the Paris Opéra Ballet. Tomasson is rather small in build, but he has a beautiful line. His technique is clear and pure—perhaps the purest of any male now dancing. For some reason, though, he is not a great crowd-pleaser. Perhaps his dancing is too pure—or perhaps it is too impersonal. He is a dancers' dancer. He thanks Balanchine for his consideration but says he would prefer not to have the step changed; he'd like to do it the way it's supposed to go.

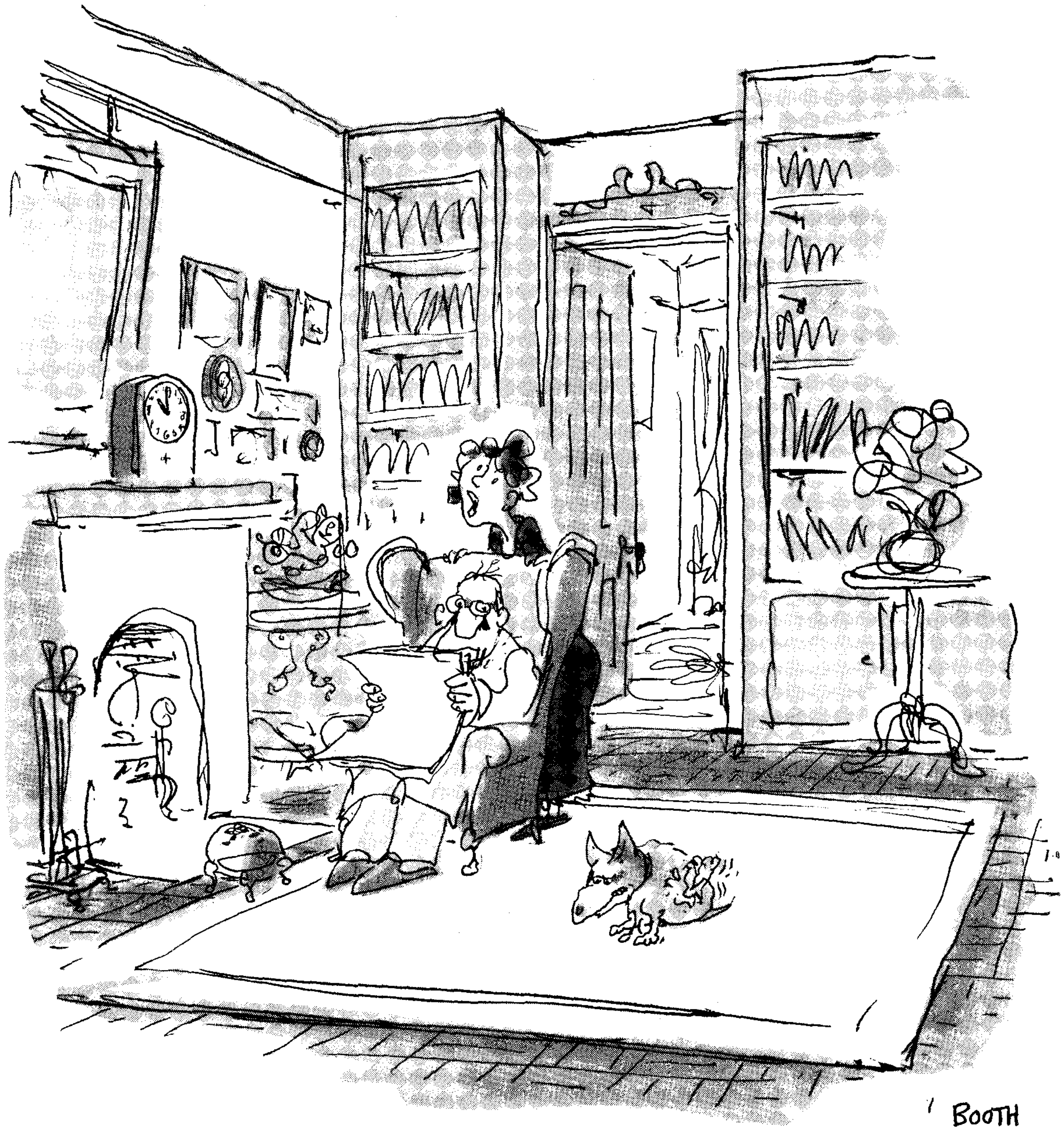
Balanchine is wearing gray slacks, a blue sports shirt with turned-back cuffs, and sandals. On one wrist is a turquoise bracelet. A decade or so ago, at the time of the company's first trip to Russia, Balanchine at times looked almost cadaverous. His face was gaunt, his body as spare as that of any of his dancers. But he is plumper now. His posture and movements are still elegant, though, and still vital. Now that his cheeks have filled out, his aquiline nose no longer seems so prominent. His face is without wrinkles still. His eyes are penetrating, his eyebrows haughty. He has looked out at the world in just that way all his life; there's a photograph I've seen of him at the age of four which is quite frightening in the implacable authority of the child's gaze.

Since Balanchine has always been so insistent on his dancers' shucking every gram of fat and reducing to the bone, he is a little self-conscious, I think, about having put on twenty pounds and weighing perhaps all of a hundred and sixty-five. He tells me that he put on the weight deliberately—that a doctor who saved his life when he suffered a recurrence of tuberculosis shortly after his arrival in the United States, in 1933, had warned him that people who have had tuberculosis should never let themselves get too thin, so in recent years he has been stuffing himself with butter, with potatoes, with pasta. "But I think I am too fat now and should maybe take off ten pounds," he adds. "At least."

Next January 22nd, Balanchine will be seventy. His birthday is an event that will not be celebrated if he can help it. He has devoted his life and his art to resisting the passage of time—or, rather, to shaping time so as to give the illusion of its not passing. All real ballets, W. H. Auden once wrote, take place in Eden, a world of pure being where there is no memory and no anticipation, and the joy of being alive is manifested throughout an eternal present. Auden might well have got that thought from his friend Balanchine, who has had to live with it.

Other anniversaries of significance, however, are slated to be commemorated. This fall, it will be forty years since Balanchine arrived in America to work with American dancers, and twenty-five years since the founding of the New York City Ballet. The difference between those two numbers represents fifteen years of vicissitude for Balanchine—of setting up companies and having them collapse, of making an abortive connection with the Metropolitan Opera, of forming a membership society for ballet performance which was so élitist that not even the critics were invited, and of nearly ten years of being out of classical ballet and working as a Broadway and Hollywood dance man. No other ballet company in the world—no other ballet company in history—is as much the reflection of one man as is the New York City Ballet. Almost all the dancers in the company have been trained in Balanchine's style since they were children, in the ballet school that he established, together with Lincoln Kirstein, in 1934, and still heads, and he has created virtually the entire repertory that they dance. For several years, he bore the





"Say something nice to me, Luke. Not anything common. Something that will rekindle smoldering passions, stoke the memory of half-forgotten follies, and make the fountains of my spirit flow again."

title of "artistic director" of the New York City Ballet, but the adjective sickened him, so he demoted himself, titularly, to "ballet master." On the program, he is listed as one of three ballet masters, along with Jerome Robbins and John Taras. Only through alphabetical precedence, presumably, does his name happen to be listed first. It doesn't matter. In his domain, his power is absolute. He needs no grand title, any more than Stalin needed to be anything but Party Secretary.

THE PRINCES OF EXILE

stand near the gates of the desert
and watch for travellers who pass by.
When they see a familiar face,
they turn aside and remain at a distance.
Instead of the music of home they hear
a foreign wind singing
to trees which bear no leaves.

The Princes of Exile move
through languages and are refracted,
dragging their crippled shadows
beneath an alien sun. They wear
masks of greeting. When they
close their eyes no one can see them.

The Princes of Exile pray
for sleep and that each day
will be shorter than the last.
They go to bed with the passionate
daughters of strangers and are unsatisfied.
They lie awake trying to name
stars they do not recognize.

When a traveller crosses the border
between foreign countries,
he shifts a burden from one hand
to the other. When he crosses
the border into his own land,
he removes a pebble from his shoe.

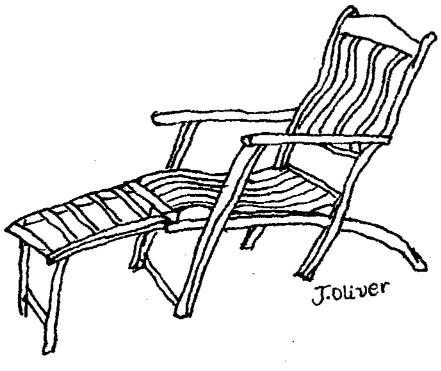
The Princes of Sacrifice return
as rain in a drouth year.
The Princes of War return
as sores on the faces of politicians.
The Princes of Betrayal return
impaled on the swords of their friends.
But the Princes of Exile never return.

—RICHARD SHELTON

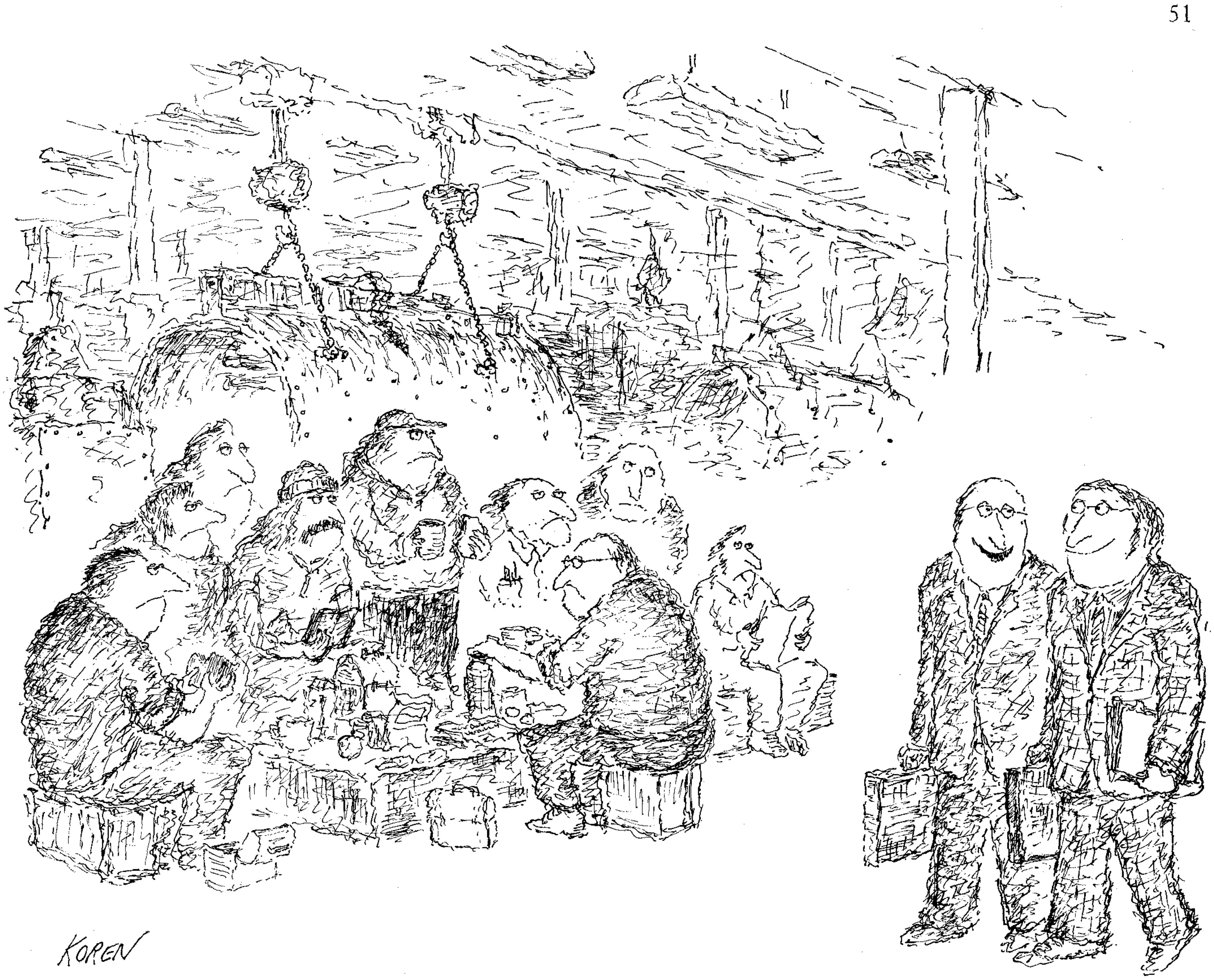
• •

TUESDAY: The company's members are having a good time this afternoon. They're at Falcon Studios—a low, rambling wooden building on Hollywood Boulevard near Western Avenue. This is where they work most of the time during their Los Angeles stay; they rehearse at the Greek Theatre only on the days when they are scheduled to present a new program. They have just finished class, and are working on "Pulcinella." This ballet is not on the Los Angeles programs but is scheduled to be performed three times at Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts, outside Washington, D.C., where the company will begin a short engagement next week. Balanchine and Jerome Robbins collaborated on "Pulcinella." They put it together in a great rush for the Stravinsky Festival last summer—that extraordinary occasion in commemoration of what would have been Stravinsky's ninetieth birthday, when the New York City Ballet staged thirty Stravinsky ballets in eight days, twenty-one of them brand-new. Now Balanchine is going through "Pulcinella" with the ensemble, smoothing out rough patches and putting in new choreography here and there as the fancy strikes him.

"Pulcinella" is a mime ballet, with broad comedic action; it's part commedia dell'arte, part pure Marx Brothers, with lots of visual gags and buffoonery. The plot line, which Balanchine thought up, is a takeoff on the Faust legend—a compact with the Devil made by a clown. Balanchine is in high spirits this afternoon. He is all over the place. He leaps, he twirls, he staggers like a drunk, he bows like a courtier, he sighs like a lovestruck girl. He is acting out and dancing all the parts. His characterizations are always vivid, pungent. His movements are broad, zestful, extravagant, yet always elegant. All the great comics have been elegant—Chaplin, Keaton, Harpo Marx, Zero Mostel, even Jackie Gleason—and Balanchine seems fully aware of what the elegant line does for the buffoonish point. For Carol Sumner, Pulcinella's girlfriend, he mimes tender femininity. For Edward Villella, the Pulcinella, he does a vomiting sequence, staggering around holding his belly. For a quintet of musicians, he choreographs a new variation, having them saw away at their imaginary instruments until they are stooped so low they are only inches off the ground. None of them get down as low as he does, so none of them are quite as funny on their first try; they lack his extravagance. A few moments later, he is being a solemn constable, and then a gross wench. The wenches are played by a couple of men in the company, who will wear monstrous padded bosoms and be partnered by constables. Balanchine sketches out a miniature romantic passage for them, culminating in a sauté and an airy lift. "Now you get a chance to be Margot Fonteyn," he tells the men as their constable partners hoist them.



There aren't many ballets like this in the company's repertory, which consists mostly of plotless works, and the dancers seem to be finding this one an agreeable change. They joke and laugh as they dance, and applaud with delight some of Balanchine's characterizations. None of them, it is apparent, are able to be as free and easy in the mime gestures as he is—in part, perhaps, because he has given them so little opportunity in the past to develop this sort of talent. Seeing how happily, and how expressively, he mimes when the work calls for it, one can't help wondering at his



"They represent one hundred and nineteen years of experience."

• •

having indulged this side of himself so little in the course of choreographing nearly two hundred ballets.

Now he wants to show Miss Sumner how she should unveil as Pulcinella's bride. He hurries to the side of the studio and comes back with an orange towel, which he drapes over his head for the veil. His gesture as he lifts it off is proud—the gesture of a woman who knows she is beautiful. "It's like you say, 'Look! Here I am!' " The joke is that Pulcinella will be not entranced but disappointed; he had hoped to find some wonderful new creature under the veil, but it turns out to be just his familiar mistress. Miss Sumner is indeed beautiful, but she doesn't unveil as confidently as Balanchine. For one instant, as this man nearly seventy years old lifts an orange towel from his head, we have the illusion that we are being shown a great beauty and are privileged.

Miss Sumner is still in the process of mastering the role, for it was set originally on Violette Verdy. Miss Sumner says something to Balanchine, and he replies cheerfully, "Don't worry. I change my mind all the time. If I didn't, I'd still be doing the things people did a hundred years ago."

Villella has a split leap to do at one point. Balanchine talks to him about it. Villella nods. Facing each other and both smiling slightly, they go up in the air together, like a dancer and his mirror image. "That's better," says Balanchine.

Periodically, Balanchine has the group run through what they have worked on so far. As he watches, he stands in a characteristic pose, hands at his front pockets, eyes intent, like a gunfighter about to execute a fast draw. From time to time, he consults with Rosemary Dunleavy, the assistant ballet mistress, about how certain parts went in last year's production. The choreography is preserved mostly in the muscles and nerves of the dancers, rather than on paper or film. Sitting on a chair by the piano, however, is the company's official notator, or choreologist, as he is titled—a man named Jurg Lanzrein, who is jotting down symbols on a large pad as he takes note of this or that bit of action. Eventually, he will have a written record of the ballet in a method of notation known as the Benesh system. He has been with the company three years and, I understand, has notated twenty-two ballets. In the future, someone familiar with the Benesh system should be able to reconstruct those ballets successfully from his notations alone. So far, though, when some outside company says it would like to mount a Balanchine ballet the work is likely to be transmitted not through the Benesh notation but by someone like Miss Dunleavy, the ballet master John Taras, or some other company member with a retentive memory who knows all the steps of all the dancers in that ballet by heart, and who will fly to Paris or Copenhagen, or wherever it may be, to teach the ballet to those who will have to dance it. The art form is still essentially prehistoric; scribes are few, and ballets are still generally passed on from generation to generation in person, like legends.

All during the rehearsal today, problems have been arising with the accompanist—confusion as to the cuing of entrances and episodes. It turns out that through an oversight the marked copy of the musical score—the one on which cues were pencilled in when the ballet was being choreographed—has been left behind in New York, so the dancers are having to work with an unmarked copy. Here would be a classic opportunity for Balanchine to throw a temper tantrum if he were a person of such a temperament. But he is not. There are people who have been in the company for years and never heard him raise his voice in anger. Now he simply goes over to the piano, saying, "Let's mark everything again." With the assistance of Miss Dunleavy and suggestions from some of the dancers, he goes rapidly through the whole score with the accompanist, putting down cryptic cues—"boys' lifts," "attitude," "wheelbarrow," "split leaps"—that will be convenient points of reference during rehearsals. This takes about fifteen minutes of precious rehearsal time. There are only a limited number of minutes available, with all the other ballets to be prepared—a hundred and twenty to devote to "Pulcinella" before the company gets to Wolf Trap—and Balanchine is responsible for every one of those minutes, for making sure that what has to be done does get done. As I watch the way he is working at improving "Pulcinella" at this session, and the way he has responded to this unanticipated interruption, I am reminded how fortunate is his nature—that he is someone who always does the best he can under the circumstances and never frets over what he may have failed to do. If a ballet he has done proves imperfect, he will improve it when he finds the time, as he is doing now with "Pulcinella." If it still fails to satisfy, he will drop it from the repertory without a qualm and make something new to take its place. Only someone who is prolific can operate with that kind of assurance.

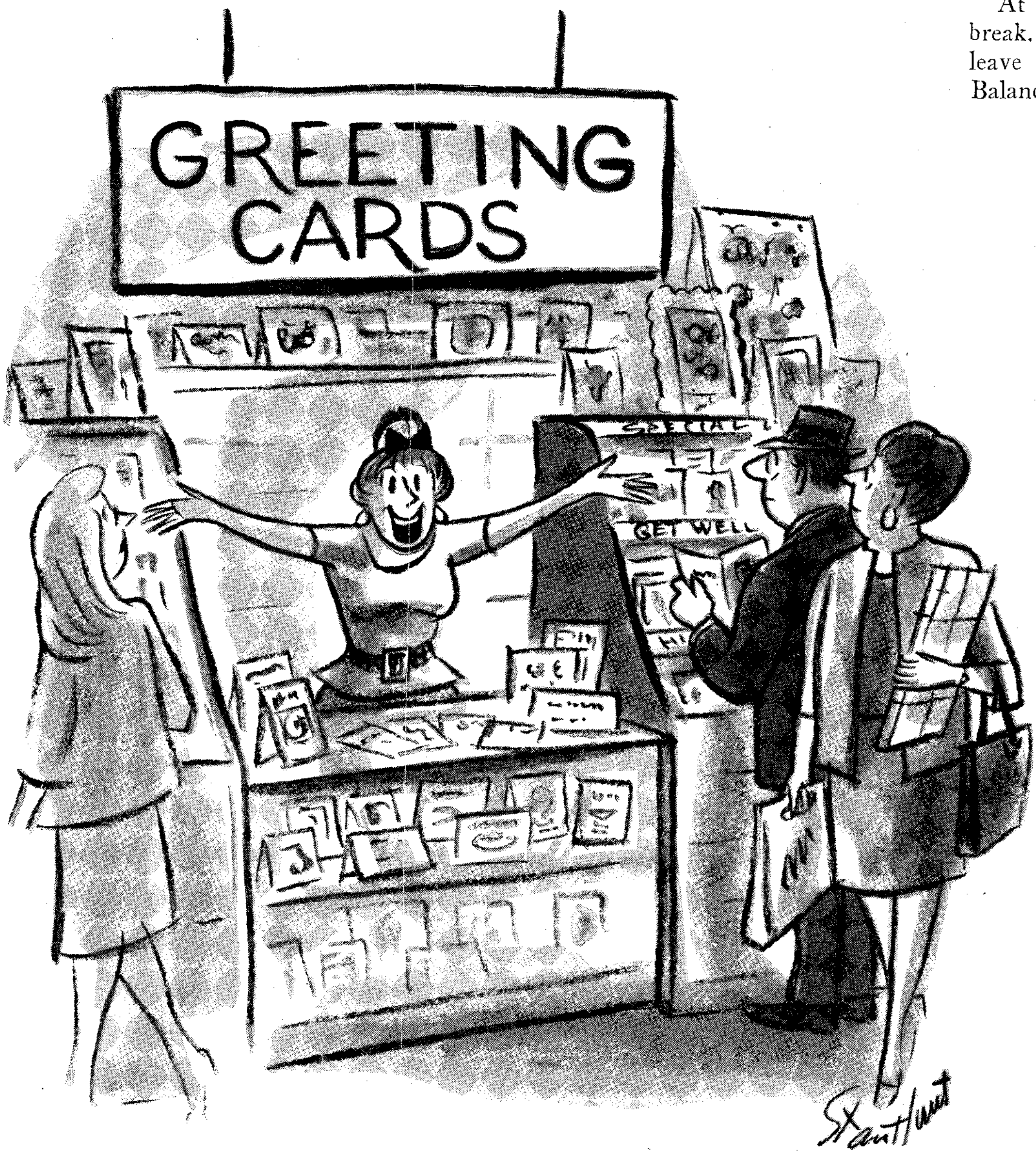
I also find myself recognizing another trait of his, which I feel I have not sufficiently appreciated in the past—his organizational ability. The way he manages the complex logistics of his enterprises—the making of a ballet, the running of a company and a school—makes me think he could probably run a corporation successfully, if he were of a mind to do so. Everyone pays homage to his artistry, but few have recognized his practicality.

It's time to resume at the section where he left off to mark the score. A clap of the hands is followed by the quiet but authoritative "Aa-aa-aand one!" Dancers and pianist come in unhesitatingly on the beat, with no need for preliminary explanation or palaver. Balanchine's "Aa-aa-aand" is the great mobilizer to action, to beauty, the rouser of somnolent bodies, the whip for the trained lions.

At a little after two, there's a short break. Some of the dancers are free to leave now. As Miss Sumner departs, Balanchine says to her, "Be prepared to dance this at Wolf Trap." She raises her eyebrows. "Violette is still limping," Balanchine says. "In her foot—and I think here as well." He puts his hand over his heart.

During the break, Balanchine relaxes in a director's chair near the piano, and Villella sits on the floor near him. Balanchine comments on the vitality of the music. I ask him, "Didn't you work out some choreography for 'Pulcinella' when you were still a student in Russia, maybe fifty years ago?"

"More than fifty, probably. How old was I when I first saw this score? Maybe seventeen." As Villella listens with some fascination, Balanchine recalls that as soon as he came across this Stravinsky score he began trying to make dances for parts of it, just to see what might be done. That was probably around 1921, the year Balanchine graduated from ballet school and became a member of the Maryinsky company—the company now known as the Kirov Ballet. By then, he was already recognized among the young and the avant-garde as a talent to watch. "We didn't have much music to dance to then—Minkus, Fritz Kreisler, like that. I



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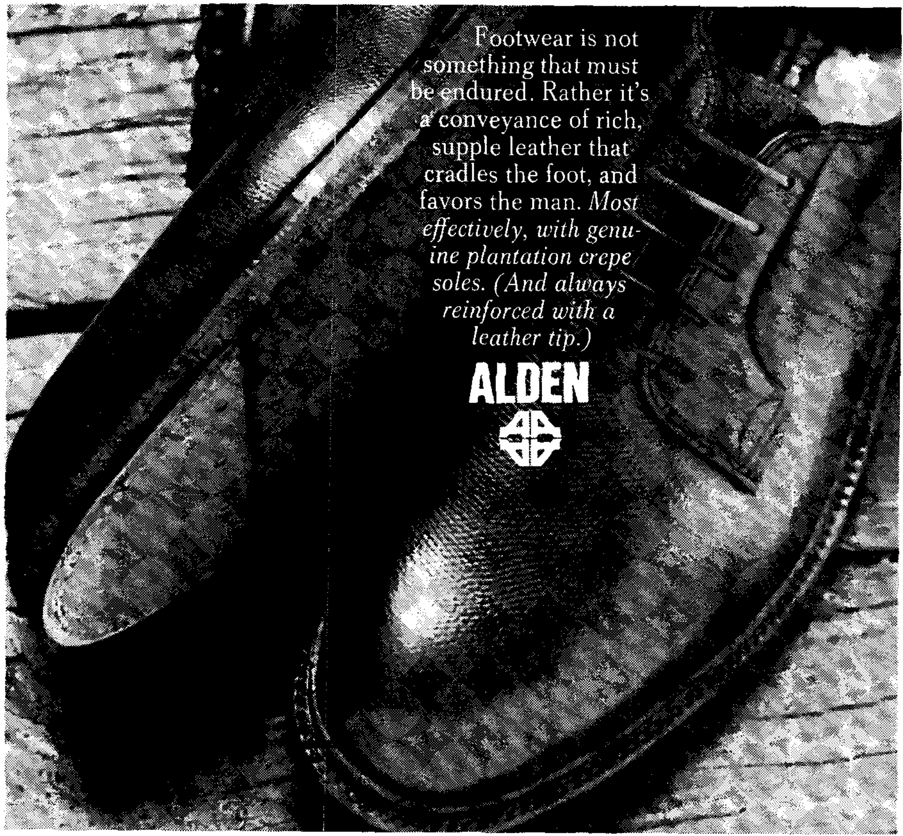

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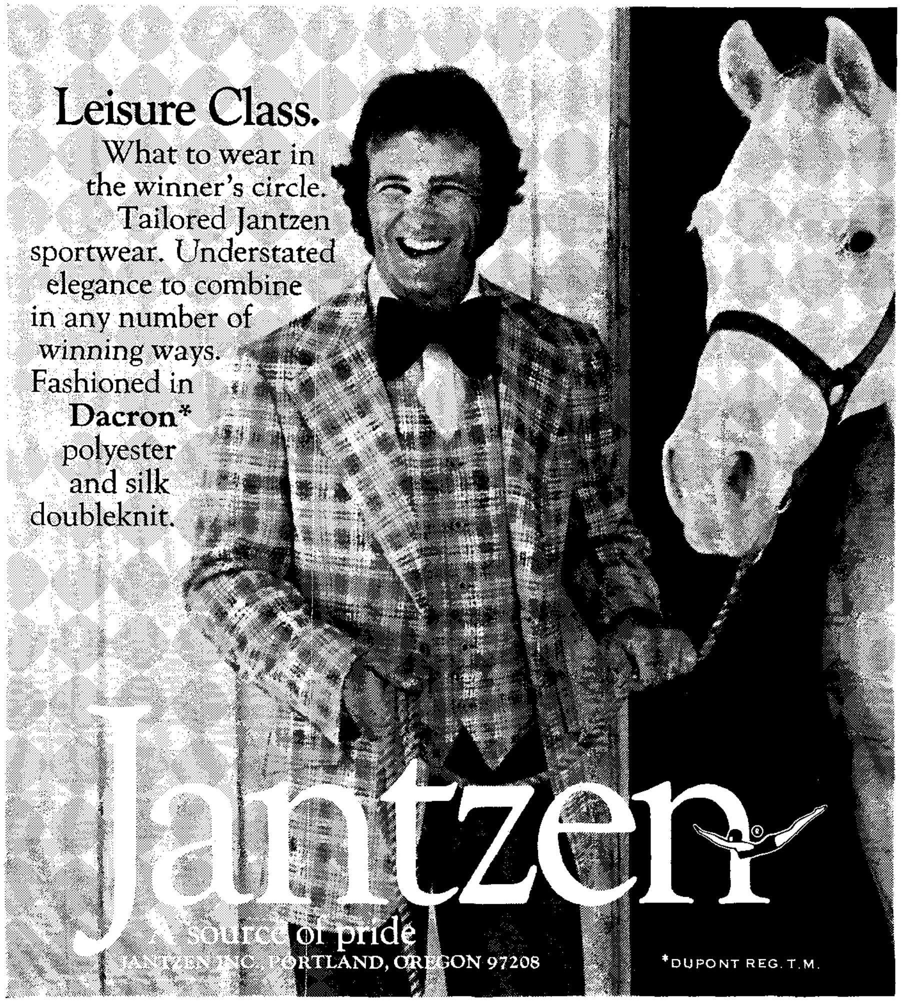

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set one of the Ravel waltzes around that time, I remember. And I composed music myself for some pas de deux." He laughs. "One of them was a ro-man-za." He drawls the word—a touch of self-mockery. "I was lazy, so I had Gusev dance, and I played the piano." The Gusev he mentions became a famous choreographer himself later on, and the director first of the Kirov Ballet, then of the Bolshoi. He doesn't name the girl who danced that pas de deux with Gusev. It could have been Danilova, who often danced the fledgling efforts of the young Balanchine. (Balanchivadze his name was then, before Diaghilev simplified it.) It could have been Lydia Ivanovna, a girl many thought as promising as Danilova, who drowned in a boating accident before she was twenty. "Another of our group of young people liked to write poetry," Balanchine goes on. "And he wrote some lyrics for my ro-man-za."

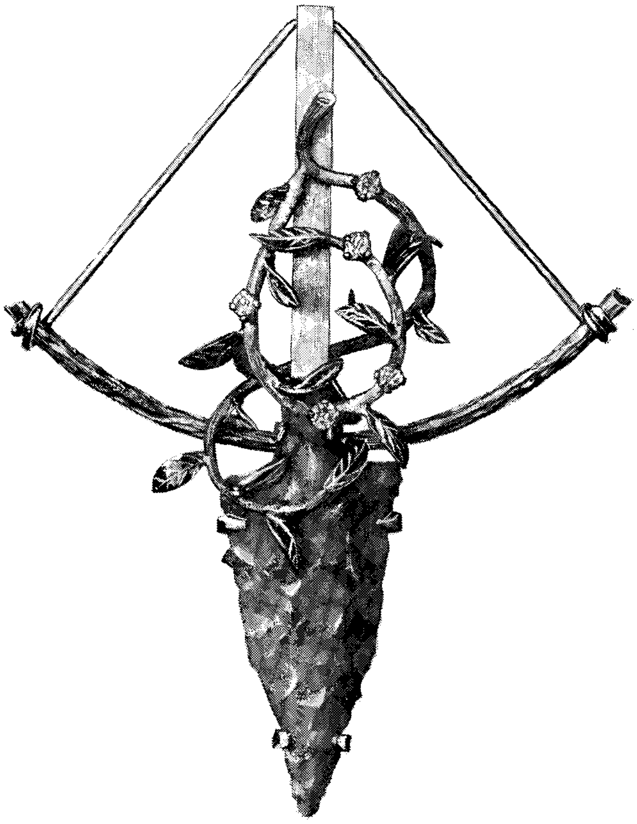
"Who was that?" I ask.

"Mravinsky. He's now music director of the Leningrad Philharmonic."

The break is ending. The moment of reminiscence is over. Balanchine seems to have enjoyed it, but I suspect that it wouldn't have occurred if I hadn't prompted him. The dancers now go on to the musicians' sequence. New steps, new bits of business emerge. The musicians are in a semicircle around Villella. Balanchine provides them with a variation that requires some of them to turn around and back toward the audience. "I want to show Berman's behind," Balanchine says playfully. "I mean the backs of Berman's costumes. Because they're so fantastic. So you do like this—like a model." They proceed to model, carrying themselves as if they were clad in the most resplendent garb. It's an amazing illusion, for what they are actually wearing at the moment is an indescribable mishmash of practice attire. One young man wears cutoff jeans, another orange bathing trunks, another a striped Rugby shirt. Villella has on black tights and a black Syracuse University T-shirt. His comic vomiting sequence, as the music gulps and burbles, ends this section.

The section is now quite firmly set. Balanchine declares himself satisfied—satisfied, he says, in the way God was satisfied the day He made snakes and vermin, which is to say just as satisfied as the day He made birds and flowers.

There's still three minutes left, so there will be one more run-through of this section. "I've learned how to cheat the union," Balanchine remarks to me. He is referring to the dancers'



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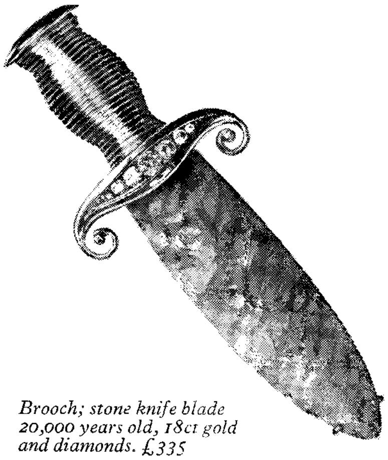

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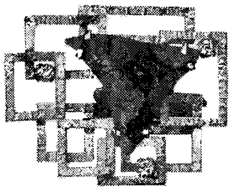

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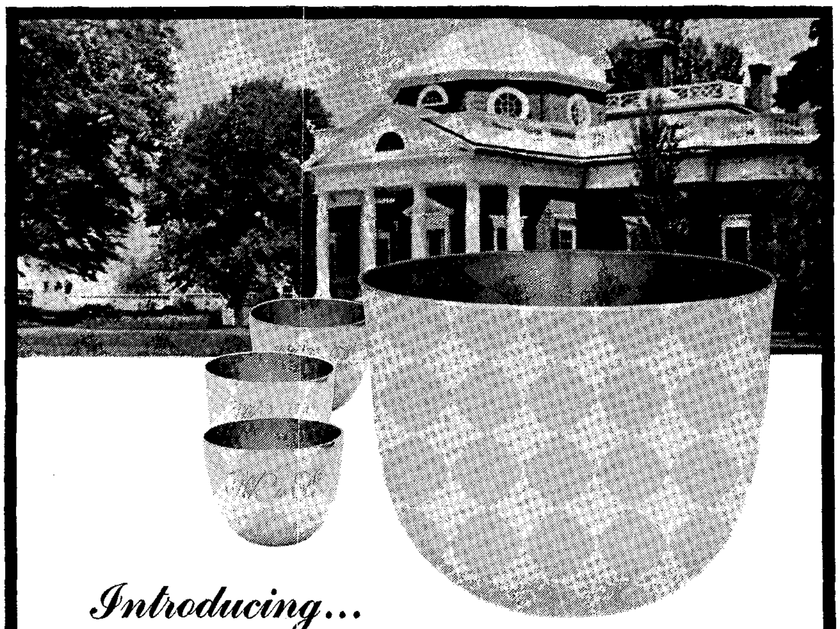

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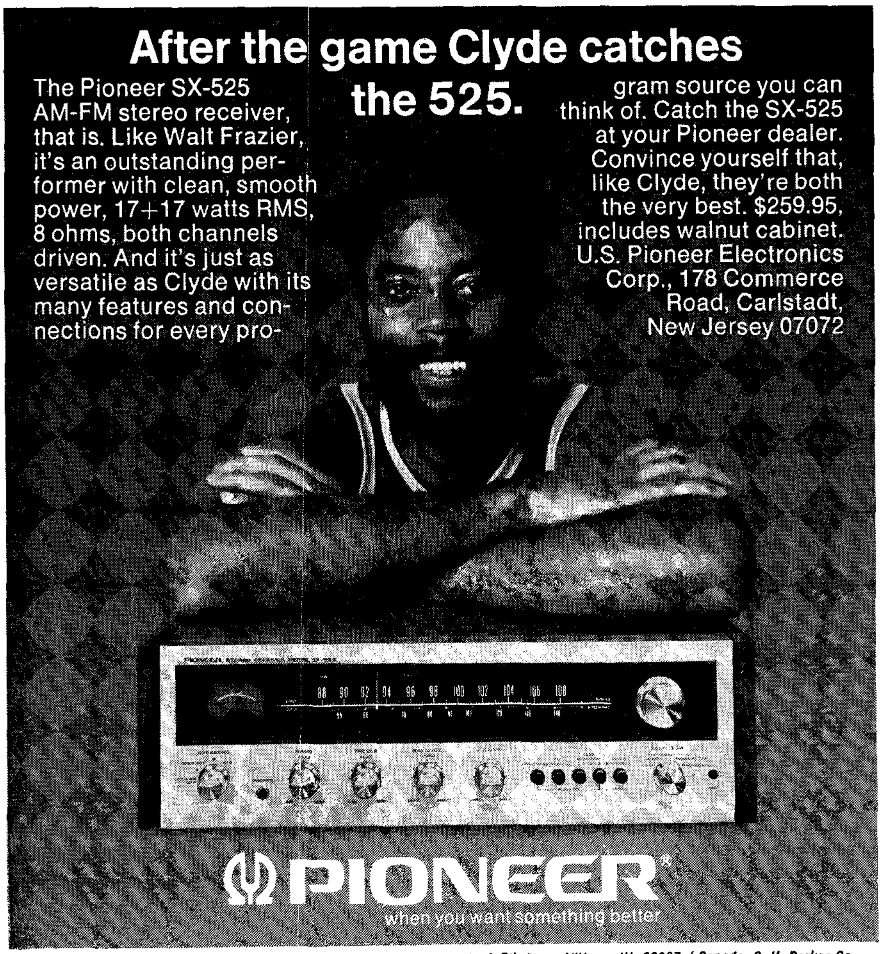

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"How?" I ask.

"I do everything before."

"Before what?"

"Before it is too late."

WEDNESDAY: Melissa Hayden is at this afternoon's rehearsal at Falcon Studios. She is working on "Cortège Hongrois," the ballet that Balanchine fabricated, to some of Glazunov's "Raymonda" music, specially as a farewell present for her—a public homage. She is fifty years old and is retiring from the company after dancing with it for twenty-two years—much of that time as the leading ballerina, though the company, with its aversion to the star system, would never say so. Her final performance as a company member is scheduled for September 1st at Wolf Trap. "Cortège Hongrois" seems to me an unsuitable present. Romantic schmalz in the Russian-ballerina vein has never been her forte. She has been marvellous in dramatic roles—in "Medea" or "The Cage," for instance—or in parts that require keen wit, such as her "Stars and Stripes" or "Agon" roles. I have been told that Balanchine was heard to say as he was choreographing "Cortège Hongrois," "Wait till Millie goes. I'll change everything around for Pat McBride, and it will look wonderful." A cruel remark, if it was made, but Miss Hayden, an indomitable force in her own right, is equal to coping with the ambiguity of the occasion. She is going to treat this ballet as if it did in fact show her off like a precious jewel. She is going to wear a look of triumph even when she finds the choreography awkward or uncongenial. She will carry it off, and at every performance of it she gives between now and her publicized final appearance audiences will cheer and weep.

Partnering her at this rehearsal is Peter Martins, the tall, blond, handsome Dane. Balanchine is half sitting on a low red table in front of the mirrored wall. Beside him sits young John Clifford, wearing white pants and sneakers. The danseur-noble part in "Cortège" that Martins is learning is one that Clifford knows. The part was set originally, last May, on Jacques d'Amboise, who got hurt after two performances. Clifford, as the quickest study in the company, stepped into the breach, but Martins, being bigger and more noble-looking than Clifford, is considered preferable for the part. Martins will dance it with Miss Hayden tomorrow night if he can learn the part in time. If not, Clifford can always fill in

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again. Meanwhile, Clifford is being helpful. Eager and energetic, he keeps bouncing out on the floor to show Martins how this or that step goes, and he makes himself available to Balanchine for consultation. Balanchine goes out onto the floor, too, from time to time, but he doesn't look as spry and exuberant as he did yesterday. He is limping somewhat, and his face looks rather haggard. He hurt his knee during rehearsal yesterday. The knee originally suffered a torn cartilage in 1927, when he was a dancer as well as the ballet master in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, and he had an operation then that kept his leg in a cast for a month; the injury curtailed his dancing career. On and off ever since, the knee has been bothersome. Today, I see him push at it with both hands from time to time and wince.

After the rehearsal session ends, I see Balanchine and Clifford talking together at one side of the studio. I join them, and learn that Clifford is trying to get Balanchine's appraisal of two ballets that Clifford has choreographed using a young Los Angeles ballet troupe and showing them to Balanchine here at the studio just before today's rehearsal began. Clifford, who is twenty-six, aspires to distinction as a choreographer; the New York City Ballet has performed six ballets he has created in the past five years. Clifford is not having much success in getting Balanchine to talk, but he persists.

"Well, what about the Bach in general?" he asks. One of the two ballets is called "Bachiana" and makes use of three pieces by Bach—an arioso, a preludium, and the "Sleepers Awake" aria.

Balanchine sniffs—a characteristic expression. "First of all," he says at last, "I don't like the music—the Ormandy transcription." He wrinkles his nose in distaste.

Clifford asks him how he liked the fugue part.

Balanchine says, "I don't know. You still have to learn to be more polyphonic."

"Visually?"

"Yes, visually."

After several more questions that produce only shrugs or cryptic responses, Clifford asks, "Well, what about the other piece—the Mayuzumi?"

"Awful!" replies Balanchine. "The music is awful."

"But I thought you liked Mayuzumi." In 1963, Balanchine had used Mayuzumi's music for a ballet called "Bugaku."

"He used to be all right. Now he's

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passé." With a sniff and a wave of the hand, Balanchine dismisses Mayuzumi.

Clifford persists. "Well, did you like anything you saw? If you would tell me what things you like, I would know when I am doing right."

Balanchine shrugs, says nothing. Clifford waits. Eventually, Balanchine says, as if with reluctance, "Well, the steps aren't bad."

"To the Bach?"

"To the Mayuzumi. Only, the music is so awful. Why don't you find some other music to go with those steps you've made?"

Clifford looks baffled. The suggestion must seem particularly odd coming as it does from the choreographer who more than any other derives his inspiration from the music. "Do you mean it?" Clifford asks.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, I don't know," says Clifford. "Like what?"

"Something pretty," says Balanchine. "You do that." He starts to go.

Clifford, still hoping for guidance, tries to prolong the conversation. "Well, what do you think of Hovhaness?"

"Who?"

"Hovhaness."

"Awful!" says Balanchine. With a courteous nod, he says goodbye.

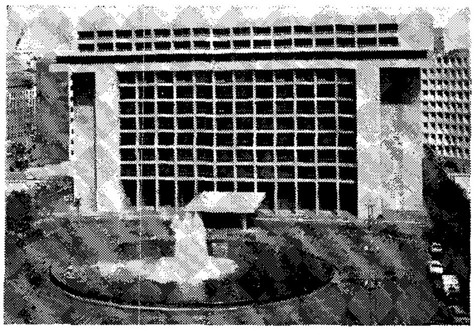
"I'm ready to dance 'Cortège' if you need me!" Clifford calls after him.

He seems no whit downcast by Balanchine's unresponsiveness and lack of enthusiasm. I know from conversations I've had with Clifford that he reveres Balanchine and his work. It's also evident that he would dearly love more guidance from the Master—perhaps even a smidgen of praise. He has told me that Balanchine has only once complimented him on his choreography. The compliment was "You are just like Jerry Robbins—you both have the same faults."

I leave the studio with Balanchine and Miss Hayden. I am driving them back to their hotel—the Montecito, a residential hotel on Franklin Avenue, in Hollywood. Balanchine is in the front seat, Miss Hayden in back. As we drive west along Hollywood Boulevard, the two of them talk about Clifford—not about his choreography but about his amazing facility as a dancer. "He can learn a part just by watching somebody dance it once," says Miss Hayden.

"He knows all the girls' parts as well as the boys'," Balanchine says to me. "He'd be as happy to fill in for Melissa as for Peter."

I remark that Balanchine did some-



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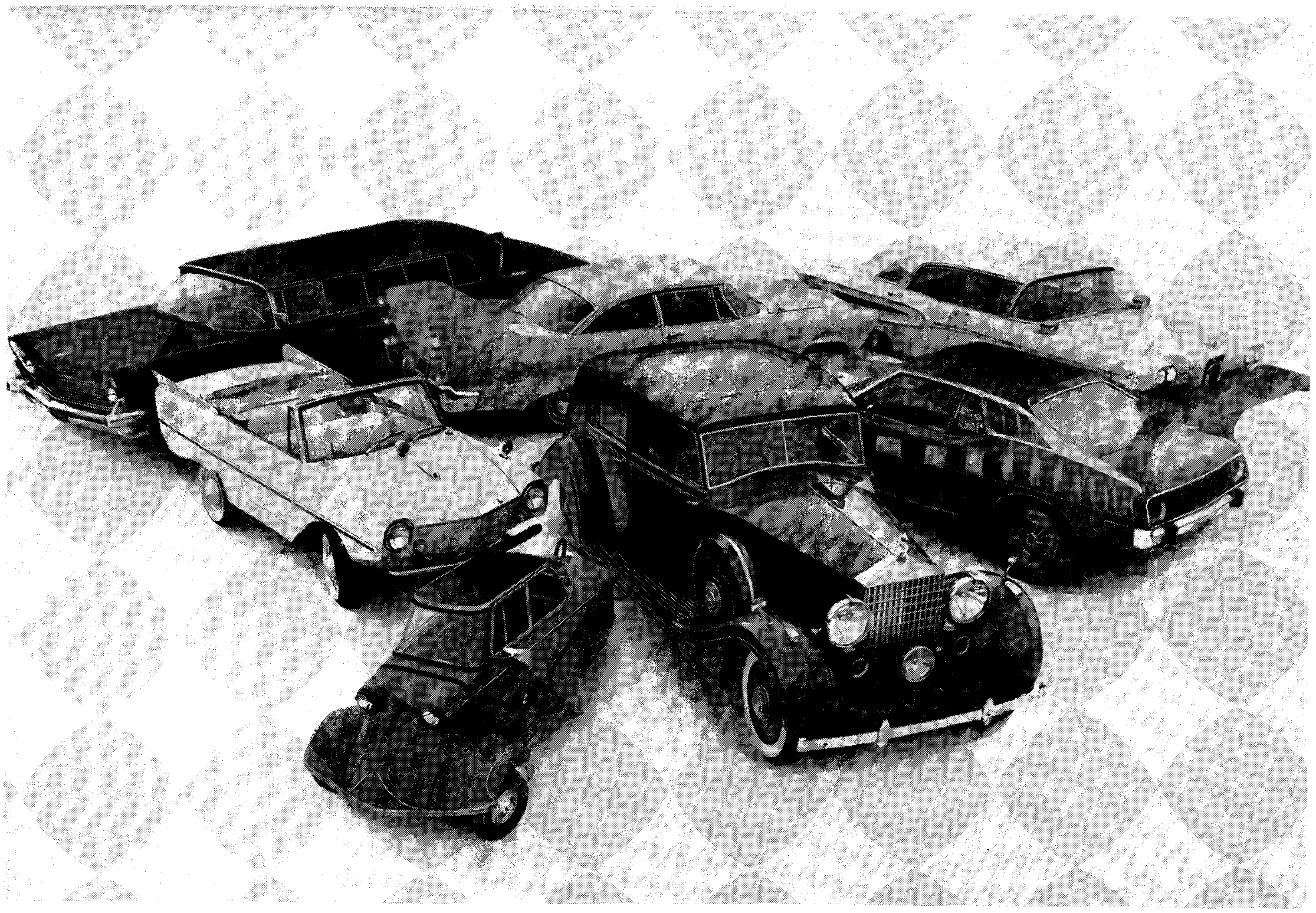

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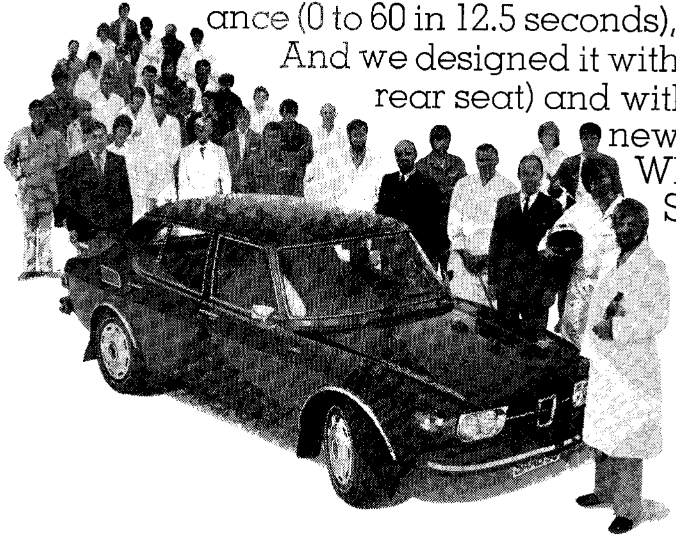

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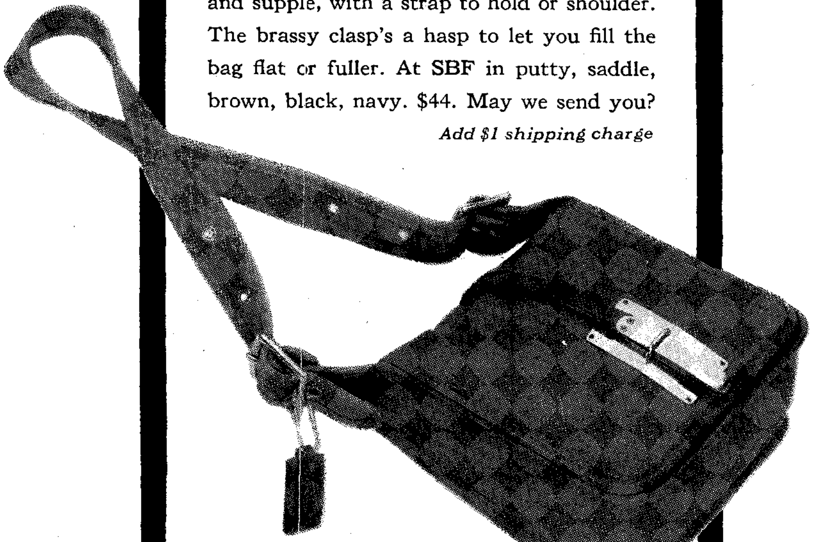

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thing like that once himself—filled in for Alicia Markova.

"Did you really do that?" Miss Hayden asks. "When was that?"

Balanchine thereupon tells her the story of how he substituted for Markova in the role of the Nightingale in "Le Chant du Rossignol," the first ballet he staged for Diaghilev after defecting from Russia in 1924 and being taken on as ballet master for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. The Nightingale was the first role of Markova's career, when she was a child of fourteen. The ballet master, Balanchine, was all of twenty-one at the time. One day, the Princesse Héritière of Monaco, the company's patron, expressed a desire to see this ballet, which had become her favorite work. It was scheduled as a command performance. At the last moment, Markova fell ill. Only Balanchine knew her part, so he was ordered into the breach, and a costume for him was hastily improvised backstage. In the ballet, as in the fairy story on which it is based, the Nightingale is carried onstage in a cage to charm a dying emperor back to life. "I filled up the cage completely," Balanchine recalls now, as Miss Hayden whoops with laughter. "I looked like a gorilla in a cage, not a little nightingale. Then I squeezed out and danced her solo. Everybody onstage was almost dying from laughing so hard. And poor Grigoriev, who was the company's disciplinarian, was playing the Emperor. He kept commanding under his breath, 'Shut up, girls—hee, hee, hee. I'm going to fine you all—hee, hee—a week's pay if you don't—hee, hee—stop laughing.' "

The anecdote has delighted Miss Hayden. Balanchine, too, has seemed amused, throwing himself with some relish into the telling of it. He can dip into the past quite vividly, it seems, but again I think that somebody has to turn him in that direction before he will do it. He is an Orpheus who would never, of his own accord, look back.

BALANCHINE and I have planned to have a talk this evening. We meet backstage at the Greek Theatre shortly before performance time. Balanchine has not been assigned a backstage room of his own, so we are using Allegra Kent's dressing room; she is off tonight. Wearing a blue blazer and a patterned red shirt, Balanchine sits in the chair in front of the makeup table, and I take a chair nearby. The mirror reflects his profile as we talk.

I have said that I would be interested in his appraisal of what has happened to him in the past decade. He

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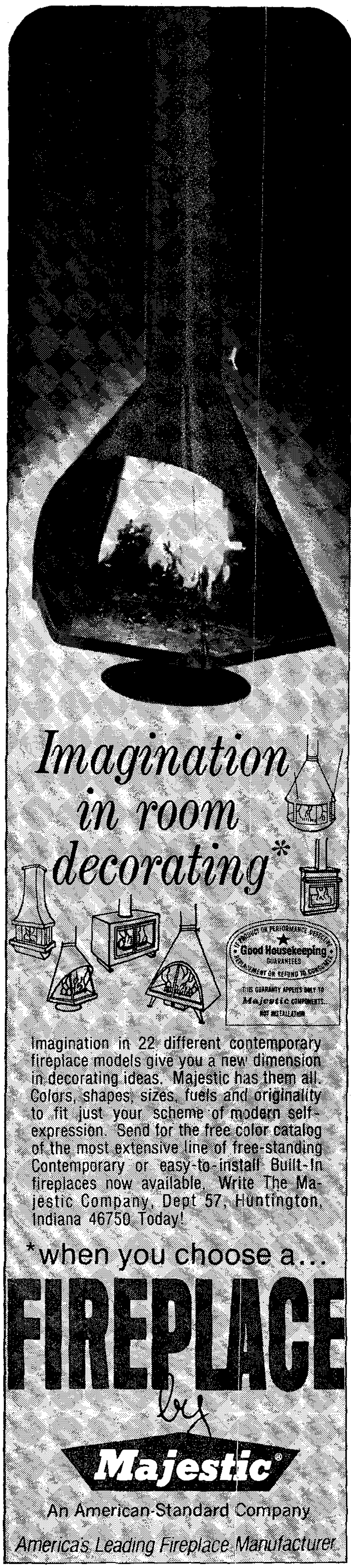
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replies, "It's all in the programs," as if he had had no life except what his company has danced. "Basically, it's a continuation of what I've always done," he says. "Except that as I go on I analyze better, eliminate what's not so necessary. I'm not trying to do things that are original or great. I've never thought like that. What I'm doing is entertainment—en-ter-tain-ment." He lingers on the word for emphasis. "I was brought up in the theatre—an Italian-style theatre, with the philosophy that when the public pays money you have to entertain them. So along with the more complicated things I do, like the ballets to late Stravinsky music, I always do easier things. That's for the public's sake. For us—for the dancers—there's really no such thing as music that's too difficult. Some music just takes a little more time to work out, that's all."

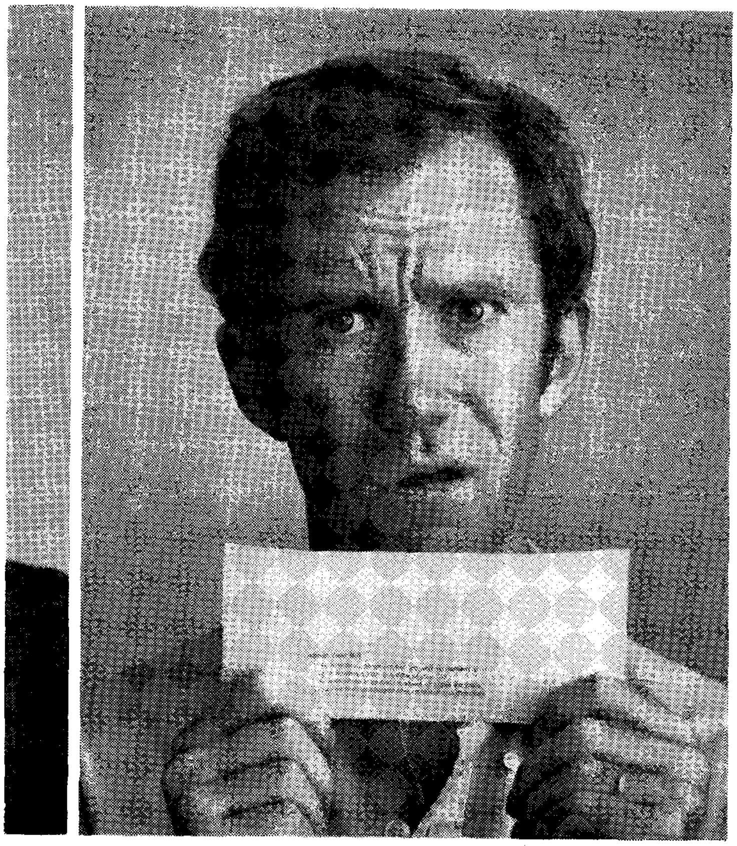
The backstage public-address system pages a dancer. Balanchine gets up and switches off the speaker over the door. When he has resumed his seat, he talks about his dancers' abilities: how they are better now than dancers used to be—faster, more skillful. The dream of forty years ago, shared by him and his patron, sponsor, and associate Lincoln Kirstein, of establishing in America what Kirstein called "a school, a style, a company, a repertory," has come to fruition. At last, the company draws its talent almost exclusively from the school, and no longer holds auditions for outsiders. And as we talk Balanchine concedes that the New York City Ballet company is at last beginning to look the way he has always wanted a company to look. Because he has known most of his dancers since they were children in the school, working with them is much easier. They know instinctively what he wants; it has been bred into them.

I remark that it must be pleasant for him to be surrounded by so many people who regard him as something of a father. He replies, with a smile, "They call me 'Mother,' " and adds, gravely, " 'Mother' is better than 'Father.' " His muse is female; Terpsichore is his White Goddess. In his philosophy, the male has been put on earth only as a servant of women, and as an adorer—one whose job it is to draw attention to their beauty.

I ask him if it is possible to tell at an early age whether a child is going to be a great ballerina. I have the romantic notion of a ballet master's taking in at a glance some twelve-year-old at the barre and proclaiming, "That girl will be another Ulanova!"

Balanchine tells me it doesn't work

Wrong number?



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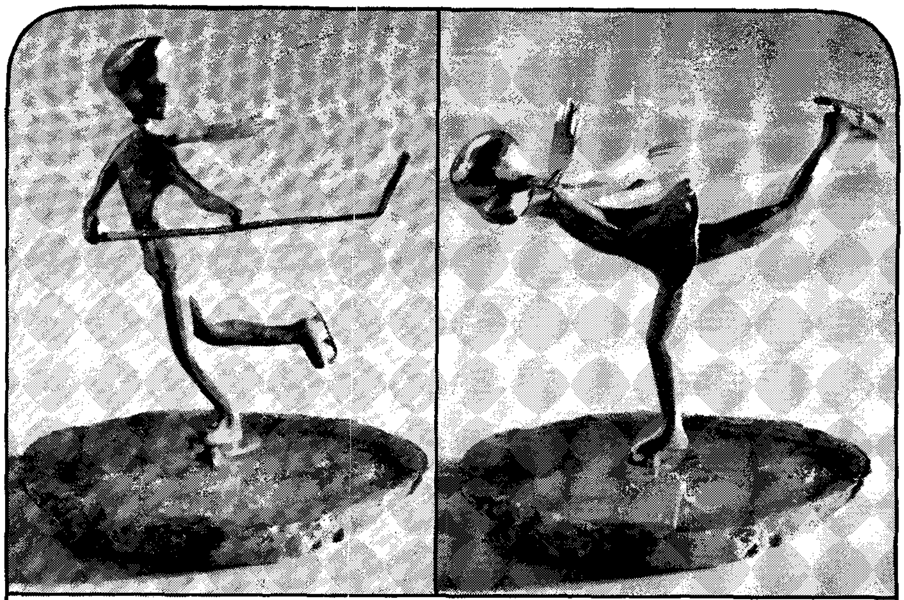
that way. A child may look promising at twelve and terrible at eighteen, because as she grows her body configuration may change. "She may end up with short legs and an enormous body," he says, referring to his vision of the ultimate feminine horror. He adds a theory of heredity I have heard from him before: "In that case, I am certain that the child's mother is short, the father tall, because I believe you inherit your legs from your mother, your body from your father."

There is a distant burst of applause, then, faintly, the strains of music. "Swan Lake" must be beginning onstage. A moment later, someone knocks at the door. A couple of young girls put their heads in. "Allegra?" inquires one. Balanchine looks under his chair, then in the washbasin, then in a drawer. "Not here," he says. Giggling, the girls retire.

On December 16, 1963, the Ford Foundation announced an unprecedented grant for ballet of $7,756,750, nearly all of it to Balanchine or to ballet enterprises associated with him. On April 23, 1964, the New York City Ballet formally inaugurated the new State Theatre at Lincoln Center, a nineteen-million-dollar edifice, which was probably the first theatre in history to be designed specially to satisfy the wishes and needs of a choreographer. "I made it for George," the architect, Philip Johnson, said. With those two events, Balanchine and the New York City Ballet entered a new era. Jean Cocteau declared in "The Blood of a Poet," "When you smash a statue, you run the risk of becoming one yourself." For many years, Balanchine and his company had been the avant-garde; now they became, in effect, the establishment. From then on, the company would be dancing under quite different conditions from those of its impoverished earlier years, before quite different audiences, and would be subject to quite different expectations. Some of Balanchine's devotees, particularly among the intellectuals, were uneasy about the new status, and they assumed, because in the modern tradition the artist's role is that of rebel and outsider, that Balanchine, too, must be feeling twinges. Not so. He took it all as his birthright, though long delayed. What, after all, could be more establishment than the atmosphere in which he had spent his formative years—the Imperial School of Theatre and Ballet, supported by the largesse of the Czar of All the Russias? That was hardly a school for the training of outsiders or rebels.

Now, in Allegra Kent's dressing



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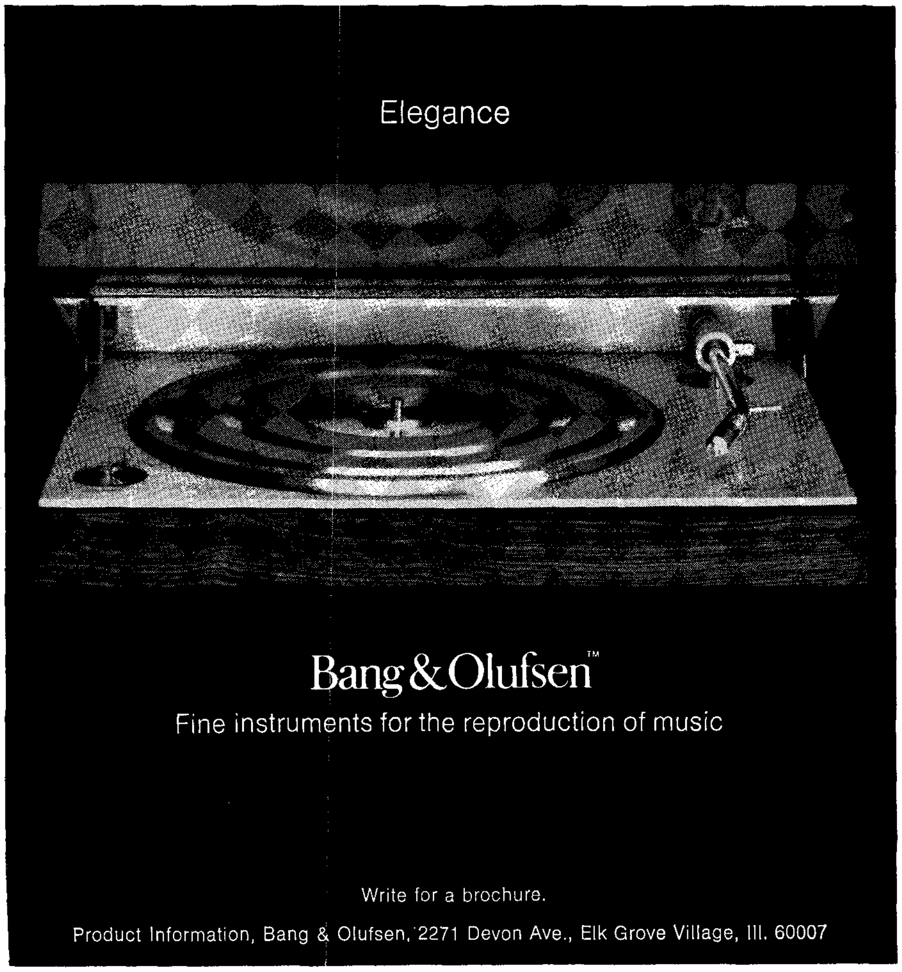

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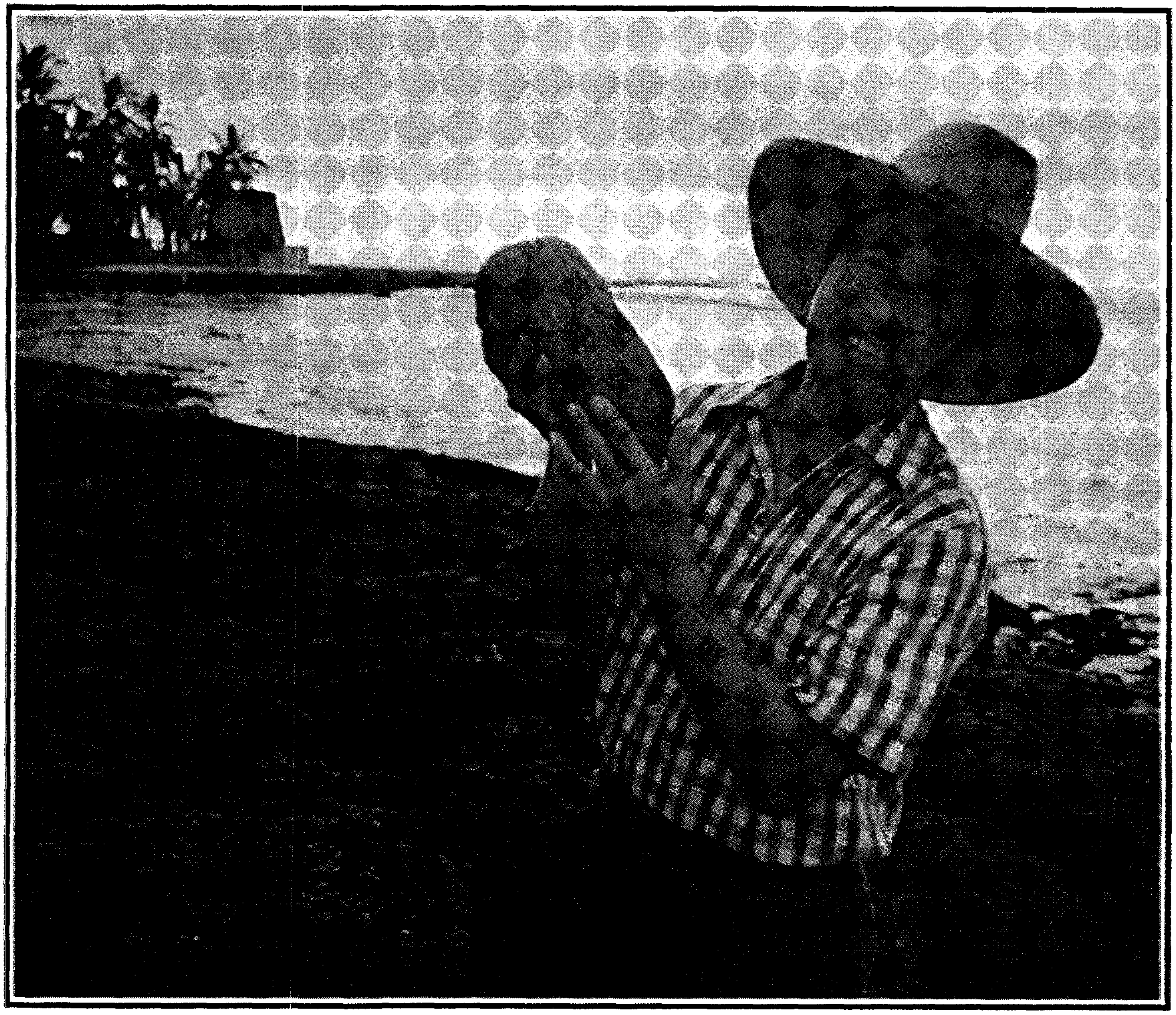

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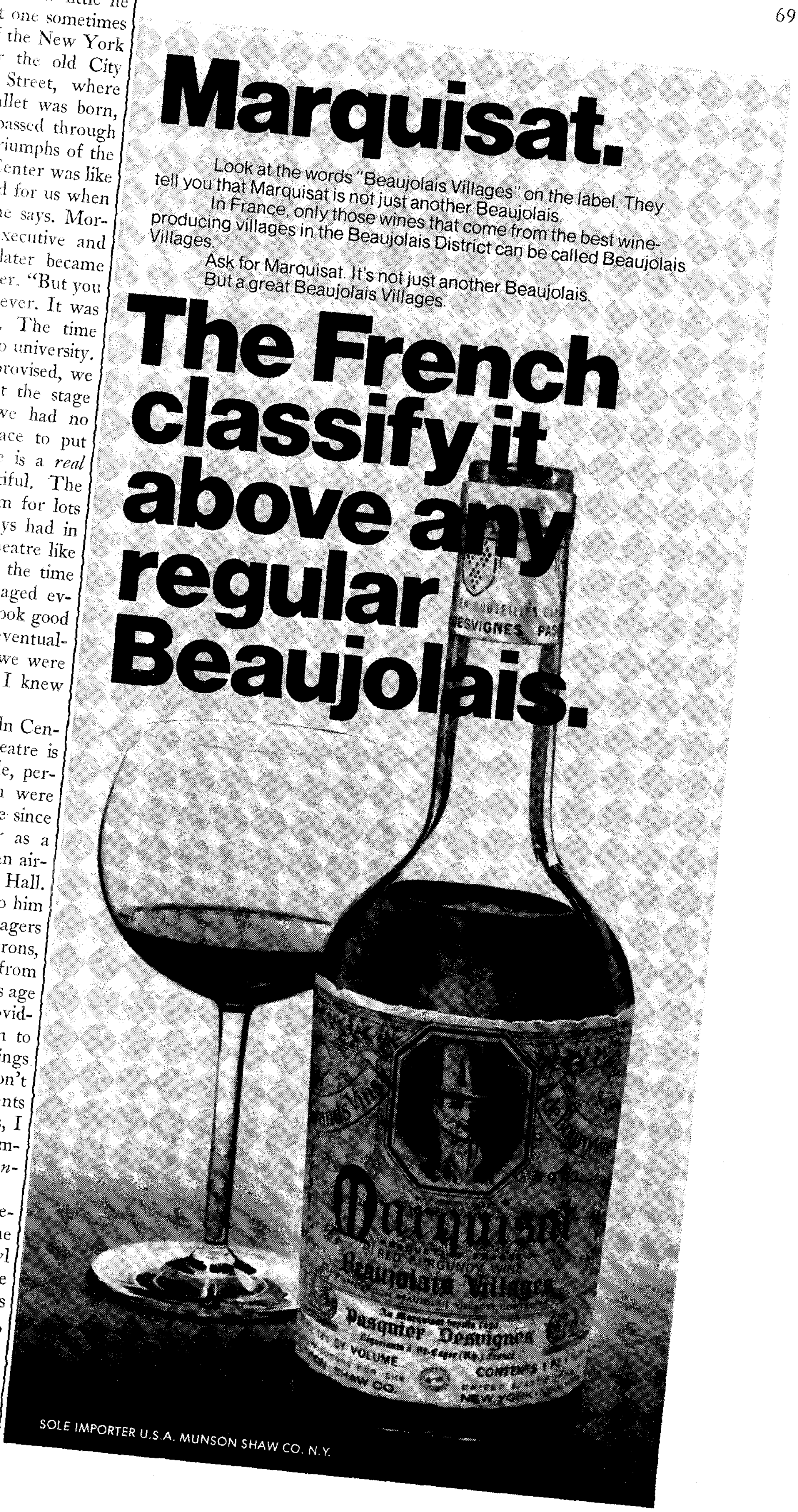
room, he makes it clear how little he shares the nostalgia that one sometimes hears early adherents of the New York City Ballet express for the old City Center, on Fifty-fifth Street, where the New York City Ballet was born, in 1948, and where it passed through the perils, travails, and triumphs of the succeeding years. "City Center was like a nest that Baum provided for us when we needed it," Balanchine says. Morton Baum headed the executive and finance committees and later became chairman of the City Center. "But you don't stay in your nest forever. It was like being in high school. The time comes when you move on to university. We made do there, we improvised, we did the best we could. But the stage was only forty-five feet, we had no wing space, we had no place to put scenery. The State Theatre is a *real* theatre. It's big, it's beautiful. The stage is ample, we have room for lots of scenery. It's what I always had in mind. I knew we'd have a theatre like that someday, and so during the time we were at City Center I staged everything so that it would also look good on the big stage I expected us eventually to get. I didn't know *how* we were going to get it, but somehow I knew we would."

Of all the buildings in Lincoln Center, he continues, his State Theatre is by far the most satisfying—aside, perhaps, from the acoustics, which were unfortunate at the start but have since been improved. Lincoln Center as a whole looks, he says, rather like an airport—particularly Philharmonic Hall. The Metropolitan Opera seems to him inconsiderately placed for the dowagers and their consorts who are its patrons, because they have to walk so far from their limousines; in a more gracious age sedan chairs would have been provided. He doesn't pay much attention to the business transacted at the meetings of the Lincoln Center Council. Don't the various Lincoln Center constituents have common interests and concerns, I inquire. About all they have in common, he says, is "the *chauffage central*"—the central heating system.

We go on to talk about the consequences of the Ford grant. At the time the grant was announced, a great howl arose from the rest of the dance world—from Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, Helen Tamiris, Lucia Chase, and others. Clive Barnes wrote, in the *Times*, "Anyone would have imagined that City Ballet had stolen the money rather than been given it." The grant would create a monopoly, they protested, and all dance companies and



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schools except those approved by Balanchine would wither away. But things have worked out very differently; the Ford Foundation grant constituted a breakthrough, benefitting the whole realm of dance. Other foundations, which had previously restricted their grants to scholars or researchers, got the idea that it was legitimate to sponsor performers and performing-arts institutions. Dance in the United States is flourishing now as never before. Surveys show that the number of dance performances has increased more than five hundred per cent in just the last ten years, that the total dance audience has increased more than six hundred per cent, and that the country is blessed with a diversity of companies and styles such as it never knew before. For Balanchine and the New York City Ballet, the Ford grant did very little in the way of aiding production. "It was mostly for education," Balanchine reminds me. "Now we can give more than twice as many scholarships as before. We help those students who are poor to finish their high-school education while studying ballet. A lot of that money was for other ballet schools throughout the country, and we send out representatives to look at what they are doing, and advise. I go myself, sometimes." Shaking a finger at me, he says, "I personally added to Ford. You see, education for education's sake means nothing. After dancers have learned what they can learn, they have to have ballets to dance. So I give anybody in America who asks, small schools, big schools, whatever—I give them my ballets, free. The critics accuse me of taking Ford's millions, but they never mention this thing I do. No one else gives his ballets free. If I wanted to charge for the rights to my ballets, I could be a millionaire."

Balanchine seems to be still smarting from the protests and criticism that the Ford grant engendered. It is his practice to claim that he pays no heed to critics, yet from time to time I find him bringing up some objection the critics have made and defending himself vehemently against it. It seems out of character for him.

There is another knock at the door, and Edward Bigelow, the company's assistant manager, comes in. He is wearing a black Mao jacket. "Do you want me to remind you to call Ira Gershwin?" he asks.

Balanchine has been on friendly terms with Ira Gershwin at least since 1937, when both were working on the movie "Goldwyn Follies." All of the music for that picture was to be by

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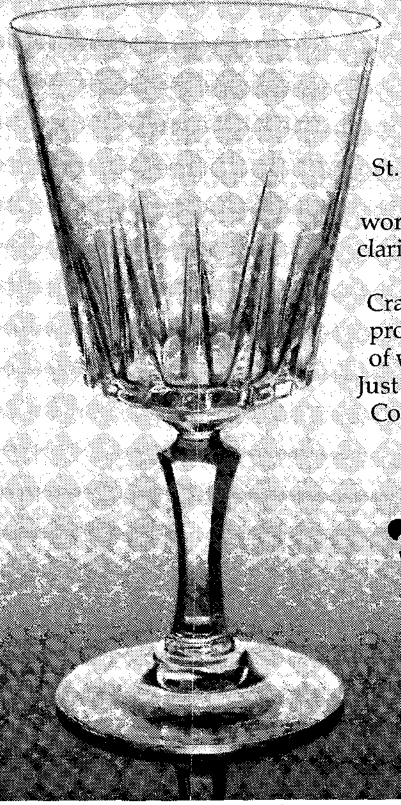

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George Gershwin, and he and Balanchine began working out some numbers together, but in the middle of the project Gershwin fell ill and died. More recently, Ira Gershwin and Balanchine were associated on "Who Cares?," a ballet to Gershwin songs that Balanchine choreographed in 1970. To Bigelow's question Balanchine replies, "Well, his letter asked me to call at six. It's after nine now. He may be in bed. Better I do it tomorrow."

As Bigelow leaves, I hear the music for the second ballet on the program beginning—the Prokofieff music that Jerome Robbins has used for his recent ballet "An Evening's Waltzes." Lilting yet sombre, it is music that leaves one uneasy, and Robbins' choreography, which comes to my mind as I hear the orchestra in the distance, well matches its ambiguities.

I don't remember what moved Balanchine to do so—whether it was something I said or what—but he has begun talking about his view of himself and his role, talking as seriously as I have ever heard him talk. A communicant of the Russian Orthodox Church, he is both a mystic and a fatalist. "I am only a servant, that's all," he says, his hands spread open like a supplicant's. "I am a waiter—for God. We are all servants of God, or destiny, whatever you wish to call it. I am not so proud, and I am not so great—I'm nothing but what He has wanted me to be. He has said to me, 'You are going to teach and serve and make them dance,' and I know that nothing anybody on earth could do could prevent me from doing what He wants me to do. And as soon as He says, '*Fini.* That's enough for you' "—Balanchine whistles, as one would when summoning a dog—"then I will go." He nods, regarding me. His face, expressionless except for the searching intensity of the eyes, is like the face on an icon. "It's like with Stravinsky. They—the heavenly host—said to him, 'It's beautiful, what you've done. You've left a fantastic amount of things. That's all we want you to do—you can't do any more than that.' And they took him away."

Often when Balanchine is choreographing a ballet, he lets it be known that he is in touch with the composer. "I have just been talking to Mendelssohn, and he is pleased with what we are doing," he may remark to his dancers at rehearsal. If the ballet is a success, he is apt to reply to congratulations by saying, "Mendelssohn helped"—or Tchaikovsky, or Mozart, or whoever the composer is. Some people assume that Balanchine must be

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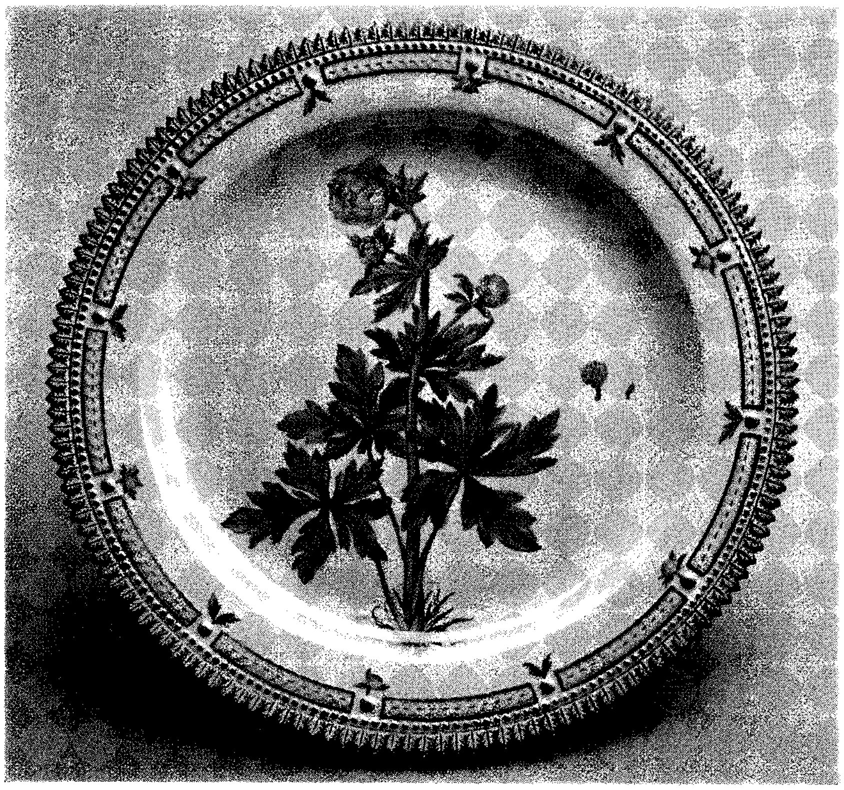

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joking, but those who know him well agree that he means what he says—he profoundly believes that in some way he is often the beneficiary of heavenly intercession, particularly by composers he admires. He tells me now that they help only those who really like their work, and that they can't be fooled—they know very well the difference between those who fake admiration and those who are sincere in it.

But what does their help consist of, I ask. How is it manifested?

"Well, often we prepare a big ballet—by Tchaikovsky, say," he replies. "We have just a short time, and not enough money. The day comes; it's six o'clock. The dancers don't know their parts, some are sick, the orchestra hasn't had enough rehearsal time, the costumes look terrible, we haven't had a chance to plan the lighting. And then it's time for the ballet to go on, and all of a sudden everything looks wonderful. That's *his* doing." He points to the heavens. "Tchaikovsky's."

I respond that in my experience just about every theatrical production has run a similar course, but Balanchine is not to be swayed by such skepticism. He knows what he knows.

As we talk, and particularly as we talk about composers, Stravinsky's name is often on his lips. Stravinsky has been the most important figure in his life. In the history of ballet, there has been no more consequential collaboration—with the possible exception of the Tchaikovsky-Petipa collaboration—than that between Stravinsky and Balanchine. Balanchine tells me that he has recently been reading a book containing letters written by Marius Petipa to Tchaikovsky, which detail variations he will need in the new ballet they are doing and specify just how long the music for the variations should be—in one instance, forty-five seconds. "It reminds me of when I would work with Stravinsky—like on 'Orpheus' or 'Danses Concertantes'—and we would talk in much the same way. 'How long do you think such-and-such a variation ought to be?' he would ask me. 'A minute and five seconds,' I would say. 'I think a minute and six, maybe,' he would answer. And he was only half joking. For Stravinsky, one second was an enormous difference. He used to say, 'In music, there is no such word as 'about.' "

With pleasure, Balanchine recalls Stravinsky's wry humor. "I was staying with him when we were working on 'Orpheus.' He had written something—'Scènes de Ballet'—that Billy Rose had commissioned him to do for

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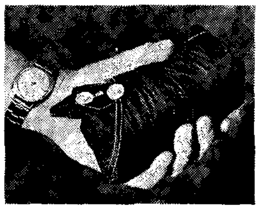

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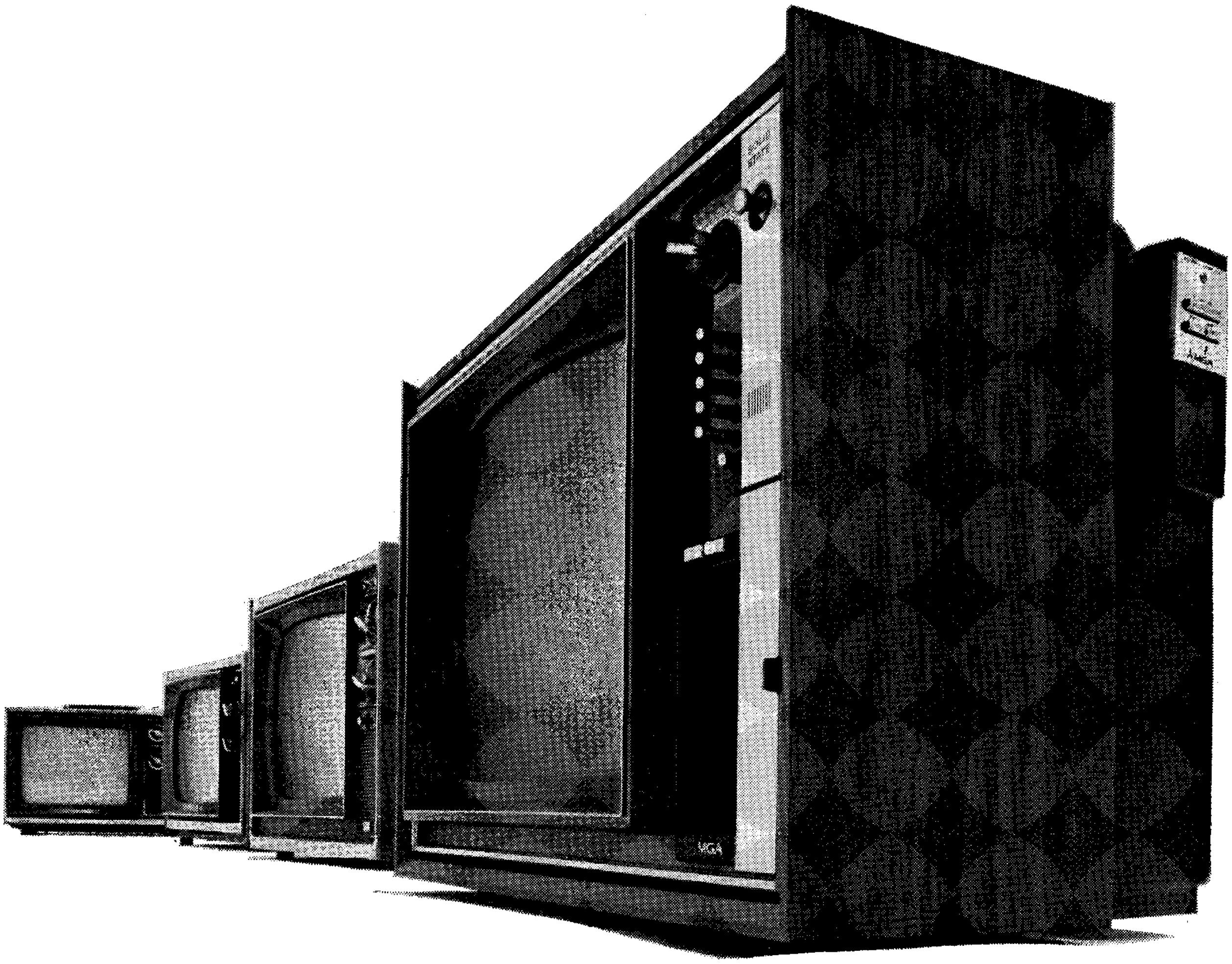
the show 'Seven Lively Arts.' Dolin and Markova were to dance it. The pas de deux was beautiful. The melody was played by a trumpet—a beautiful silver sound, like something you might hear in the woods. But dancers, ballerinas—they really don't believe anything sounds as beautiful as a violin. That's what they really love to dance to—all that heartthrob, you know. So the morning after the first performance a telegram arrives from Dolin saying, 'Ballet great success but if you would allow violin to play pas de deux instead of trumpet it would be a triumph.' Stravinsky immediately writes a telegram in reply: 'Satisfied with great success.' "

I remark that that is the note sounded in the Stravinsky-Craft dialogues, whose validity has been disputed as being possibly more Craft than Stravinsky. Balanchine asserts that those books seem to him absolutely authentic—every word, every phrase, every opinion and judgment. "That's exactly the way Stravinsky sounded," he declares. Along with Stravinsky's wit he recalls Stravinsky's gaiety. "He is like a child, so lighthearted, so funny, so playful. He loved games. He had childlike enthusiasms. It's always such a pleasure to be with him." About half the time when Balanchine is talking about Stravinsky, he uses the present tense, as if Stravinsky were still among us. When I remark on this, Balanchine responds, "But he *is* still here. Absolutely! He's in this room right now. And the whole Stravinsky Festival, he was with us all the time, flying around in the air and loving every minute."

For that festival, Balanchine choreographed eight ballets, working with an assurance and facility that amazed even those who had long been associated with him. At least three of the eight—"Violin Concerto," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Duo Concertant"—have been hailed as masterworks, extending a degree further the possibilities of the art of dance. For a few years preceding the festival, some critics had taken to asserting that Balanchine was all through, that he had lost his creative powers, and that the only worthwhile new ballets being produced by the New York City Ballet were those of Jerome Robbins. The Stravinsky Festival would seem to have laid that judgment to rest.

I seek to elicit from Balanchine what his preferences are among his ballets. It is a futile attempt, as I had suspected it would be. The only ballet he mentions in response is "Violin Concerto," and what he says about that is that it is



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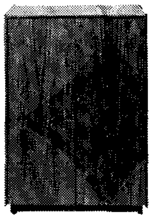

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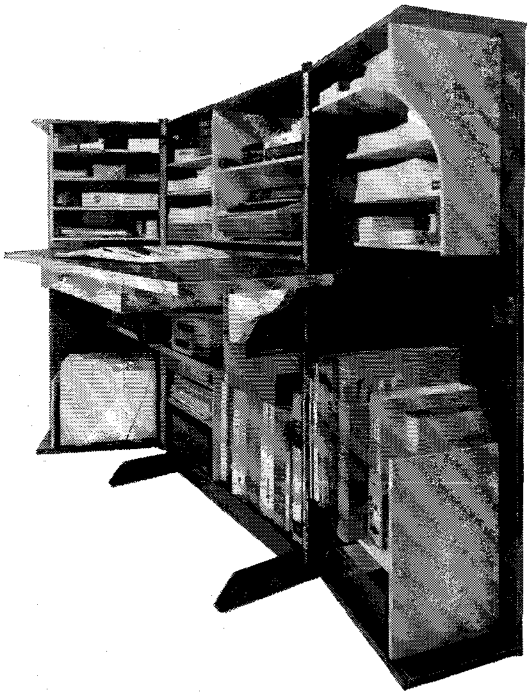

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"well done," meaning that technically it is a satisfactory accomplishment. He used the same music for a ballet he made in 1941 for the Original Ballet Russe, with Tamara Toumanova, Paul Petroff, and Roman Jasinski as principal dancers. That ballet had décor and costumes by Pavel Tchelitchev, and was called "Balustrade." Increasingly these days, Balanchine resists giving his ballets any title other than the one the composer gave the music. "What is 'Balustrade'?" he says now. "Stravinsky never wrote 'Balustrade;' he wrote 'Violin Concerto.' The ballet should be announced as what it is. Then the musicians can come, the young people who love music and want to hear the composition—they'll know what they're getting. They don't have to look at the ballet if it bores them; they can just listen to the music. And that's fine with me, that's wonderful. For just a dollar and seventy-five cents, they can go upstairs and close their eyes and hear a marvellous concert—of music nobody else is playing."

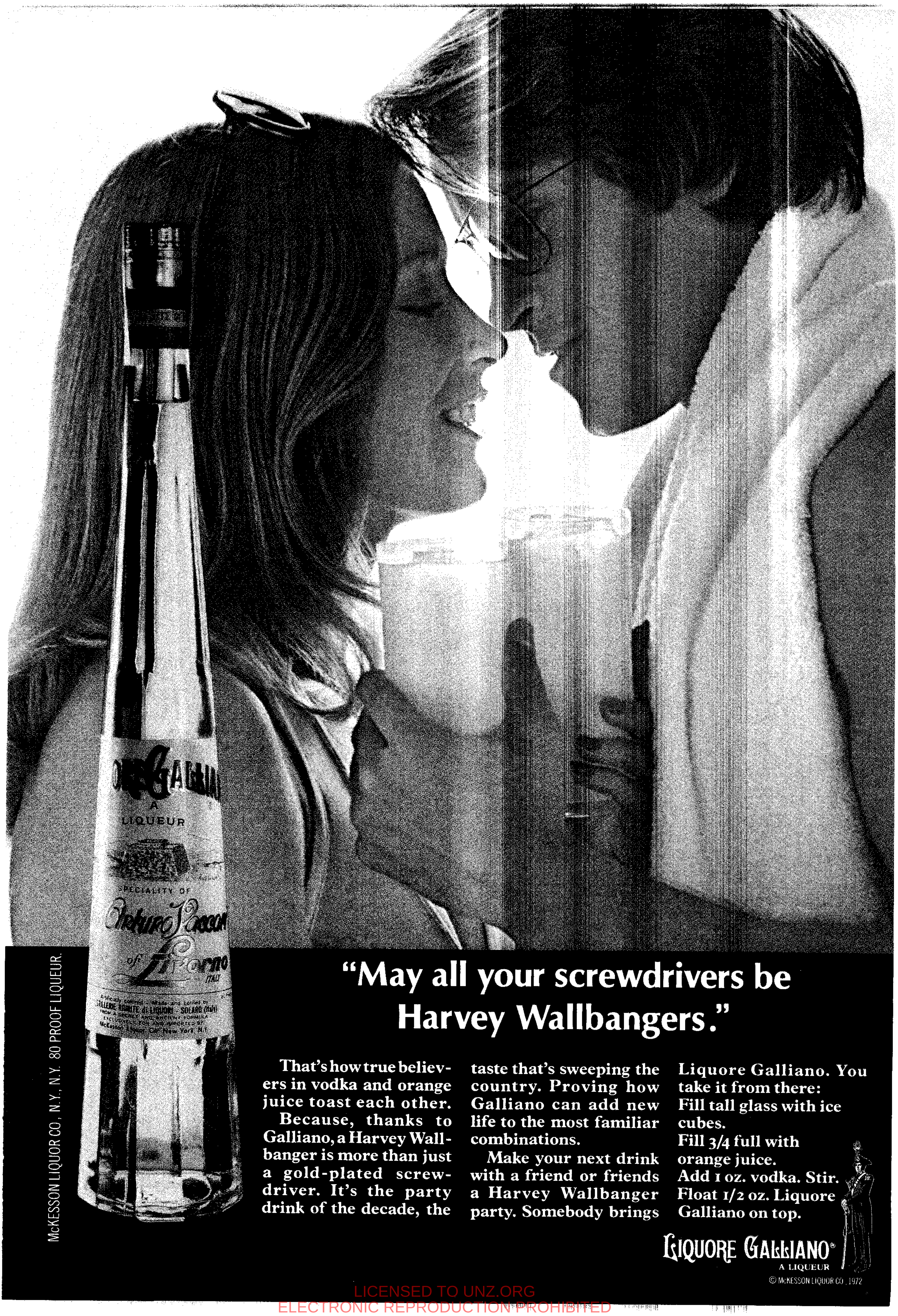
If it is futile to try to learn Balanchine's present preferences among his works, it is even more futile to question him about the future—particularly in regard to the preservation of his works. He denies any interest in that. He says he doesn't want his works preserved. "For whom?" he asks me. "For people to see that I don't even know what they're like, that aren't even born yet? And are my ballets going to be danced by dancers that I don't know, that I haven't trained? Those won't really be my ballets. The choreography, the steps—those don't mean a thing. Steps are made by a person. It's the person dancing the steps—that's what choreography is, not the steps by themselves."

"But for later on—" I start to say.

Balanchine interrupts. "I'm not interested in later on. I don't have any later on. We all live in the same time forever. There is no future and there is no past. So always I say when people talk to me about the future, 'What's the matter with now? Now is when it is good, now is when it is beautiful, now there are all these wonderful dances to be seen that I have worked like mad on. So, public, come in, fill the theatre—now!' "

I persist. Isn't he at least interested in his ballet company's continuing into the future, to live on after him?

"For myself, I don't care," he answers. "If my friends and the young people who are coming on in the company want to continue, that's fine with me. I hope they'll be able to do it. But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to me, personally, it will mean nothing.”

“You're not interested in leaving some monument behind?”

“Absolutely not.”

The question of a successor to Balanchine in the New York City Ballet is one that has been much speculated on in the world of ballet. It is a question that will never be faced within the company as long as he is there. As much a factor as his fatalism is his vitality and will. Three or four years ago, during a conversation I had with him, I bluntly put the question to him—“What will happen to the company after you go?” He replied, “Who's going? I'm a Georgian. I will probably live to a hundred and thirty-five.” And he says to me now what he has often said in the past—that as long as he can move around and show people what he wants them to do he will continue to make ballets, but if it gets to the point where he has to sit down he will have to stop, because he can't envision making ballets that way.

“IT'S all in the programs.” Balanchine has been married four times in his life—or five if one counts his common-law marriage to Alexandra Danilova. All of his wives—Tamara Geva, Vera Zorina, Maria Tallchief, and Tanaquil Le Clercq—have been ballerinas who were fascinating to him as a choreographer as well as a man. His last marriage, to Tanaquil Le Clercq, ended in 1969, when he obtained a Mexican divorce. It is no secret that, for several years before that, he had been preoccupied with the young ballerina Suzanne Farrell—a preoccupation amounting to an obsession. But she married a young man in the company named Paul Mejia at just about the time that Balanchine was getting his divorce, and in May of that year she and Mejia left the New York City Ballet, because, she told the press, after their marriage Balanchine would not give her husband the roles he expected and deserved. In a sense, Balanchine's cryptic remark to me is true. It *is* all in the programs—the adoration of the aging choreographer for the young ballerina, his idealization of her, his despair over her. It's in the ballets he made for her in the eight years after she joined the company, at the age of sixteen—ballets like the “Diamonds” section of “Jewels,” “Meditation,” and, of course, most explicitly, “Don Quixote,” in which Balanchine himself at times performed the role of the romantic, deluded knight to her Dulcinea. And life without her,

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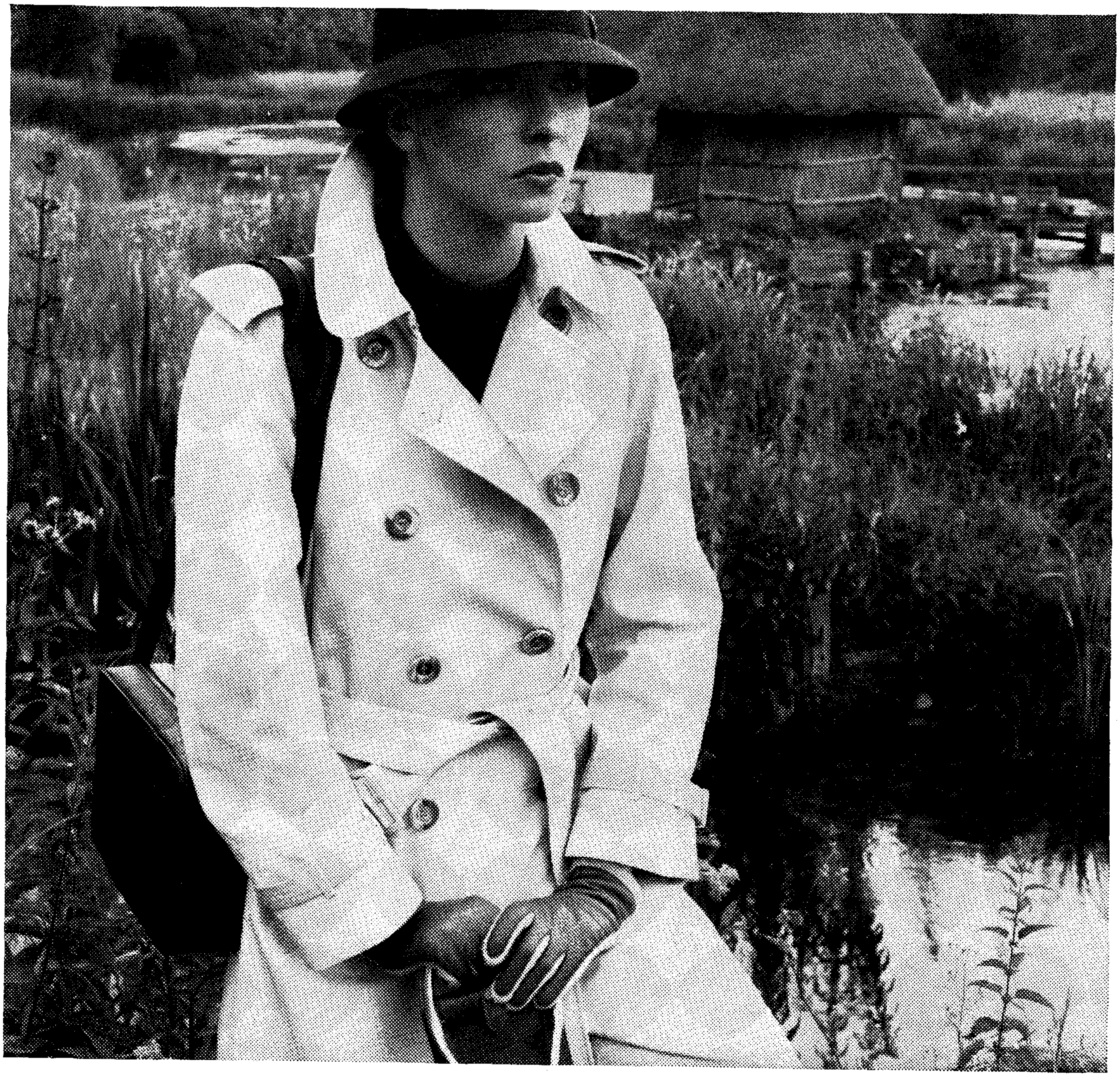

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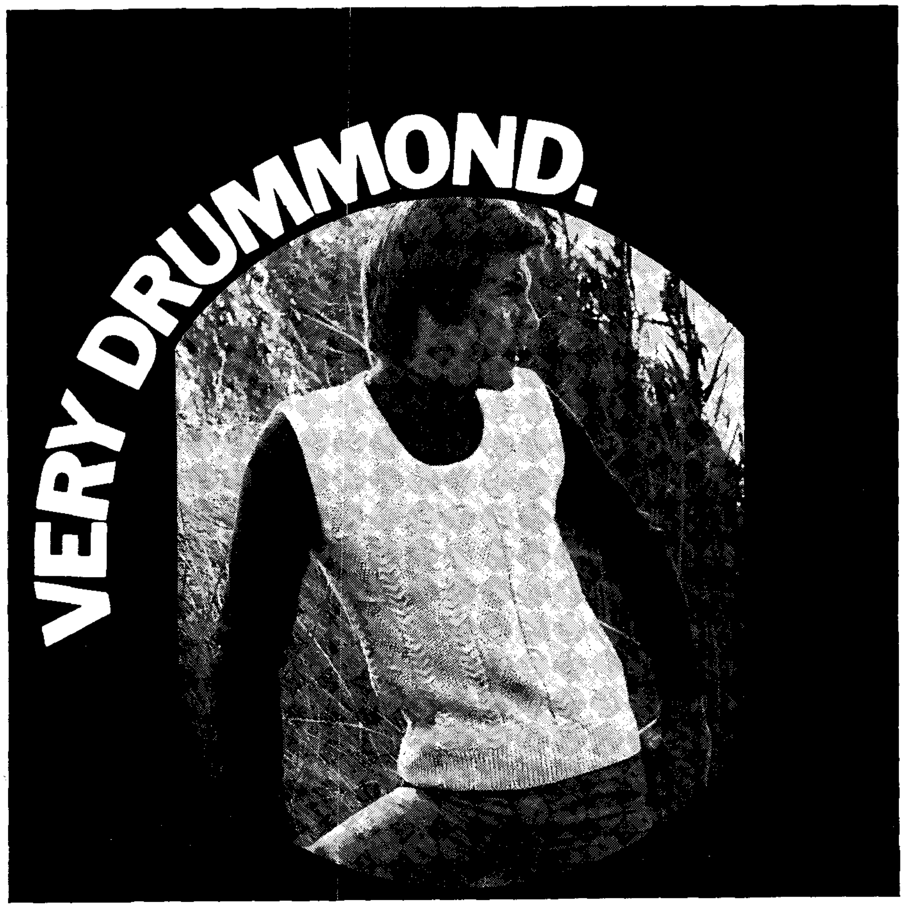
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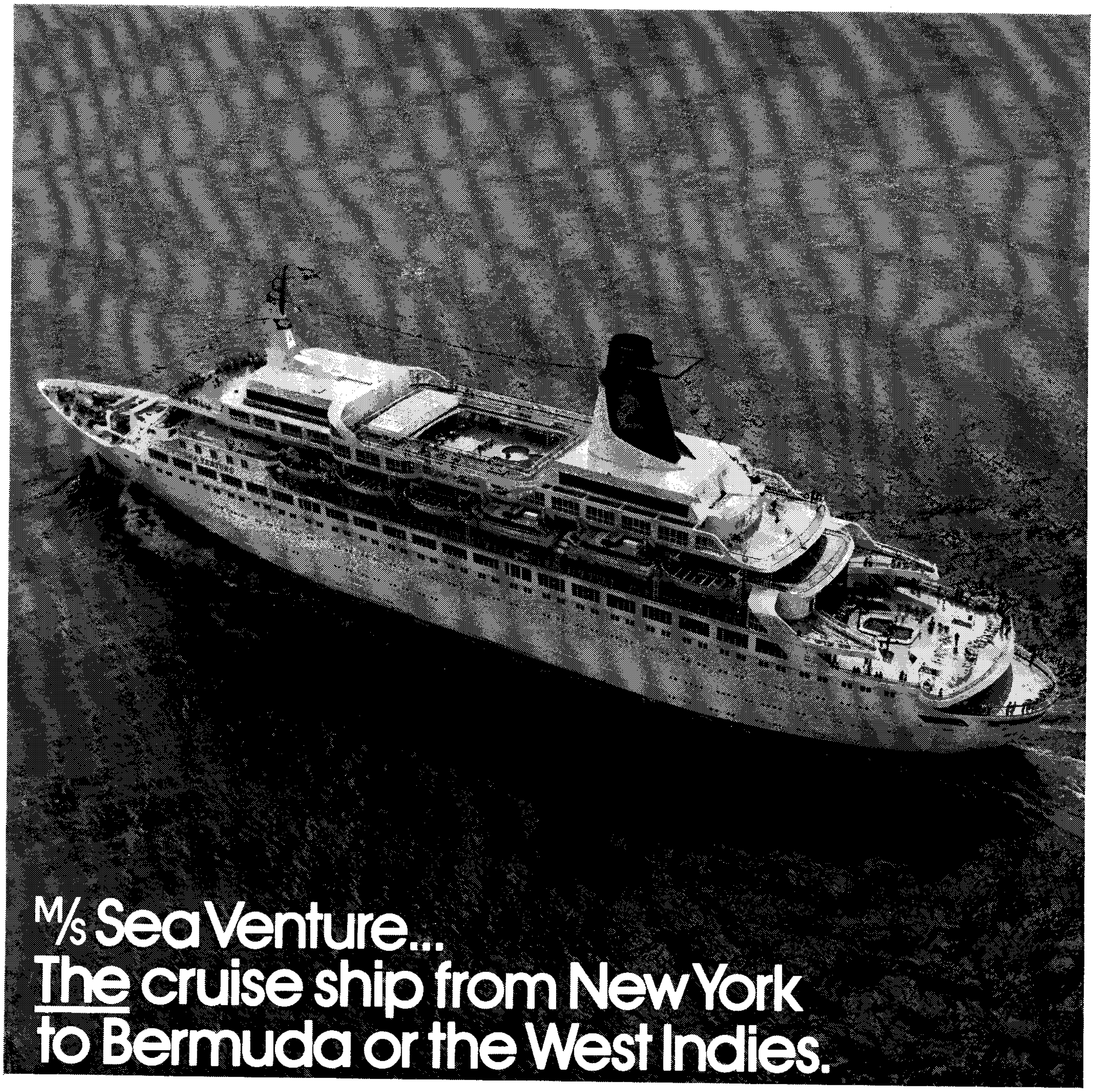
after she left, is also in the programs, in the quite different ballets he made as he gave up his obsession with choreographing for that one body and once more spread his attention over the other dancers in the company.

Balanchine lives in an apartment on West Sixty-seventh Street, within a few minutes' walking distance of his school and theatre. It was originally two small apartments; Balanchine had the dividing wall torn out to make a thirty-five-by-twenty-foot living room. He lives by himself. He tells me he now prefers it that way. "The time comes when you just want to be alone," he says. "At the end of the day now I am tired. I don't want to have to think about anybody else. I come home at night and throw everything off—all my clothes. Dancers are like that; their bodies need a rest." He has no piano in his apartment and, he says, "no trace of ballet." His piano, his music, and the other materials for his work are all in the office he maintains in the State Theatre building. He used to like to watch Westerns on television for relaxation, but his TV set is broken, and he finds it no loss, because Westerns aren't what they used to be, he says—they've gone psychological and significant. His reading these days consists mostly of popular science—like Fred Hoyle's "Frontiers of Astronomy"—and he reads the Bible.

"How much do you read the Bible?" I asked.

"Always. Slowly. It tells you everything—the wars, the prophecies. It's very interesting, the Bible. It's entertaining."

Friday: Most of the company members are assembled at Falcon Studios this afternoon. Robert Irving, the conductor of the company's orchestra, is present, sitting near the piano; in front of him is the low red table, on which scores are stacked. He has a pocket metronome in one hand, and as the piano plays he conducts with the other, using a yellow pencil for a baton. A plump, florid, sandy-haired man, he is wearing a short-sleeved green shirt, tan pants, and sneakers with no socks. His glasses are halfway down his nose. This session is devoted to getting the tempi set for fifteen ballets that will be filmed in two Berlin studios over a six-week period, beginning in mid-September. For various reasons—mostly, I presume, to do with money—the music will be recorded ahead of time in Vienna and tapes will be sent to Berlin for use in the filming. So it is essential that Balanchine and Irving agree on all the tempi today. Frequent consultations oc-



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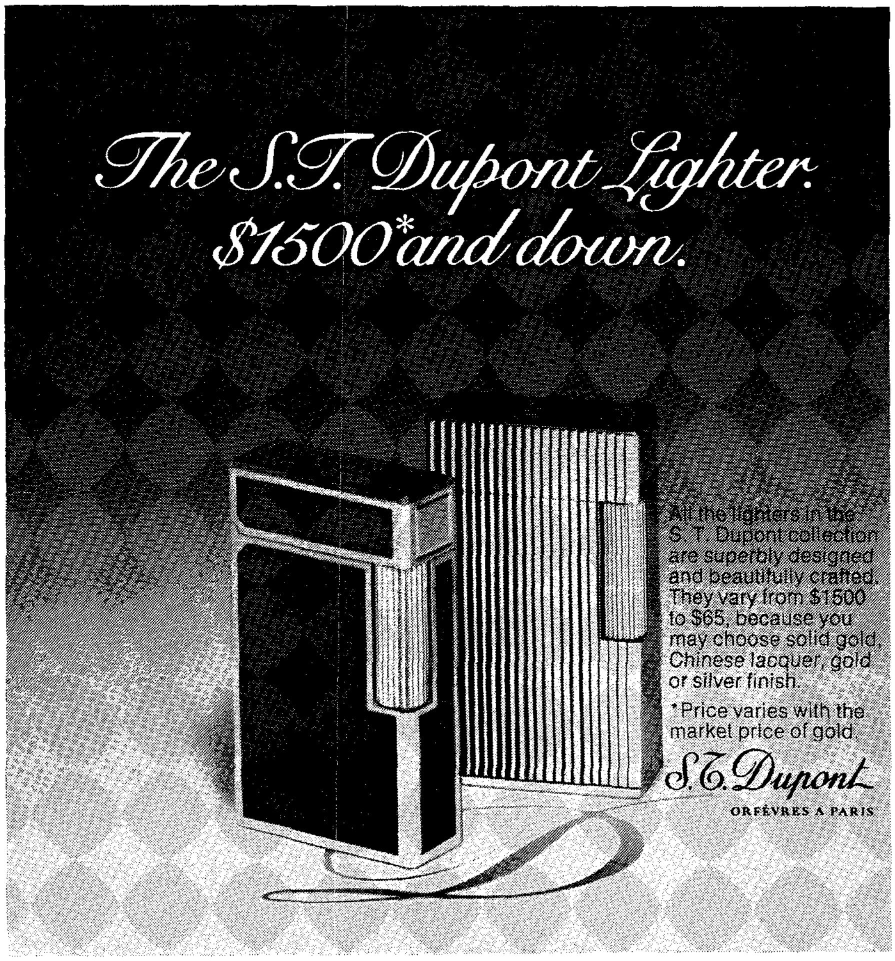

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cur between the two men as they go quickly through bits of one ballet after another. The piano plays for each tempo change, and those dancers who would be dancing that part of the ballet go into action on the studio floor, enabling Balanchine to judge whether the tempo is suitable. Sometimes he decides just by watching, sometimes he dances along with the others. His knee doesn't seem to be troubling him today, and he is once more in good spirits. It's of interest to me to see what little sections get chosen as tempo proving grounds, and I find it rather poignant to have these moments suddenly materializing and then disappearing before my eyes: the swooning falls of the second movement of "Symphony in C," which no one has ever danced as expressively as Tanaquil Le Clercq; the passage in the elegy section of "Serenade," which Balanchine once told me in an unguarded moment is like the destiny that each man carries through life—"unguarded" because Balanchine so seldom admits to being aware of any significance in his plotless ballets other than the visual spectacle; the sinuously bouncy portion of "Stars and Stripes" that Balanchine says has to be danced like a shag now. "It should be dirty," he says, and he and Irving agree on a perfect dirty tempo for it. After making each decision, they check the score—out of sheer curiosity, it appears, to see what tempo marking the composer or arranger had specified. It is seldom the same as theirs. The biggest discrepancy shows up in "Serenade." Balanchine and Irving prefer it at sixty-nine—sixty-nine quarter notes a minute.

"What does Tchaikovsky say?" Balanchine asks.

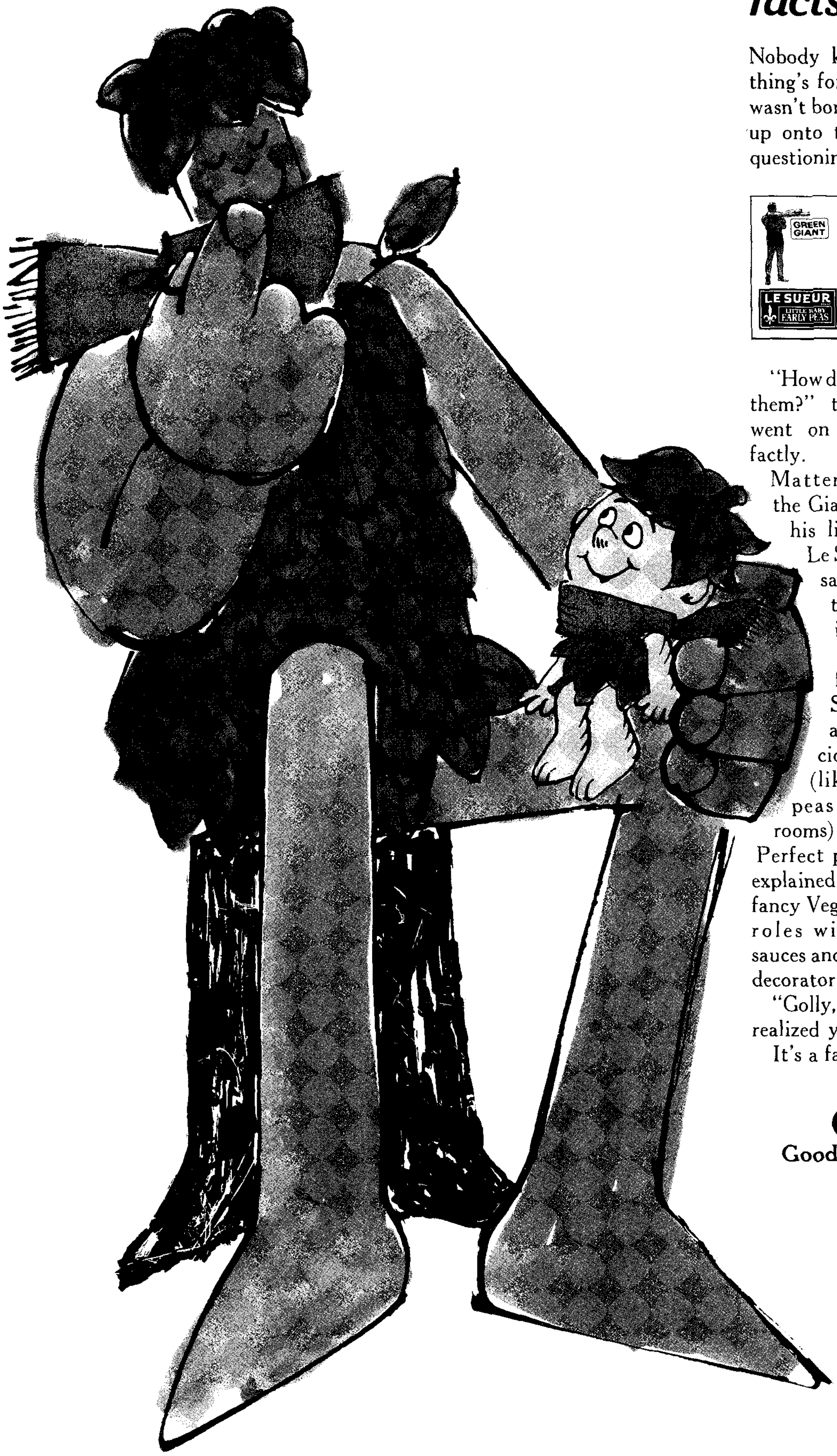
"Ninety-six," Irving says, after looking at the score.

"It must be a misprint," says Balanchine.

Eventually, they settle for doing it even a shade slower—at sixty-six.

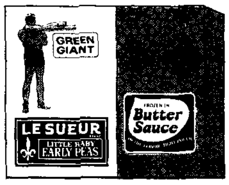
In two hours, they run through snippets of "Symphony in C," "Stars and Stripes," "Serenade," "La Valse," "Pulcinella," "Episodes," "Violin Concerto," "Concerto Barocco," the divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Agon," "Tarantella," "Valse Fantaisie," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Duo Concertant." It is as if one were watching a show called "Highlights of the New York City Ballet." For some members of the company, I reflect, it must be like having their whole life flash before their eyes.

By three o'clock, the job is done. Balanchine goes off to keep an appointment with Gershwin, and everybody



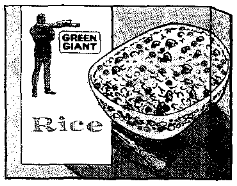
Explaining the facts of freezing

Nobody knows the exact date, but one thing's for sure. The Little Green Sprout wasn't born yesterday. So when he climbed up onto the Green Giant's knee with a questioning look in his eye, the Giant was ready for anything.



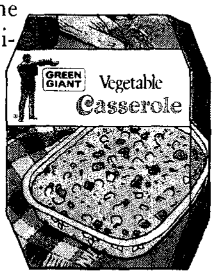
"Tell me about baby peas," said the Little Sprout.

The Green Giant turned red-faced. (Figuratively speaking, of course.)



"How do you freeze them?" the Sprout went on matter-of-factly.

Matter of fact, the Giant freezes his little baby Le Sueur peas in a pouch with butter sauce. He freezes lots of good vegetables in butter sauce. And some in special creamy sauces, too.



Warming up to the subject of freezing, the Giant told the Sprout how he also freezes delicious rice dishes (like rice with peas and mushrooms) in his Stay-Perfect pouch. Then explained all about his fancy Vegetable Casseroles with elegant sauces and toppings, frozen in bake 'n serve decorator trays.

"Golly," said the Little Sprout. "I never realized you froze so many good things!"

It's a fact.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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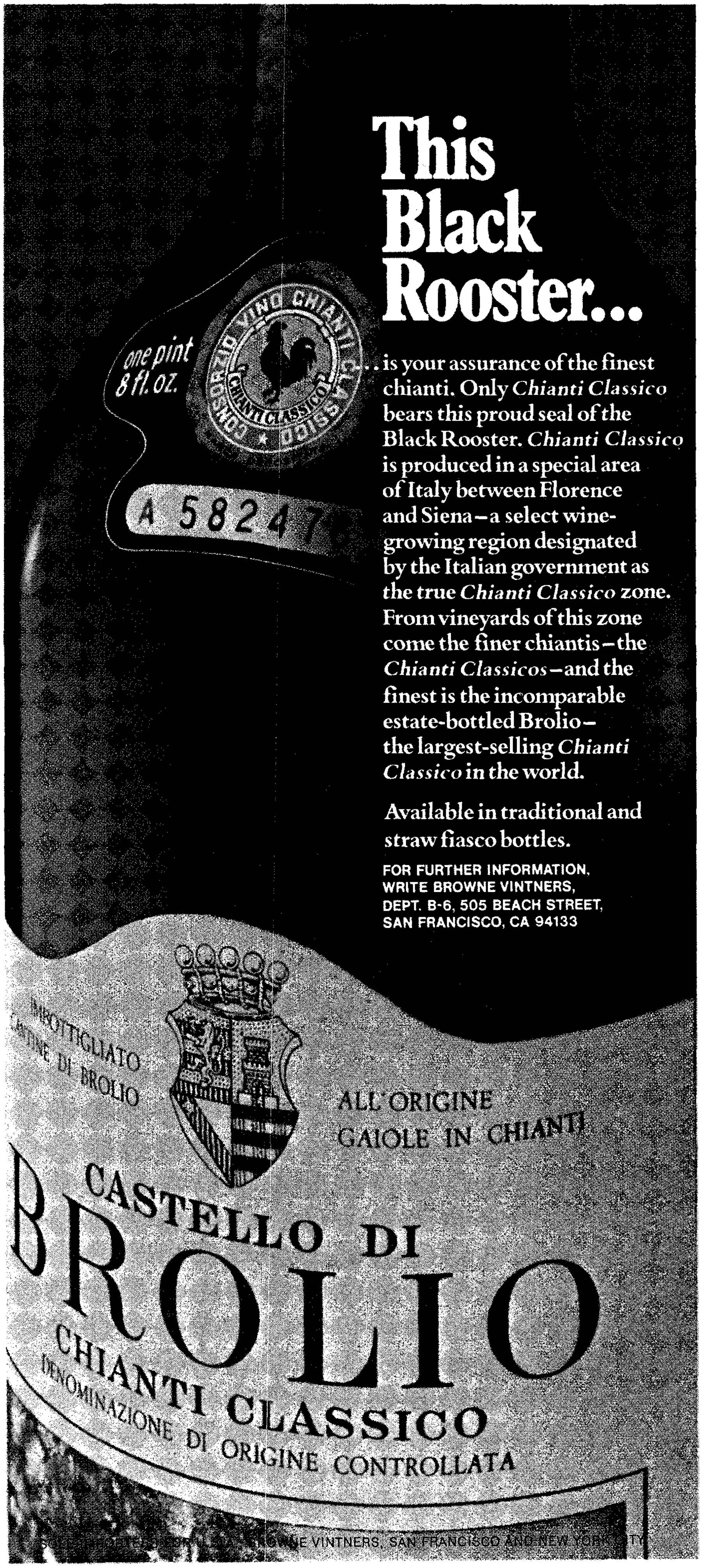

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else in the company departs except the accompanist and two dancers—Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson. For the next hour, they rehearse the pas de deux they will be dancing tonight in Balanchine's "Donizetti Variations." They work quietly, purposefully, with mutual courtesy and consideration. Their attention is on what to an observer seem small, practical details—on a handhold during an arabesque, on whether a glissade should end one way or with the two of them a few inches closer together. Watching them at work, I am reminded of a story I have been told about the danseur noble Pierre Vladimirov, who was Nijinsky's successor at the Maryinsky Theatre and after the Revolution came to America and was engaged by Balanchine to teach at his School of American Ballet. Sometimes after a performance, the Czar would send his carriage to the stage door for Vladimirov. The balletomanes would unhitch the horses and pull the carriage through the streets, such was the adulation he was accorded. Yet it was his habit at the end of a performance—after the applause and the cheers, and before going out to face his admirers—to change into practice tights and spend twenty minutes working at the barre. He did that, he said, to cleanse himself—to remind himself, after the abandon of the performance, of the essential discipline on which it was all based. As Miss McBride and Tomasson work alone in the studio, I sense in them the same simplicity of dedication. Balanchine is present, too, in the only way that matters to him—in the bodies of these dancers. The question that I have asked him—"What will happen to the New York City Ballet after you go?"—seems to me no longer a question worth asking. It will go on—in some manner that we can't guess, and that Balanchine can't guess, either, and wouldn't presume to try.
—BERNARD TAPER

•

SUN AND EARTH

Sir: The Sun doesn't rise or set; the Earth does.
DANIEL FLANAGAN
Springfield
—*Letter in the Springfield (Mass.) Union, August 15th.*

SUN RISES, SETS

Sir: My letter in the Aug. 15 Forum that the sun doesn't rise or set, the earth does, was wrong. The sun rises and sets.
DANIEL FLANAGAN
Springfield
—*Letter in the same paper, August 23rd.*

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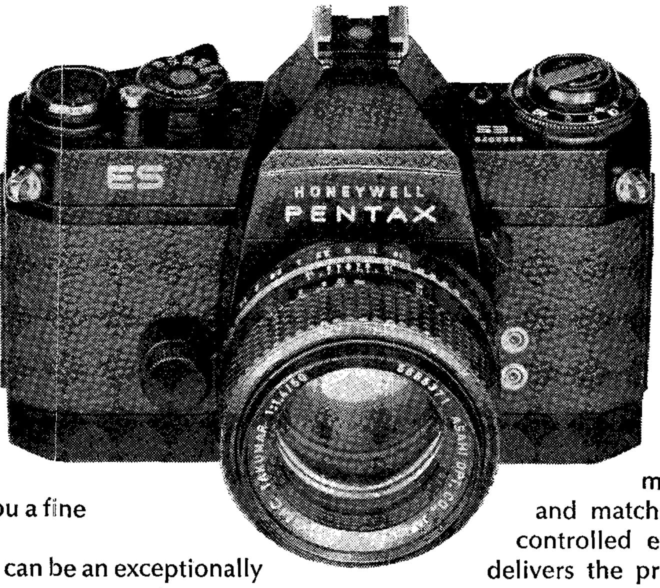

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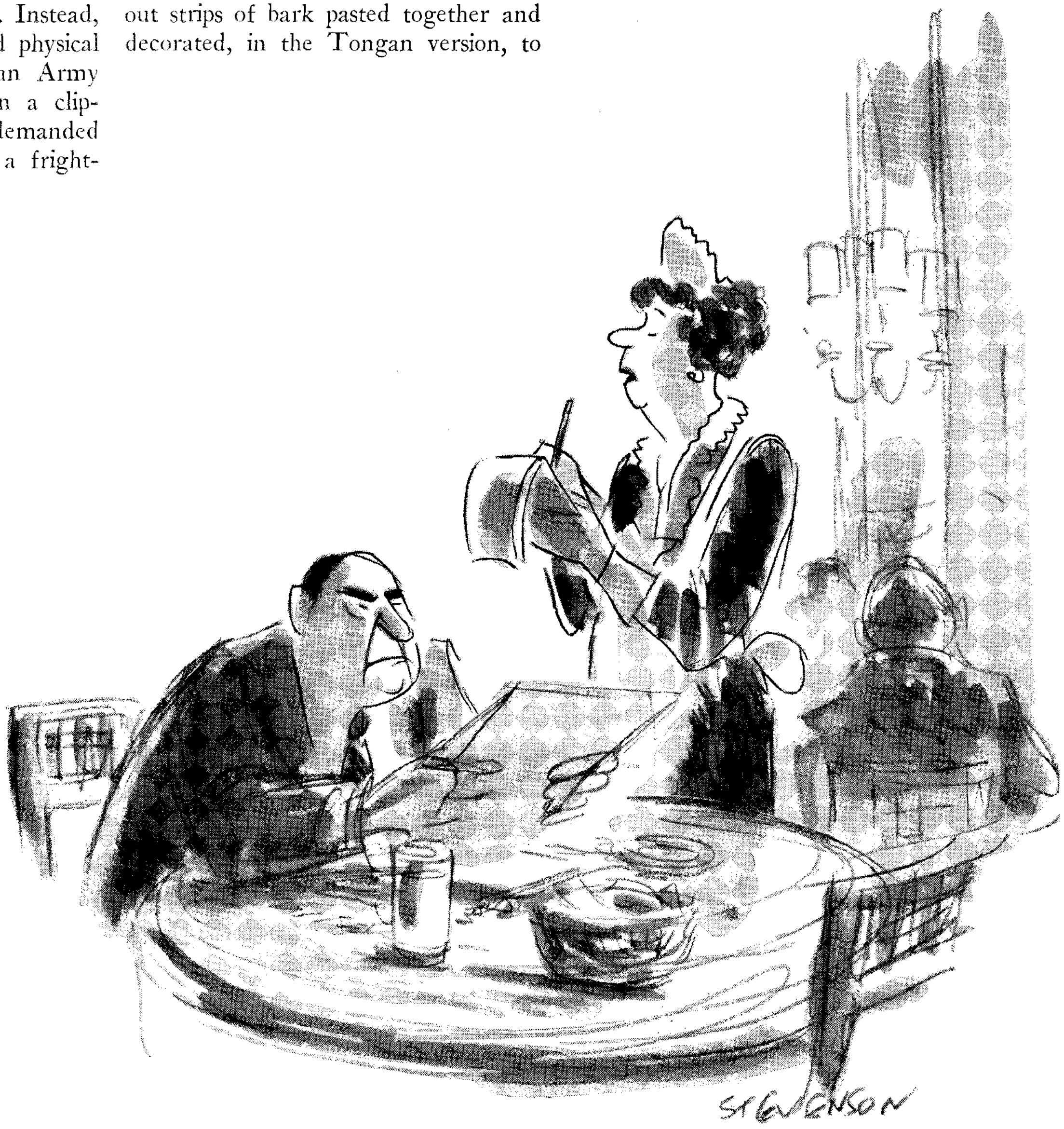
THOUGHTS OF A LATE-BLOOMING ACQUIRER

When the Customs Man Asks Me What I Have to Declare, I Am Tempted to Say, "A Greedy Nature."

I WORKED for a while in Europe when I was young and single, and when I returned I ran into trouble at customs. I had nothing to declare. All around me, my fellow-citizens were flashing French perfume and Swiss watches and English china. When the customs man asked what I had bought during a year out of the country and I told him I couldn't think of anything, he acted as if he might place me under arrest for Aggravated Prevarication. "Nothing?" he said incredulously. I tried to conjure up a picture of myself in some shop buying the specialty of the region, but no shop appeared. Instead, I kept seeing my draft-board physical examination, during which an Army sergeant, holding a form on a clipboard in front of him, had demanded three identifying scars from a frightened and obviously unblemished young farm boy who was standing next to me. ("I'm awful sorry, sir," the farm boy said, feeling desperately around his palpably smooth chin and searching for evidence of so much as a freckle on his chalk-white shoulder. "Three scars," the sergeant kept saying.) Finally, I told the customs man I had bought a pair of pants, and he signed my declaration. I think of that scene now as I place something like a Victorian hatbox full of Javanese puppets on the counter in front of the customs man and explain that some posters for my daughters' rooms have been sent ahead—although the dolls they are carrying were in fact purchased in England, notwithstanding their similarity to the dolls I bought them in eastern Kentucky to go with the ones I tracked down, with some difficulty, in a small shop in Charleston, South Carolina. The customs man nods, knowing, before he asks me, that I will be just under the exemption limit. I have been spotted as the type who would have phoned the consulate to make certain that my eighteen-month-old daughter is entitled to a hundred-dollar exemption despite her inability to sign her name to a traveller's check. He waves me on—a wise bartender waving good night to a heavy drinker who always manages to stop just before he becomes sick or dangerous.

Where did it all change? In the Kingdom of Tonga. I am aware of the theories about American acquisitiveness—that, like crippling debt, it is a natural concomitant of family life and a permanent address; that, like gunslinging, it is part of the national character—but I trace mine to my first sight of tapa cloth in the Kingdom of Tonga. Tapa cloth is made of pounded-out strips of bark pasted together and decorated, in the Tongan version, to form repeating panels of lions or trees or palaces or coats of arms. A lack of strong connection between desire and need being the first characteristic of a true acquirer, it is significant that tapa cloth is most useful for covering, say, a two-hundred-square-foot space on a wall and that I did not have any two-hundred-square-foot spaces in need of covering. I searched the island for tapa cloth. I grilled the Peace Corps director about his contacts in the villages. I loitered in the markets, where no one seemed to be selling anything except baskets or bananas or baskets of bananas. Just before I left Tonga, when I already owned several thousand square feet of tapa cloth, I spotted a woman walking down the road car-



"Let me see if I have it correctly, sir. To hell with the appetizer. A chopped sirloin that damn well better be rare. No goddam relish tray. Who cares which salad dressing, since they all taste like sludge?"

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rying some, and I was about to ask her how much she wanted for it when an alert child informed me that the woman was walking down the road toward a wedding, carrying a gift of tapa cloth. I was only momentarily embarrassed.

Since Tonga, I have been a different person. When I see a beautiful object, I find my interest in it fades rather quickly if it does not happen to be for sale. ("Did you see the antiques exhibition at the museum while you were in Bath?" "Well, we were going to go on Wednesday, but that's the day they hold a little antique market in one of the churches, and we thought we might pick something up.") A few months ago, my wife and I were driving through a particularly beautiful part of the South Shore of Nova Scotia when she pointed out the window and said, "Lovely farm."

"Mmm," I said, without thinking. "I wonder if he wants to sell his furniture."

A Man Who Wants a Plaster-of-Paris Flamingo and a Man Who Wants a Nineteenth-Century Yoruba Carving of a Winged Spirit Are Both in the Market for a Bird.

I USED to think it odd that one of the specialties of the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, a summer resort, is the selling of fur coats and expensive china, but since my experience in the Kingdom of Tonga it seems natural enough. Acquiring, after all, is one of the pleasures of a vacation, and there is an obvious limit to how much saltwater taffy a traveller will want to cart home. A lot of the people who might speak contemptuously of the Boardwalk as a shocking symbol of American materialism are distinguishable from the Boardwalk crowd mainly in that they spend their vacations acquiring overpriced antique quilts instead of overpriced china. Some friends of mine know a man they refer to as "a hip sociologist"—the kind of academic, in fact, who might do a paper on purchasing patterns among middle-class visitors to Atlantic City, trying his best to prevent his horror at the excesses from *being apparent in the final draft. The* hip sociologist, my friends once told me, walked out of a Boston store one day—dressed in a style that nobody in Atlantic City would know about for at least three or four months and carrying a package containing some elegantly simple piece of well-designed and understated good taste—and almost ran

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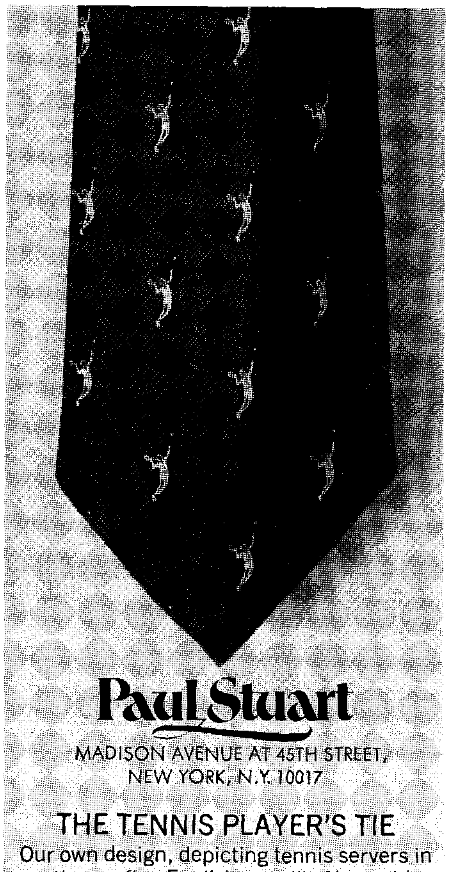

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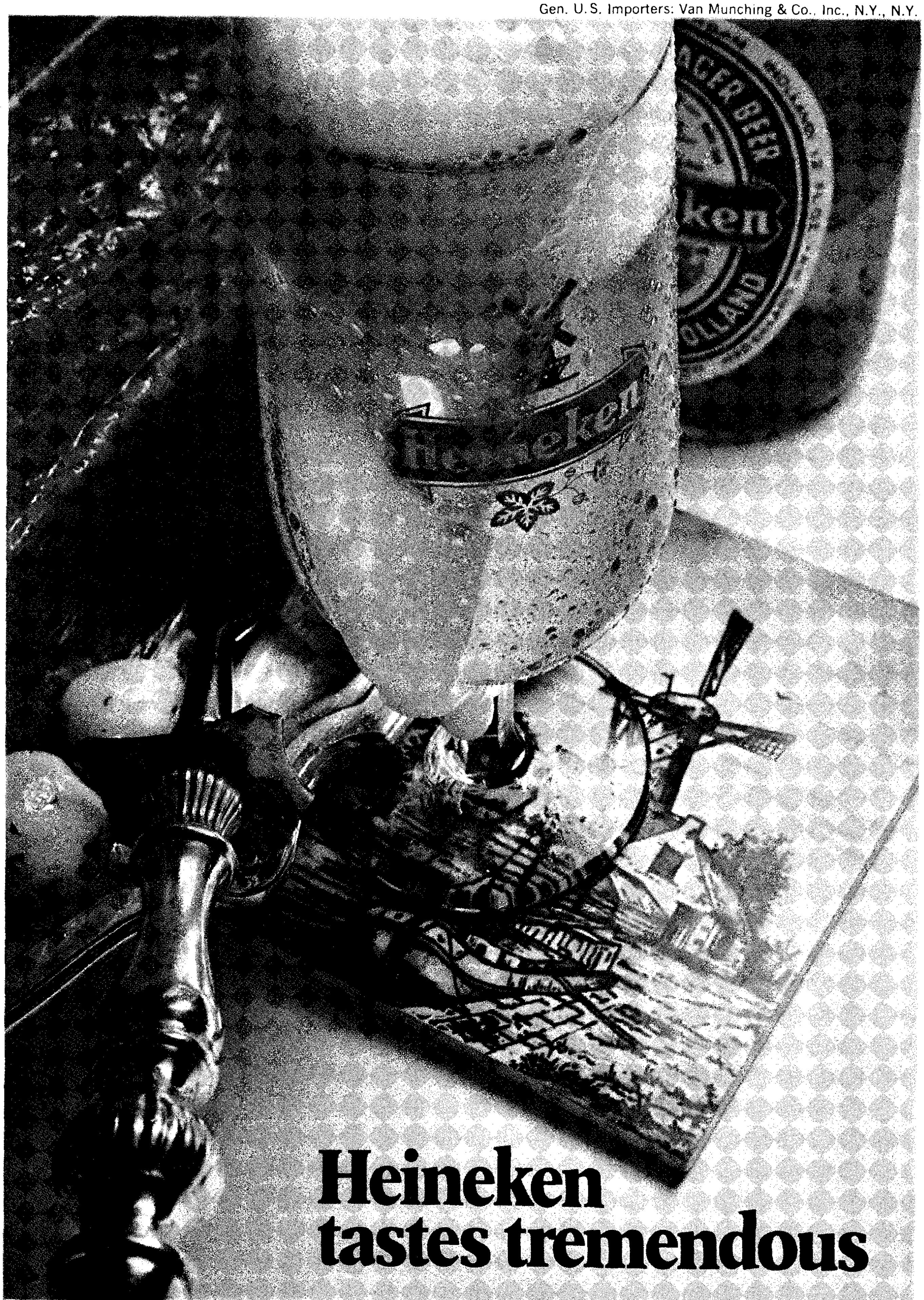
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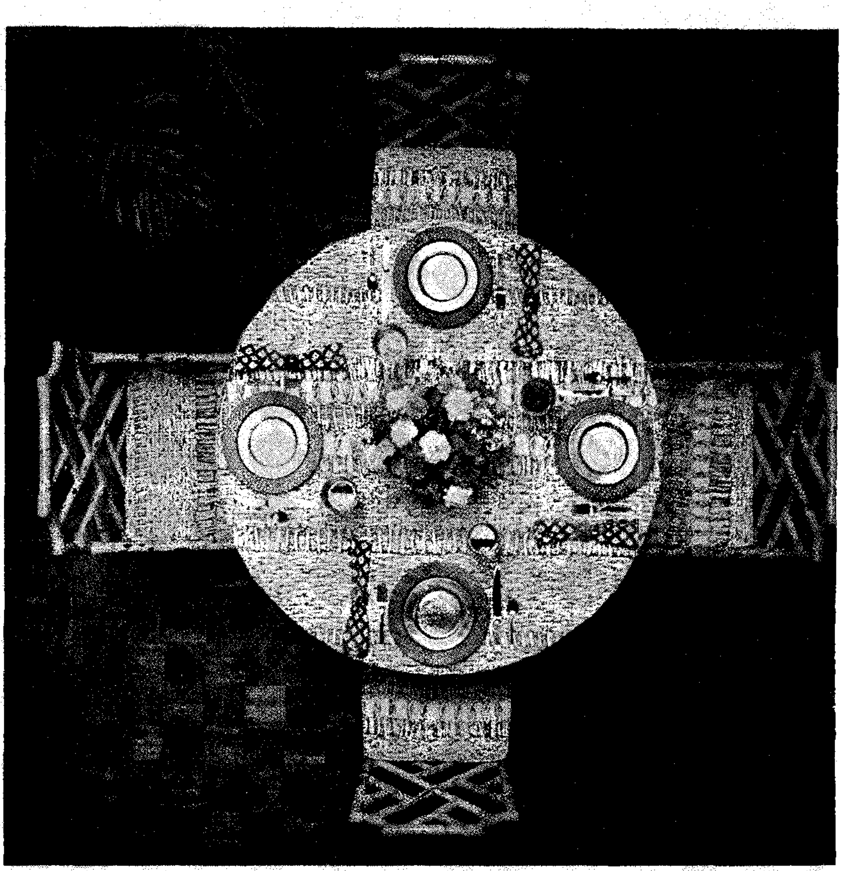
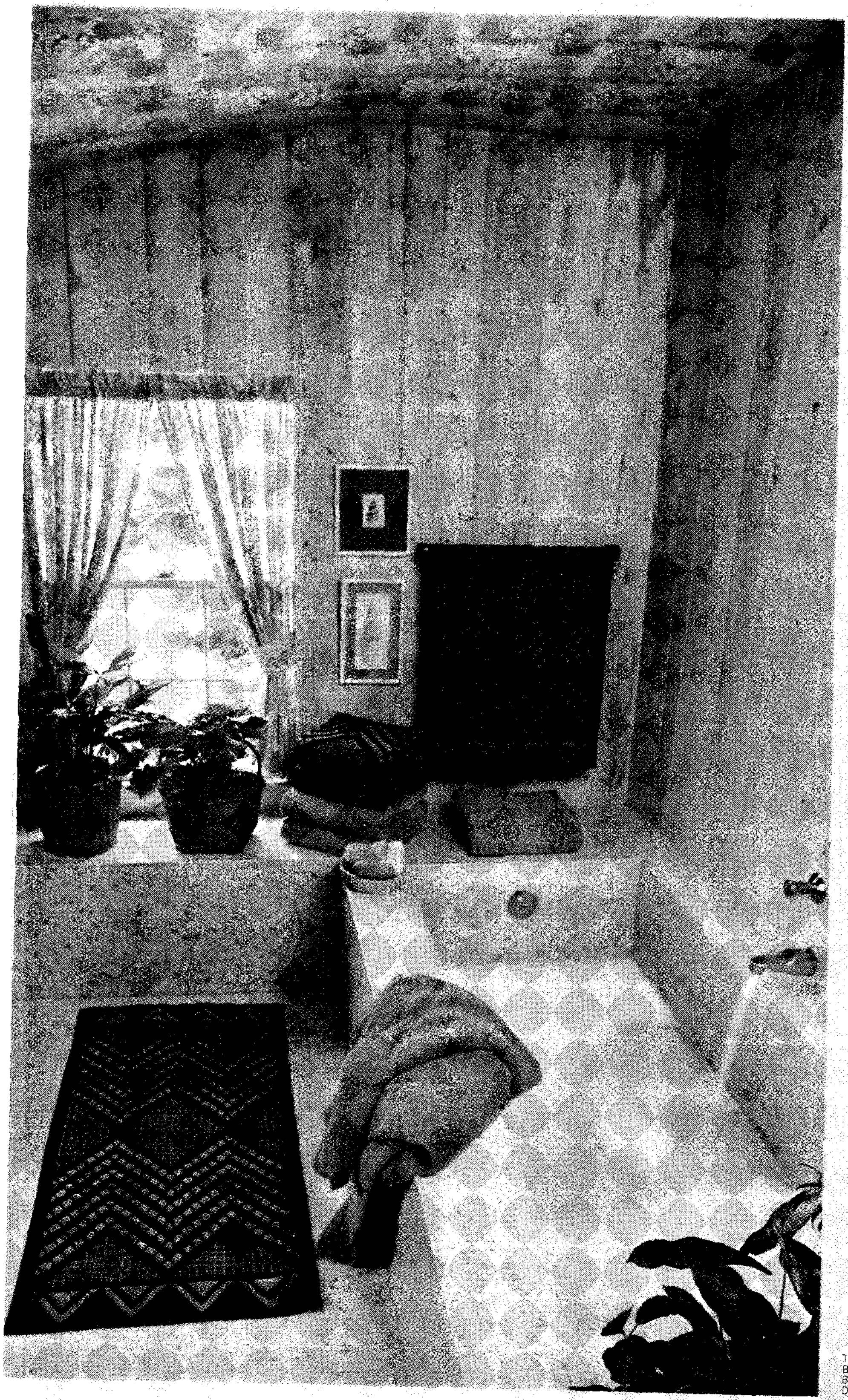


work together, they work together anywhere.



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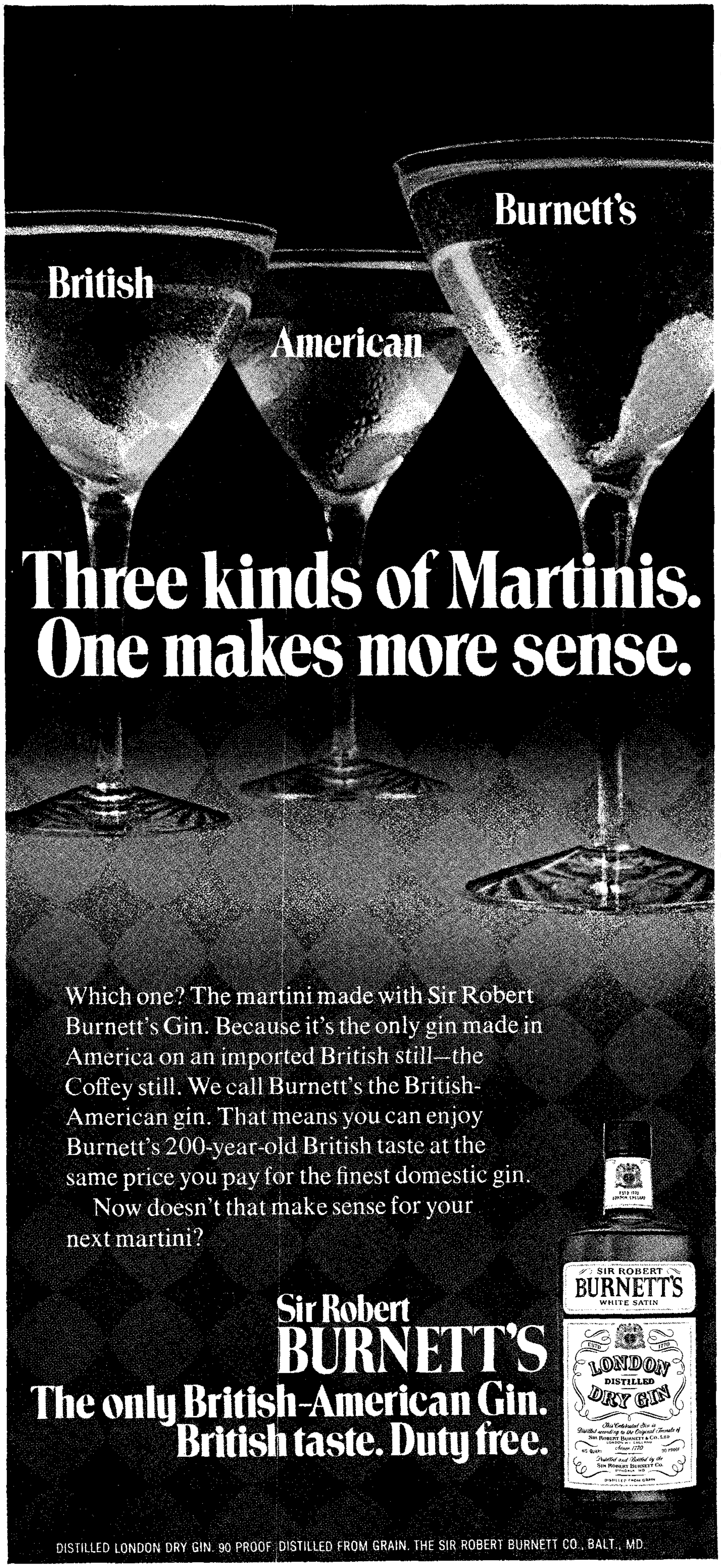
into a street urchin. The street urchin studied the hip sociologist for a moment, looked at the package, smiled, and said, "Consume, consume, consume."

A Chair Manufactured in England Three Years Ago Can Be Considered a Used Chair, but It Can Also Be Considered an Elizabethan Chair.

PEOPLE expect to acquire antiques in England, but the supply of, say, Chippendale furniture is limited—a situation analogous to there being a limited number of first-rate baseball players and a growing number of cities that will enrich a man who brings them a major-league franchise. The definition of an antique, like the definition of major-league baseball, simply has to broaden. Some of the Victoriana scoffed at a few years ago is now considered among the proper concerns of established antique dealers, and a jewelry box made in 1908 is now thought of as a genuine Edwardian jewelry box. Recently, I was browsing in an antique market in the West End of London—one of the collections of stalls that go under the name of "antique supermarket," a phrase that always conjures up in my mind a Gay Nineties A. & P. store, its shelves lined with Sweet Caporals and saddle wax. I stopped to look through a pile of turn-of-the-century leases—leases not notable for the parties involved or the terms of the agreement but apparently considered worth four or five pounds merely because some people like the sight of ornate handwriting framed on their wall, even if it signifies that one Timothy Jenkins bought himself a row house in Islington in 1902. The next booth was operated by a dealer in antique children's books. The book that seemed to be featured—it was displayed at the center of the counter with its pages opened—looked very much like the pop-up books I occasionally buy my four-year-old daughter despite the fact that she has never expressed much interest in seeing Cinderella in three dimensions. "That's a rather late one," the stallkeeper said as I reached for the book. "But an old-fashioned story. Lovely drawings, don't you think?" I closed the book and looked at the cover. It was "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," by Ian Fleming. It was a pop-up book of "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," inspired, no doubt, by the Technicolor film of the same name and published in 1968. Rather late! "Lovely drawings," I said. He smiled, as if he were happy to be in the presence of a connoisseur after



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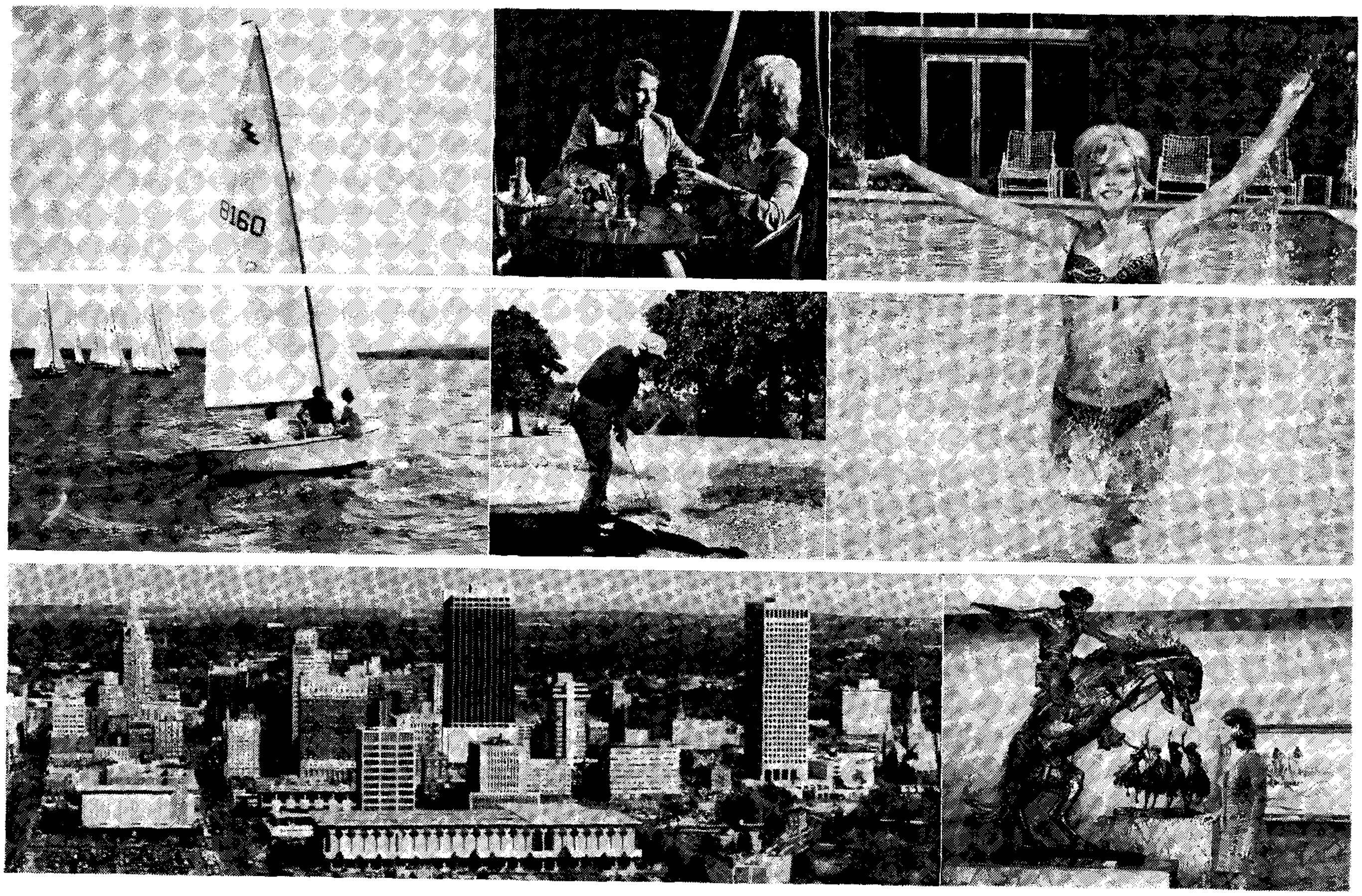

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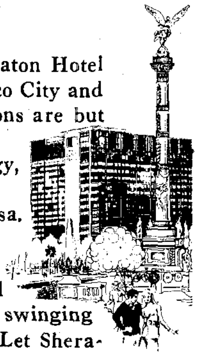
Certain English Watercolorists—Blessed with Talent and Discipline and an Atmosphere Encouraging to the Arts—Have Managed to Create Some Extraordinary Hedges Against Inflation.

WHY is old Timothy Jenkins' lease really priced at four pounds? Inflation. It is said in England that antique prices are high because of the inflation in the prices of all goods and because people who become horrified at seeing the value of their money melt away through inflation in the prices of all goods tend to invest it in something like antiques. According to John Steel, who edits the Price Guide series of books published by the Antique Collectors Club in England, there are exceptions to the general inflation in antiques. Someone who bought a hundred dollars' worth of antique English silver four years ago, for instance, could replace it today for about eighty-six dollars. But in the same period antique English furniture prices have more than doubled. The price of watercolors has doubled in just the past two years. Queen Anne English country chairs that sold for twenty-seven and a half pounds in November, 1968, would have brought a hundred and fifty pounds four years later—partly, Steel suspects, because it was discovered that shipping one across the Atlantic tended to transform it into an early New England chair.

A true acquirer is not really an investor, of course. He is pleased to hear an antique dealer tell him that the wall clock or the eighteenth-century book he is considering is constantly going up in value—probably true in both cases, since an investment market puts a premium on items whose authenticity can be easily proved—but he is pleased only because it makes it easier for him to excuse himself for spending his money on something he obviously doesn't need. He nods knowingly at the dealer's predictions of future worth, in the way the woman in Atlantic City who would kill for anything she considered as gorgeous as the fur coat she is trying on agrees with the salesman that such a coat would be a sensible protection against the drafts of East Coast winters.

Americans in England these days are likely to feel relieved that most of the inflation-buying stories heard among antique dealers concern citizens of countries that have currency considera-



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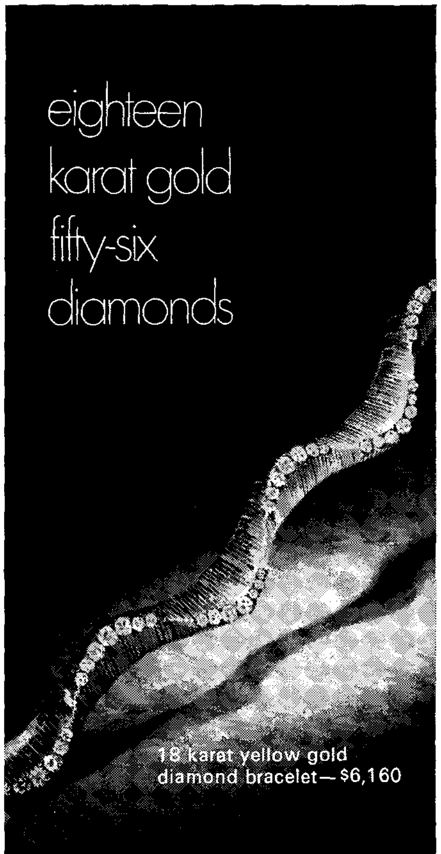

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bly harder than the dollar—shrewd West German dealers buying up entire inventories, poker-faced Japanese businessmen blinking at the Sotheby's auctioneer as a signal that they are willing to go even higher than the enormous figure indicated by the previous bidder. In the past, an American who wanted to know the price of a silver tray at an outdoor antique stall might have been tempted to deal in sign language to hide his accent; he is now tempted to exaggerate a Midwestern twang, on the theory that anyone who does not look English is in danger of being mistaken for a Belgian industrialist with unlimited funds. There is even some talk among London antique dealers that Americans are becoming more discriminating about what they buy. "They used to buy just anything," the operator of a stall at the Chelsea antique supermarket told me one day, after informing me that he had looked kindly on Americans ever since he served with them during the war. "Anything," he repeated. "They simply didn't care. They would pay the most outrageous prices for any kind of rubbish." He paused for a while. "Mind you," he went on, "a lot of the rubbish they bought is worth a fortune now."

It Is More Blessed to Give than Not to Buy at All.

Vacationing acquirers who are trying to reform sometimes turn to gift-buying, like smokers who have been forbidden cigarettes but find some solace in those hollow white tubes that can be held harmlessly in their mouths. The interest of the hunt remains. A friend who collects political posters provides an excuse to trace the distributor of Benito Juárez anniversary posters being displayed in Oaxacan restaurants; nephews in Kansas make it possible to buy Rugby shirts in the West of England against the better judgment of a clerk who is reluctant to sell to outsiders shirts designed specifically in the colors of the local school. ("But even if Shawnee-Mission East High School should add Rugby to its official sports, it will almost certainly not compete in the same league as the public schools of Somerset and North Devon.")

The excuse my wife and I most often use for walking past a museum to the shop next door is that we must find something for a friend of ours I'll call Smith. We sometimes take Smith presents and he sometimes brings us presents. The arrangement is made more pleasurable for us by the fact that Smith happens to have a peculiar skill in ar-

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ranging for free stopovers on airplane tickets—meaning he is likely to present us with a piece of East African sculpture after returning from a trip to what I had understood was to be Paris and the South of France. Occasionally, of course, I do not give Smith what we find for him, the thought being more important than the actual object anyway.

"Smith would just love that," my wife will say after we have purchased a braided rug at a Nova Scotia fair.

"Well, we must have him around to see it sometime," I'll say.

In England, of course, we looked for antiques to take home to Smith. After a trip to England several years ago, some moral pressure from my wife resulted in my handing over to Smith a Victorian postal scale that I had begun to think of as my own—a decision I regretted until I was able to enhance a trip my mother took to London by commissioning her to acquire one to my exact specifications—and we decided that he might like some similar gift this time. Prices being what they are these days, there is a lot of advice given by London residents about where not to shop. Someone not properly warned runs the risk of buying something in last year's market, the way winter vacationers in Miami Beach used to be in danger of finding themselves in last year's hotel. The antique tout who would not think of taking a visiting friend to Portobello Road or Camden Passage tries obscure suburbs of promising drabness and then Church Street on Saturday morning and then Cheshire Street on Sunday morning and then some street said to be the place where the people selling on Church Street do their buying. When a street as yet untouched by the antique inflation is finally found, it is likely to be almost bare of antiques, anything salable having been carted off to some place where it has a chance of coming into contact with a Belgian industrialist. Everyone at the undiscovered markets seems to be selling shoes.

"Maybe we just ought to give Smith the braided rug," my wife said as we made our way out of such a place.

"It seems to me," I said, "that Smith might like a nice pair of sneakers."

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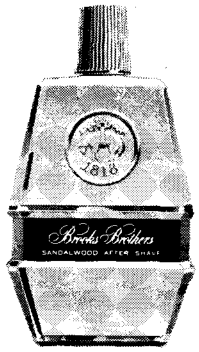

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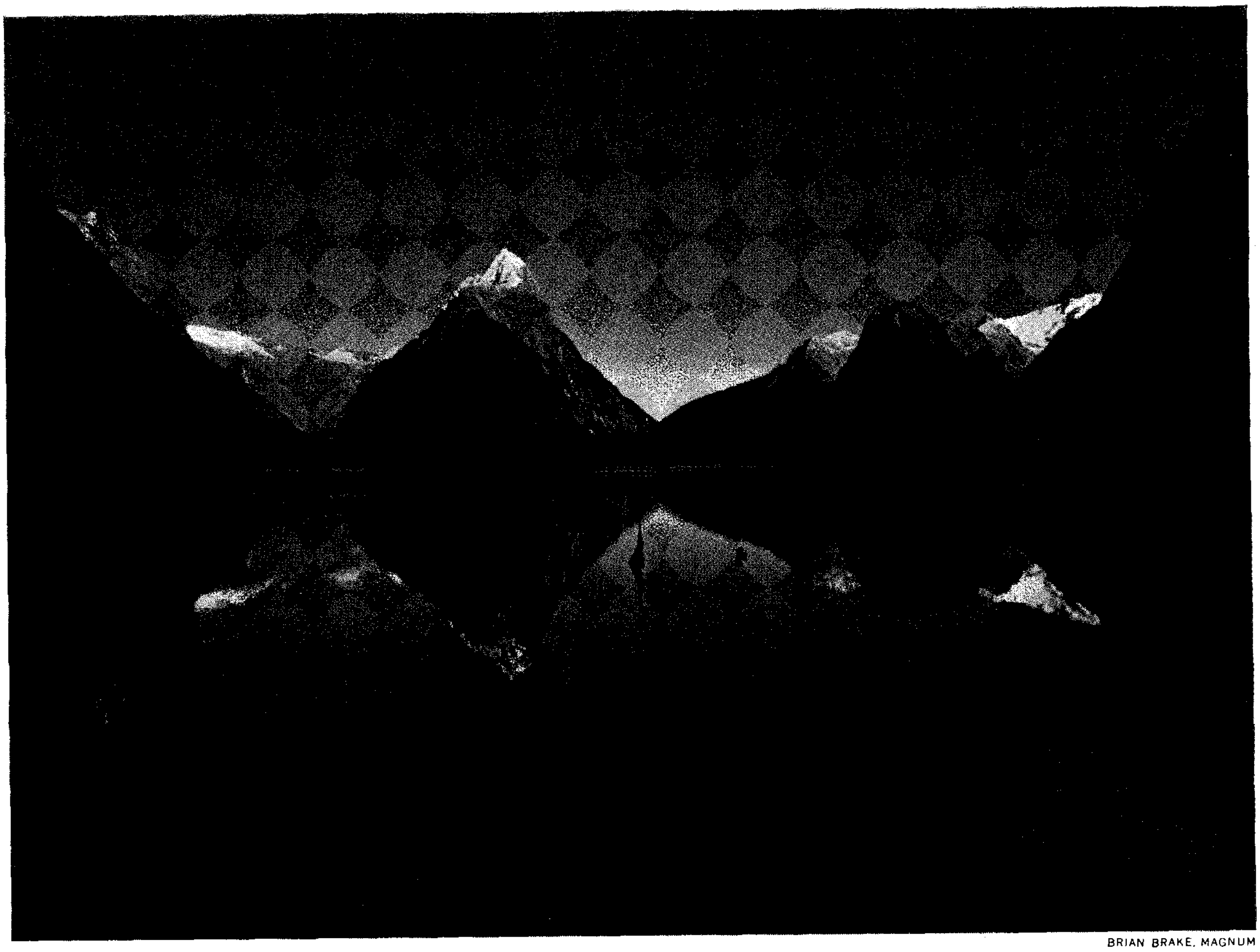

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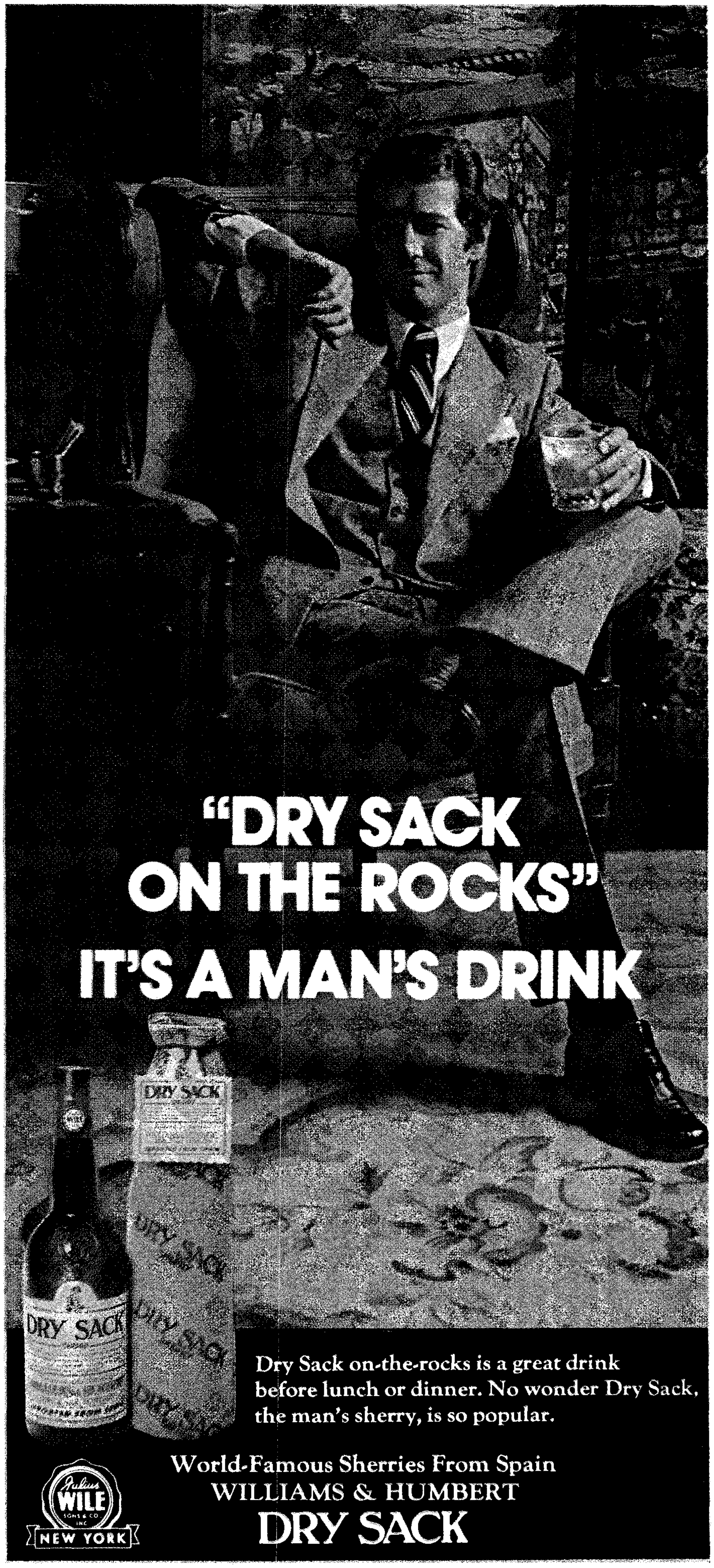

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be manufactured. If, for instance, simple antique chairs cost less than the new chairs available in the shops—which was apparently true in England several years ago—people are sooner or later going to begin furnishing their houses with antique chairs, and the price of antique chairs is going to go up. The manufacturing price affects the market the other way when, the price of old pub mirrors having greatly exceeded the price for which pub mirrors can be manufactured, the market is flooded with reproductions of old pub mirrors and the price goes down. In a seller's market, of course, the fact that an item is a reproduction does not cause the dealer who is selling it to approach the transaction with any sense of humility. At the Bermondsey antique market early one Friday morning, I stopped by one table and picked up a postal scale that was obviously new. It looked as if it had just been taken out of the box, with no attempt to scuff the wood or smear the brass. "This is a new one, right?" I said conversationally to the man running the stall. He took the postal scale from me and looked at it from two or three different angles. "Oh," he said, "I wouldn't want to put a date on it."

I was not actually interested in buying the postal scale. The talk about investments had caused me to study the prices on postal scales all over town to see if my financial statement would be more impressive by two or three dollars if I had kept the one I surrendered to Smith. We had more or less given up on finding anything for Smith. In the past, after all, we had brought him gifts even more impressive than English antiques. A few years ago, I ran across three boxes of tapa cloth in the cellar and presented him with a large piece of it. —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

"I did talk to Norman [Mailer] more than anyone else about Marilyn [Monroe], since he never knew her and I had enormous respect for his writing," Pat Newcomb told me. "But he didn't use any of it." Pat, the ex-publicist, now VP of Tomorrow Entertainment, was Monroe's best friend during the last few years of her life. "It is as if he could not bear to be disabused of his preconceived fantasies. I haven't seen him since the book came out," Pat continues, "but I think his own feeling about it is somewhat reflected in the autographed copy he sent me: 'To Pat, whom, I hope whatever her serious differences with me, will not find this book without value. Sincerely, Norman Mailer.' I think that speaks for itself."—*Joyce Haber in the Los Angeles Times.*

We agree.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHO, WHAT, WHERE, HOW MUCH, HOW MANY?—II

ACCORDING to Albert Speer's memoirs, Adolf Hitler once expressed the view that "in general, no such thing as an American people existed as a unit; they were nothing but a mass of immigrants from many nations and races." Hitler presumably judged this situation to be indicative of American weakness. As he was remiss in other respects, so may he have neglected to reflect that the American mass had long been exceptionally Teutonic. For many decades, there had been more immigrants from Germany than from any other nation, and in 1971 there were more Americans of German origin than of any other except English; of those Americans whose foreign roots, if not allegiances, could be discerned, 5,000,000 stemmed from Poland, 8,700,000 from Italy, 9,000,000 from Spain, 16,300,000 from Ireland, 31,000,000 from Great Britain, and 25,600,000 from Germany.

Immigrants are still a consequential element of the American body politic, though they are less visible than they used to be. In 1850, 11.5 per cent of the American population was foreign-born; by 1890, the proportion had risen to 16.6 per cent, and that was where it more or less remained until 1910. Between 1901 and 1910, we welcomed—or, at any rate, received—8,795,000 new immigrants, a number equivalent to 8.3 per cent of the total 1900 population. The net immigration between 1960 and 1970 came to only three and a half million people—1.9 per cent of the 1960 population. All told, between 1820 (when the United States began compiling rudimentary immigration statistics) and 1971 more than forty-five million aliens elected to make America their home. In 1870, when the United States population was put at 39,818,449, it included 5,567,229 immigrants, or fifteen per cent of the total. A hundred years later, there were 9,619,000 immigrants, or only 4.7 per cent. Between 1861 and 1910, they arrived at an average rate of 7.5 for every thousand of the population; between 1911 and 1970, the average rate dropped to 2.3 per thousand.

The early immigrants, Mexicans and Canadians excepted, arrived by ship, and many of them settled near their ports of entry. (Canadians and Mexicans did not move far from their first border crossings, either; most Americans of French-Canadian stock live in New England, most Mexican-Americans in the Southwest.) A good many Scandinavians, taking the shorter northern route across the Atlantic, debarked at Canadian ports, and ended up in our North Central states. Most immigrants wanted to go where they would feel least ill at ease, so the later ones flocked to where their compatriots had settled: Italians to Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey; Yugoslavs to Ohio and Montana; Danes to Utah; Finns to Minnesota, Washington, Michigan, and Oregon; Norwegians to Minnesota, the Dakotas, Washington, Montana, and Wisconsin; Irish to Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York. Few of them from anywhere headed toward the South, which, with a large resident supply of black labor, had little to offer them and, moreover, didn't always look kindly on folks with strange dialects and accents. As a result, while the South in 1970 boasted 62,795,367 residents—the largest number of any of our four regions, and thirty-one per cent of the national total—there were among them only 4,100,000 people of foreign stock (that is, immigrants and first-generation natives of foreign or mixed parentage), which was the fewest to be found in any region. And a great many of these had drifted in from nearby Mexico. In the entire South, only 2.1 per cent of the population was foreign-born; in the Northeast, 8.4 per cent was. One-quarter of the residents of Rhode Island and Massachusetts were of foreign or mixed parentage; only one one-hundredth of those of Mississippi were. Among Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas (the Census Bureau's term for residential clusters each consisting of a metropolitan area surrounding at least one city with a population of at least fifty thou-

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sand), New York was 24.2 per cent foreign stock, Chicago 18.4 per cent, and Jersey City 24.5 per cent; Birmingham was 2.2 per cent, Chattanooga 1.3 per cent, and Albany, Georgia, 1.8 per cent. The English language was the mother tongue of 82.1 per cent of the whole population, but of 93.7 per cent of the population of the four East South Central states (Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi), and of 94.3 per cent of all Alabamians.

Although there was no precise official count of immigrants before 1850, it was not for want of trying. Soon after the United States came into existence, the American Philosophical Society (through Thomas Jefferson, its spokesman) and the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences (through Timothy Dwight, who was *its* spokesman) urged the fledgling Congress to include both citizens of foreign birth and aliens in the enumerations it decreed. But even in a young country the legislature moved sluggishly; it waited half a century to act on the suggestion. It *did* pass a law in 1819 requiring the masters of incoming vessels to give to customs the names and national origins of all their passengers, and the number of those—such were the rigors of travel at the time—who had died en route. But this was at best an imprecise means of measurement. So it is largely an informed guess to state that between 1820 and 1971 slightly more than forty-five and a half million immigrants arrived in the United States. This averages out to three hundred thousand a year—not far from the current annual in-migration. The biggest years were those between 1903 and 1914, when 11,791,856 people arrived—an annual average of just under a million. The busiest year was 1907, when 1,285,349 arrived.

Eighty per cent of the immigrants in our entire history have come from Europe. In the waves of immigration that crossed the Atlantic between 1820 and 1920, there were various swells of movement from one European nation or another. The big year for the Scandinavian countries was 1882, with 105,326 arrivals. Great Britain's top year was 1888, with 108,692; Russia's 1913, with 291,040 (a figure including a small number from the then independent Baltic States now in the Soviet Union). Poland scored highest in 1921, with 95,089; a hundred years earlier, when there had been 9,127 immigrants from the entire world, just one had been a Pole. But as far as immigration was concerned the Big Four powers—we are not here counting our

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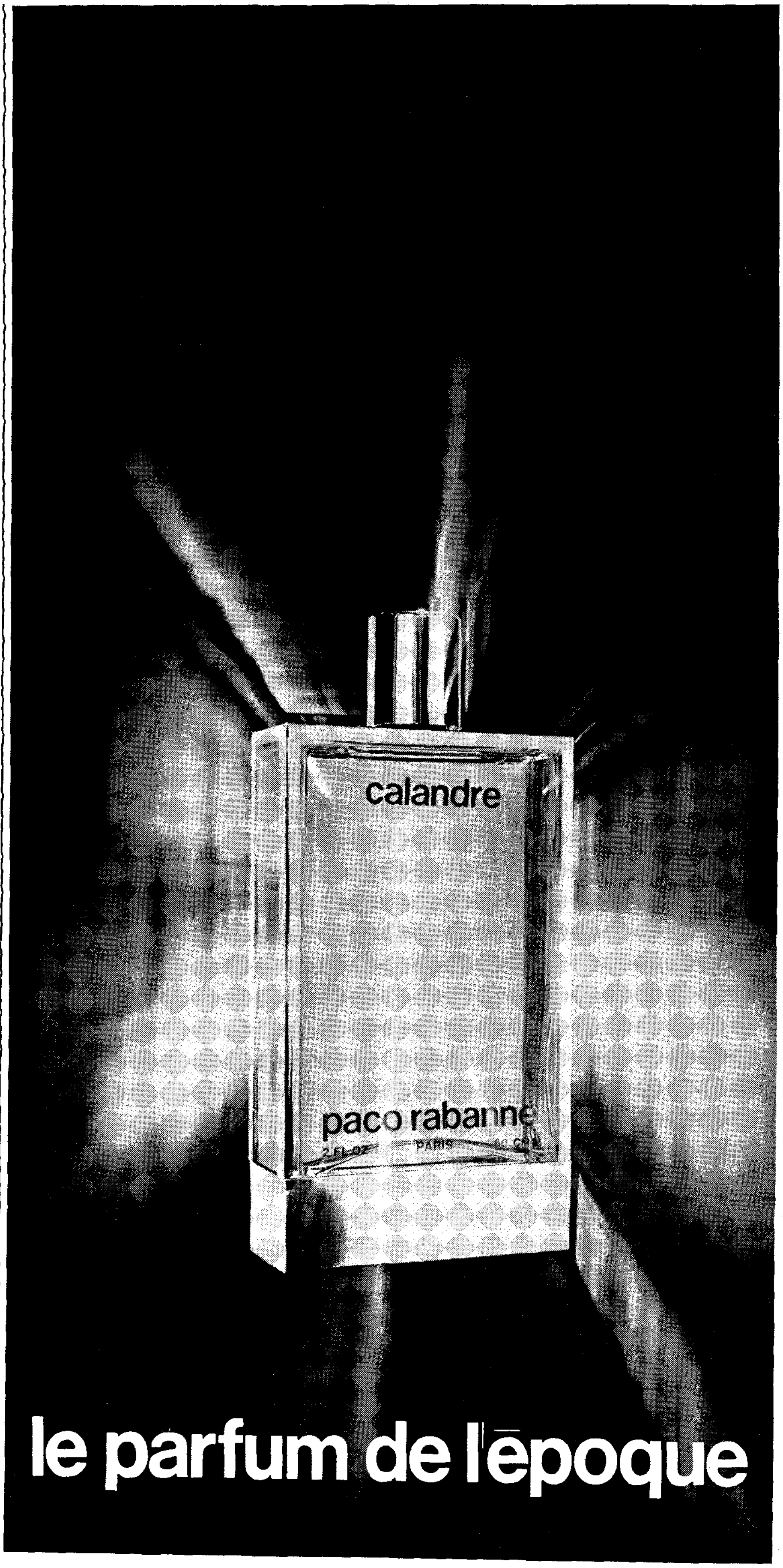
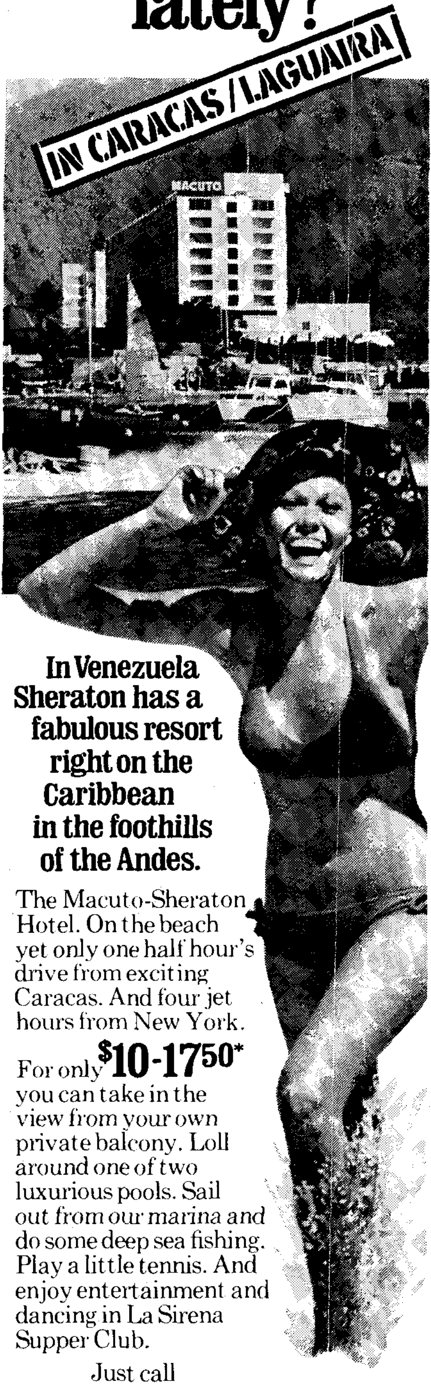
neighbors Canada and Mexico—were Germany, Italy, Great Britain, and Ireland. Of the official total of 45,533,116 immigrants who arrived between 1820 and 1971, Germany has been credited with 6,925,736, Italy with 5,199,304, Great Britain with 4,804,520, and Ireland with 4,715,041. The Irish were ahead of all other nations until 1850, when the Germans caught up with them. In 1891, Italy passed Germany, but Germany came back strongly in 1931, and stayed ahead of the pack until 1968, when the whole immigration picture was radically altered, to the numerical disadvantage of northern and the numerical advantage of southern Europe

There has been precious little immigration from the Soviet Union since 1930, but "Russians" stand out in many a Census Bureau survey. The reason is that the Bureau has been edgy since 1936 about anything with religious connotations and has therefore never been able to figure out a comfortable way of dealing with Jews, so a lot of Jews who certainly do not think of themselves as Russian end up in that category willy-nilly. In many census reports, the two million Americans of "Russian" heritage turn out to be an unusual minority group. In explaining once why fifty-two per cent of all Americans of "Russian" origin between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four had finished college—followed, in rapidly declining proportions, by people with British, German, Polish, and Irish backgrounds—a Bureau spokesman stated, "It is likely that most persons of Russian origin had a Jewish cultural heritage." In 1972, ninety-eight per cent of all "Russian"-Americans between twenty-five and thirty-four had finished high school, compared with seventy-seven per cent of all Americans in this age group.

The onset of the First World War marked the beginning of the end of large-scale foreign immigration to the United States. Nonetheless, so many aliens had arrived in the immediately preceding years that by 1920 immigrants and their children constituted forty per cent of the American population. In 1924, Congress, reacting to national apprehensions about anarchists and other possible alien troublemakers, tightened the laws on admissibility. Some laws were already restrictive; Chinese had been almost totally excluded since 1882. (If we had not barred all but a relative handful of Asians for so many years, who can say how differently we might have approached the wars in Korea and Indo-China?) The Immigration Act of 1924 established a



JORDAN MARSH



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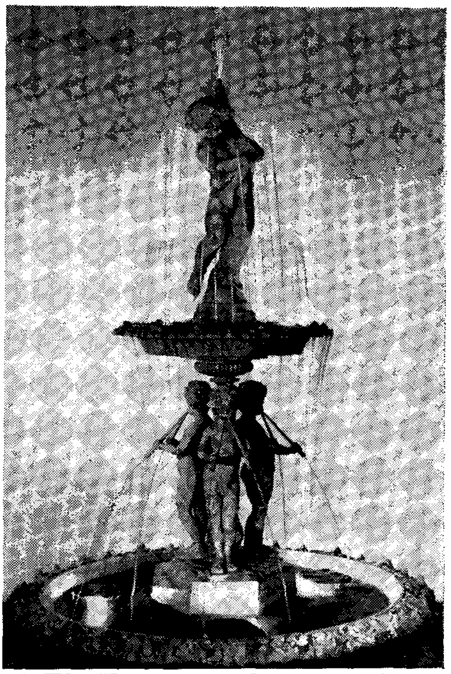
quota system and stipulated that the future flow of aliens into the country should be consistent with the ethnic pattern disclosed by the 1890 census. Inasmuch as the great majority of immigrants in the nineteenth century had come from northern Europe, that region was heavily favored. We have had quota systems ever since, mitigated by exceptions granted to political refugees, 904,517 of whom were admitted between 1948 and 1971—including 151,833 from Poland, 150,881 from Cuba, and 84,110 from Germany. The immigration statutes were modified periodically after 1924, but until 1965 the 1924 quota system was the basic statute. Sometimes (during the Depression and war years) the quota was not filled, and sometimes (when the postwar refugees were admitted) it was considerably exceeded. A characteristic year was 1952, when 60.9 per cent of all immigrants to the States came from Germany, 23.4 per cent from Italy, 11.9 per cent from Great Britain, and .04 per cent from all of Asia and Africa.

The 1965 law, which became operative on July 1, 1968, drastically changed the pattern of immigration. Between 1945 and the passage of the new legislation, Europe had been the source of forty-five per cent of the immigration to the States. Now the Western Hemisphere was allotted a hundred and twenty thousand places and the entire Eastern Hemisphere—Europe, Africa, and Asia together—a hundred and seventy thousand, with a maximum of twenty thousand for any single country. There were certain preferences—for already resident aliens, for close relatives of American citizens, and for individuals with special skills. By 1970, total immigration had increased by about twenty per cent, but northern Europe's share had decreased from 27.2 per cent to 12.8 per cent. The United Kingdom had been the departure point in 1965 for twenty-seven thousand immigrants; in 1970, the figure was only fourteen thousand. Germany's figure dropped concurrently from twenty-four thousand to ten thousand. As immigration from northern Europe slumped, immigration from southern Europe jumped upward. For Portugal, the figure for 1965 was two thousand, for 1970 thirteen thousand; for Greece the figures were three thousand and sixteen thousand, for Italy eleven thousand and twenty-five thousand, for Yugoslavia three thousand and nine thousand.

The most dramatic effect of the new law was on Asia. In 1965, less than one-tenth of all immigrants came



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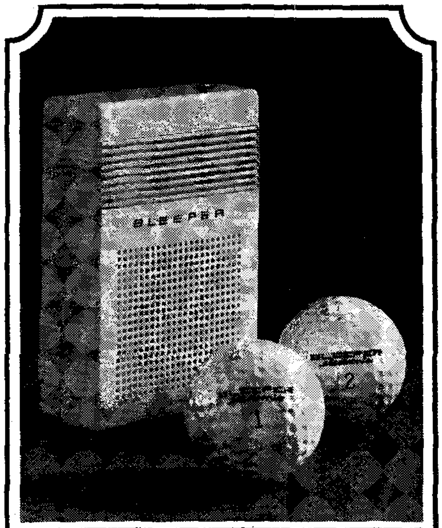

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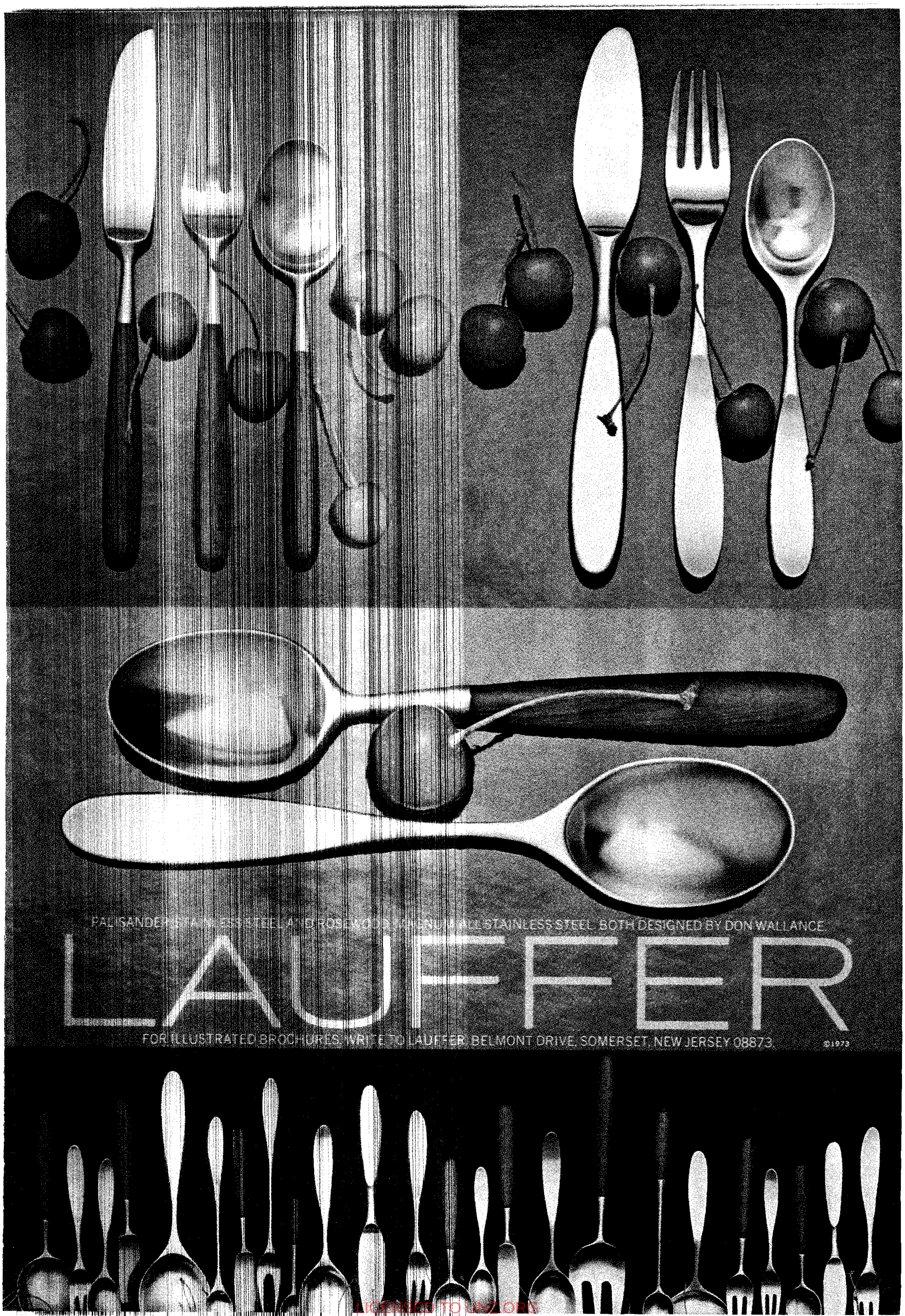
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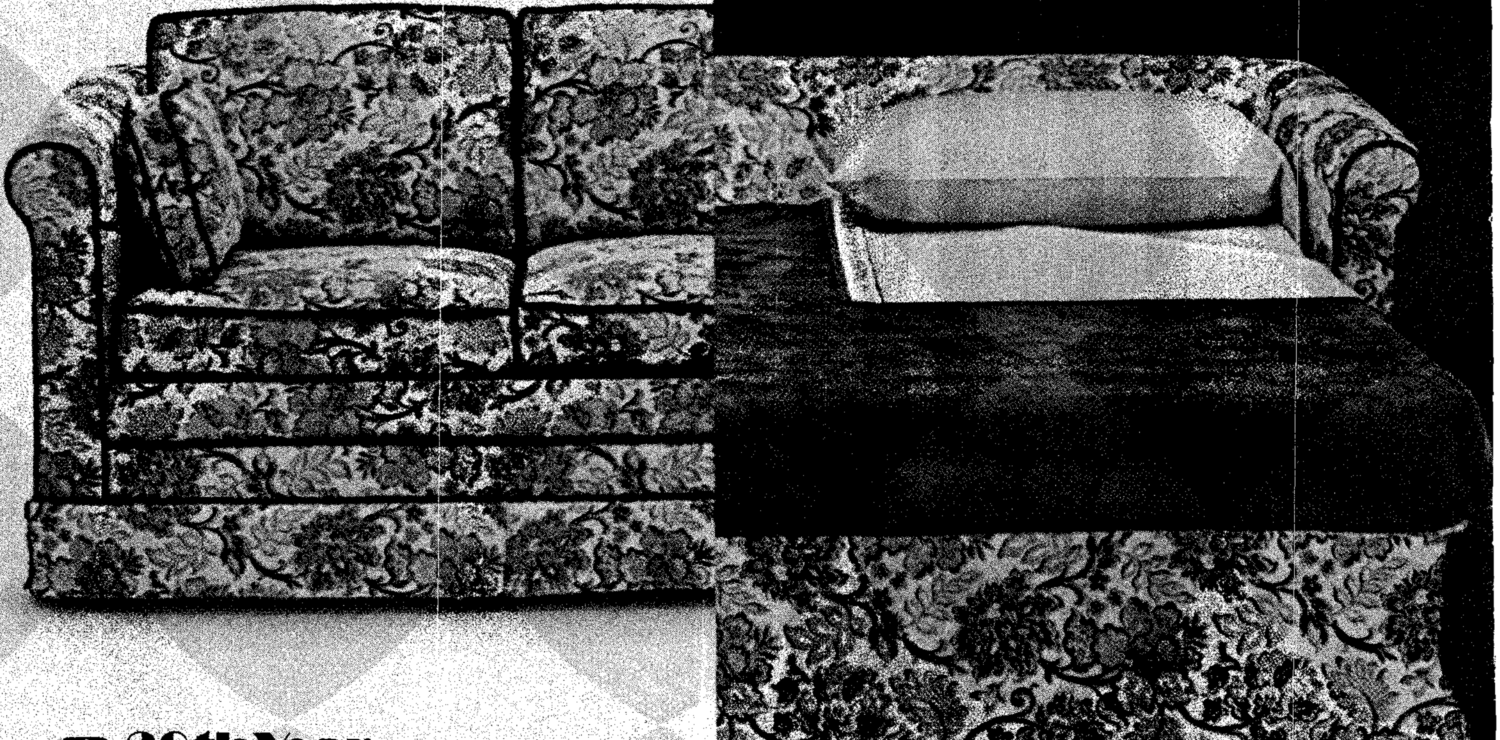

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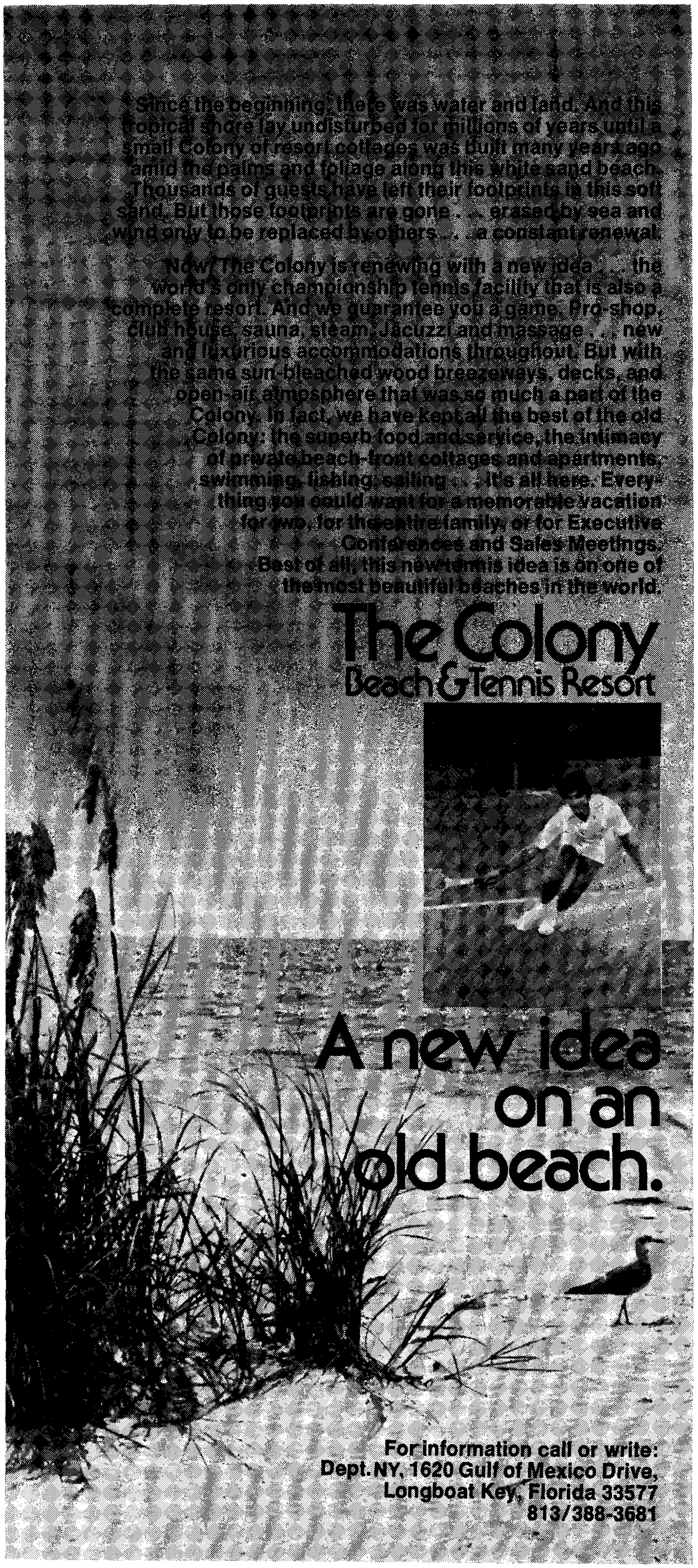
©Jamison Bedding, Inc., P.O. Box 989, Nashville, Tennessee 37202 from that continent, but five years afterward one-quarter did. In the nineteen-fifties, the number of nonwhite immigrants from everywhere on earth had been 132,000; the sixties produced 524,000, and 1971 an additional 257,000. Asians had been allowed in during the nineteen-fifties at an average rate of fifteen thousand a year; 1971 produced 103,000 of them. One result of the 1965 law was that New York City, which had been losing so many residents of other kinds, experienced between 1950 and 1970 an increase in its foreign-born Asian population, from 31,977 to 177,906. Another result was a notable restructuring of New York City's foreign-stock population, which in 1970 was 3,306,000 strong. Whereas in 1960 the city's foreign-stock constituency was ninety per cent European in origin, by 1970 so many immigrants had arrived from Central and South America that the European proportion had shrunk to seventy-six per cent. And among residents of the city who were actually born abroad, the largest of all groups consisted of the people from the Western Hemisphere, who numbered 258,356, half of them black. One-tenth of all the blacks in New York today are foreign-born.

Our contemporary immigrants from Europe still tend to put down roots where their ancestors did. More than four million of the nearly ten million foreign-born inhabitants of the country live in the Northeast. There are more people of French origin in the Northeast than in any other region, and twice as many of Italian origin there as in all the rest of the country; similarly, almost half of the nation's people of German origin can still be found in the North Central states. There have been some changes in migratory habits, though. Minnesota was where most Norwegians traditionally settled, and it still has more second-generation Norwegian-Americans than any other state, but New York has the most first-generation Norwegians. New York also leads in Czechoslovakian and French immigrants, though Pennsylvania has the most second-generation Czechs, and California the most second-generation French. Most of the newcomers from Asia have elected to settle in *California* and the other Western states, which, although they now have only seventeen per cent of the total white population and seven per cent of the black, have far and away the most residents who are neither white nor black—eighty-one per cent of the Japanese, seventy-three per cent of the Filipinos, fifty-six per cent of the Chi-



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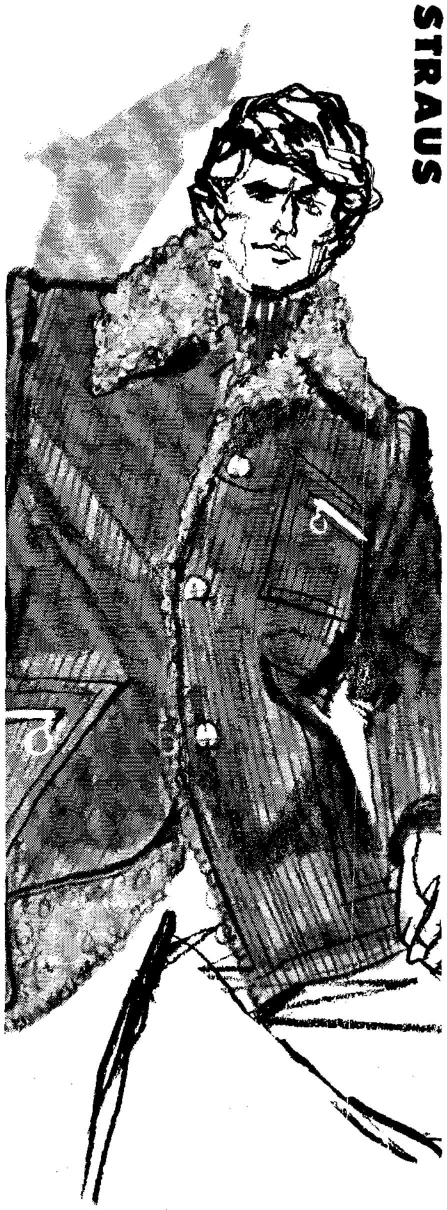

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nese, forty-nine per cent of the American Indians, and fifty-one per cent of all the rest.

BETWEEN 1930 and 1970, the largest proportional growth in urbanization of an ethnic component of the United States occurred not, as one might think offhand, among blacks but among American Indians. In 1930, ten per cent of the Indians lived in metropolitan areas. Forty years later, forty-five per cent did. As national groups go, there were not many of them—only 763,594 in 1970, or a mere four-tenths of one per cent of the population. Asked by census enumerators in 1970 what tribe they belonged to, 96,743 identified themselves as Navajos, 66,150 as Cherokees, 41,946 as Chippewas, 5,055 as Seminoles, and 3,815 as Utes. It may be indicative of a broadening of the outlook of our oldest indigenes that twenty per cent of them professed to have no tribal affiliations.

More than half of our Indians continue to dwell in the regions with which they are historically associated; in 1970, there were still nearly a hundred thousand of them—Cherokees predominating—in Oklahoma. But three hundred and forty thousand now live in metropolitan areas; thirty-five cities with populations of fifty thousand or more now contain at least a thousand Indians apiece. And these totals are likely to increase, for the Indian population—all myths about the vanishing red man to the contrary—has lately been growing at four times the national rate. Part of this acceleration may simply be the result of more efficient enumeration; it is often harder to count Indians on reservations than in cities. Improved health is undoubtedly another factor; while the current average Indian life expectancy is forty-six, or twenty-three years below the national norm, and while the Indian suicide rate is twice that of all other Americans, the Indian infant-mortality rate fell between 1955 and 1971 from about sixty-three per thousand to about twenty-four, and the death rate from tuberculosis dropped by eighty-six per cent. Between 1950 and 1970, the official Indian population more than doubled, and if, by any chance, it should keep on doubling every two decades while, at the same time, all other Americans edge toward zero population growth, by about the year 3000 there would be a hundred million Indians—conceivably, enough to try to take the country back. By that time, however, if the Indians should also follow their current mating habits, they would be hard to

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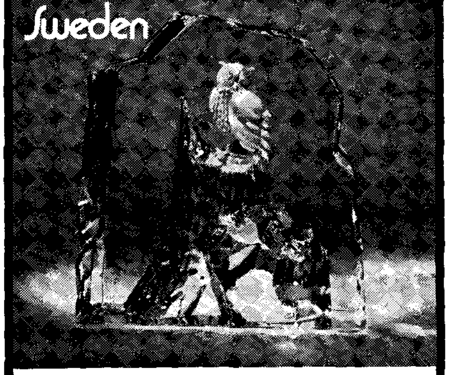

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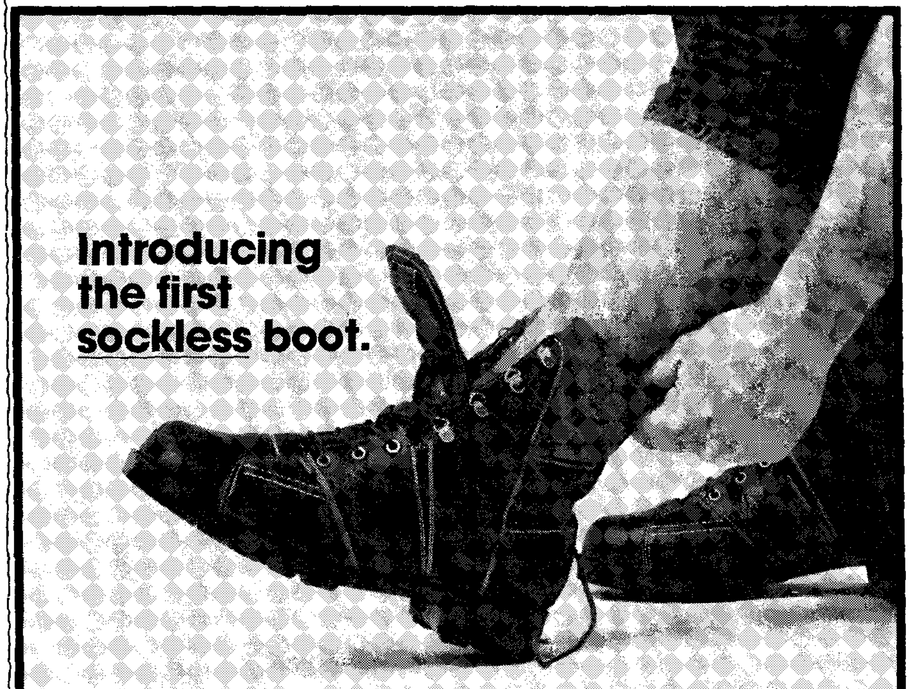
identify. More than one-third of them now marry non-Indians; the number of Indian women married to non-Indians doubled between 1960 and 1970. In thus crossing ethnic lines, the Indians have departed radically from the practice of most of the nation's other ethnic groups, among whom there is surprisingly little intermarriage. Studies made in recent years by Dr. Paul Glick, the Census Bureau's family-statistics expert, have revealed that among major ethnic groups the lines are crossed in only about seven-tenths of one per cent of all marriages, and that one-fifth of such intermarriages occur between blacks and whites.

In recent years, the makeup of the United States has been most strongly affected by those individuals who, for want of a better all-inclusive term, are generally described as "Spanish-speaking" or "of Spanish heritage." Only in 1970 did the Bureau—taking advantage of the ethnic pride that had begun to develop in the sixties among blacks, Indians, and other groups—begin asking Americans of Spanish origin to identify themselves as such. Up to then, it had rather haphazardly based its opinion of who or what they were on the look of their names or the sound of their voices. Asking a Mexican-American, for instance, where he and his parents were born hadn't been a particularly rewarding avenue of inquiry; some Mexican-American families had been living in what is now the United States for fifteen or twenty generations. Today, the Bureau makes a serious effort to classify the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of the country, with as much assistance as it can persuade them to render, as Mexicans, Cubans, Puerto Ricans, Central Americans, South Americans, or "other Spanish." ("Other" is a much used Census Bureau word—a comfortable one to fall back on when there is no alternative.) After collating the replies to a number of questions (Where was somebody born? Where were his father and mother born? Did he have a Spanish-sounding surname? What language was spoken in his home when he was a child? And, finally, did he consider himself to fit into any of the Spanish-heritage categories, including "other"?), the Bureau concluded that in 1971 there were roughly nine million two hundred thousand people legally in the country for whom Spanish was the mother tongue.

All these people with some sort of Spanish connection amounted to a bit less than five per cent of the total population. No fewer than two million four hundred thousand of them were living in poverty; their median income



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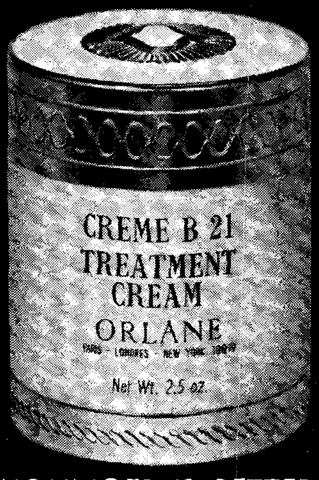

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in 1971 was $7,550—far below the white median, which was $10,672. It would appear to be testimony to the durability of American race prejudice that although our Spanish-speaking residents were by and large less well educated than our blacks (and also had language handicaps not shared by most blacks), the median annual income for the Spanish group was nevertheless more than a thousand dollars higher than the black median.

Among the 5,254,000 Mexican-Americans legally in residence and the 1,429,396 Puerto Ricans who were officially tabulated in 1970, there were, of course, far more paupers than princes. There were 2,642 Puerto Rican families in the twenty-five-thousand-dollar-and-up income bracket and twenty-three thousand families in the thousand-dollar-and-down. Nine thousand Mexican-American families made the higher category, but thirty-nine thousand landed in the lower one. (Of all American families, 7.3 per cent had incomes above twenty-five thousand dollars; of all Spanish-speaking families, slightly under one per cent had; of all Mexican-American families, one-half of one per cent had.) Most of the Mexican-Americans lived in the Southwest; as a result, people of Spanish heritage constituted one-third of the poverty population of New Mexico and Texas and one-fourth of the poverty population of Arizona and Colorado.

In the nineteen-fifties, four hundred and fifty-six thousand Puerto Ricans came to the mainland from their island. (Being full-fledged Americans, they did not, of course, have to concern themselves with immigration quotas.) Relatively few of those who crowded into New York did especially well; their median income (the national medians notwithstanding) was consistently a shade below the median of blacks, and was almost laughable compared to that of whites. In the nineteen-sixties, migration from Puerto Rico totalled only a hundred and fifty-two thousand. Though it was bad enough that in 1970 twenty per cent of all black families in New York lived in poverty, it was worse that thirty per cent of their Puerto Rican neighbors were in that sorry fix. However unrewarding life might be for some Puerto Ricans in Puerto Rico, at least it was warm there. And however scarce jobs might be on their home island, in the chilly and unreceptive north the Puerto Rican unemployment rate was 6.7 per cent—more than twice that for whites and substantially higher than that for blacks. In Puerto Rico, one of every

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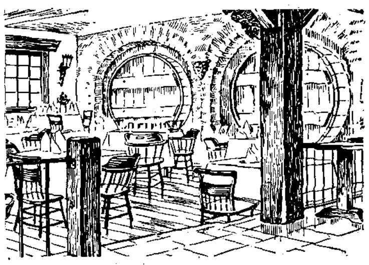

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nine Puerto Ricans was on relief; in New York City, it was just about one of every two. New York had three times as many families receiving aid to dependent children as Puerto Rico had. And while Puerto Rico's total expenditures for welfare went down in the sixties, New York's went up by two hundred and forty-two per cent. It was not merely the Puerto Ricans who accounted for this jump, of course, but they had become a built-in minority group of considerable consequence. In the spring of 1972, it was estimated that there were 811,843 in New York City.

Still another Spanish-speaking group of recent mounting significance are the Cubans. The Bureau found 544,600 of them in 1970—three and a half times their 1960 total. And there were Cubans in residence who considered that tally an understatement by perhaps more than ten per cent. However many Cubans may have entered this country in recent years—most of them anti-Castro, or, at any rate, non-Castro—the bulk of them have settled in Florida. Dade County, which consists in large measure of Miami, has almost a quarter of a million. In one statistical respect, the Cubans are thoroughly unlike the country's other Spanish-speaking residents: their median age is 34.1 years, giving them an unusual collective maturity.

IN an unbiassed sort of way, the Census Bureau is one of the most race-conscious institutions functioning in the United States. Nearly all its findings are uncompromisingly broken down in terms of black and white. (It is one of the biggest of the nation's remaining users of the word "Negro," to which its computers have become stubbornly accustomed.) One can hardly look at any Bureau publication without being reminded that in just about every measurable respect the hundred and seventy-eight million whites in the United States enjoy bulging advantages over the twenty-two and a half million blacks, who constitute our largest, most troubled, and most troubling minority. It was not until the nineteen-thirties that American blacks caught up in numbers with their foreign-born white co-residents, but by 1970 they enjoyed a more than two-to-one edge over that segment of the population. And what a large minority group the American blacks had become! Their number exceeded the total population of Canada.

It is no surprise, of course, that whites have it better than blacks, but what is somewhat surprising is the revelation afforded by the 1970 cen-

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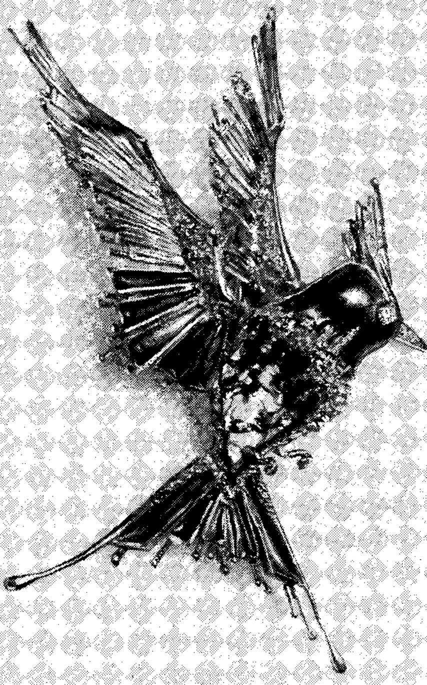

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sus that a few of the gaps between the races are finally beginning to narrow. Perhaps the most consequential gap of all is the gap in income. If there is ever to be any kind of genuine racial balance in this country, money will probably be the most effective leveller: Americans have long demonstrated a capacity for loving their neighbors who are in the same tax bracket. In the last ten years, the average black family has doubled its purchasing power. One-third of all black urban families in 1970 had total earnings of ten thousand dollars or more; less than one-tenth had that much in 1960. During the same period, however, one-half of all white families reached the ten-thousand-dollar class. In 1960, the median income for all black families was fifty-five per cent of the white-family median. By 1970, the blacks seemed to have closed that gap a bit; they had sixty-one per cent of what the whites had. But in a sense this gain was illusory; in absolute terms, the blacks had fallen even further back—by $1,118 a family. For while their median income (in terms of "1971 dollars") had risen from $3,233 to $6,516, the white median had risen from $5,835 to $10,236. (In 1971, the blacks moved on up to $6,714, and the whites to $10,672. No relative change.) And the earnings of the average black with a high-school diploma were still $826 behind those of the average white who had merely got through the eighth grade; the median black college graduate, for his part, was $160 behind the median white high-school graduate. Similarly, it sounded promising that between 1960 and 1970 there was a 112.6 per cent increase in the median income of non-white families in the South, while the white Southern median scored only a 74.1 per cent gain. But 67.8 per cent of all black families there, the percentages notwithstanding, remained below the seven-thousand-dollar-a-year level, in company with only 37.3 per cent of the whites.

The more any apparent economic advances for blacks are scrutinized the more it sometimes seems that for them the wheel of fortune is merely a treadmill. For example, there is one kind of black family that at first glance is statistically indistinguishable from its white counterpart: the non-Southern black household headed by a man under thirty-five. Its median income now virtually matches its white counterpart's, and in those instances where the black man's wife also works, as she is more likely to do than a white wife, the black family's income is actually a bit higher.

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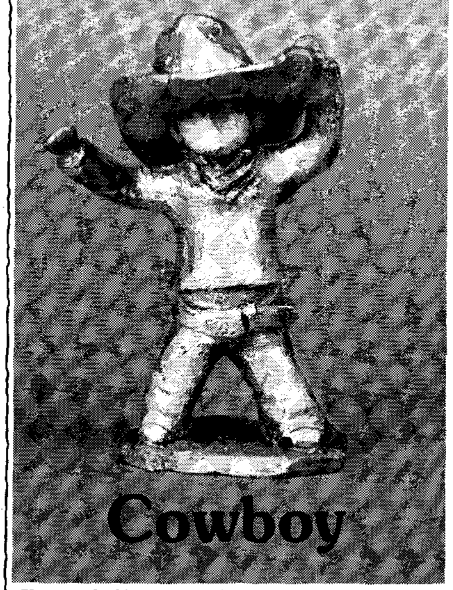

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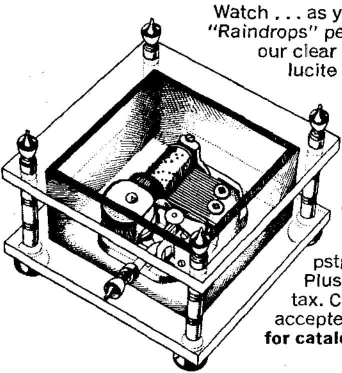

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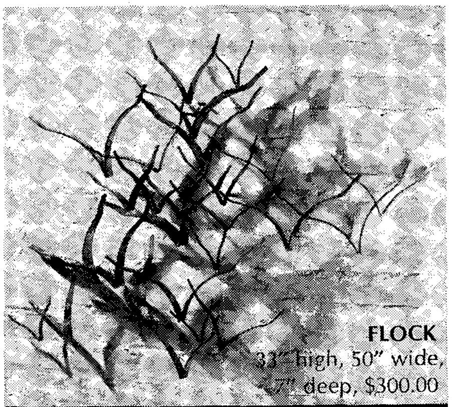

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Still, there were indications that blacks *were* gradually closing the economic gap between themselves and whites. The percentage of black families with annual incomes under three thousand dollars—about twenty per cent—was just the same as the percentage of white families that had been in that fix twenty years earlier. In one other economic respect, a strange equality had been perceived between the races. Andrew F. Brimmer, the first black governor of the Federal Reserve Board, has pointed out that eighty-six per cent of the total income of whites and eighty-four per cent of the total income of blacks is derived from earnings. But there is a crucial difference: the remaining fourteen per cent of the whites' incomes is derived mostly from dividends, interest, Social Security, and retirement; the remaining sixteen per cent of the blacks' incomes is derived mostly from welfare, public assistance, Social Security, and retirement.

It may be encouraging that, even though blacks' unemployment rates continue, in good times and bad, to be very close to twice those of whites, the

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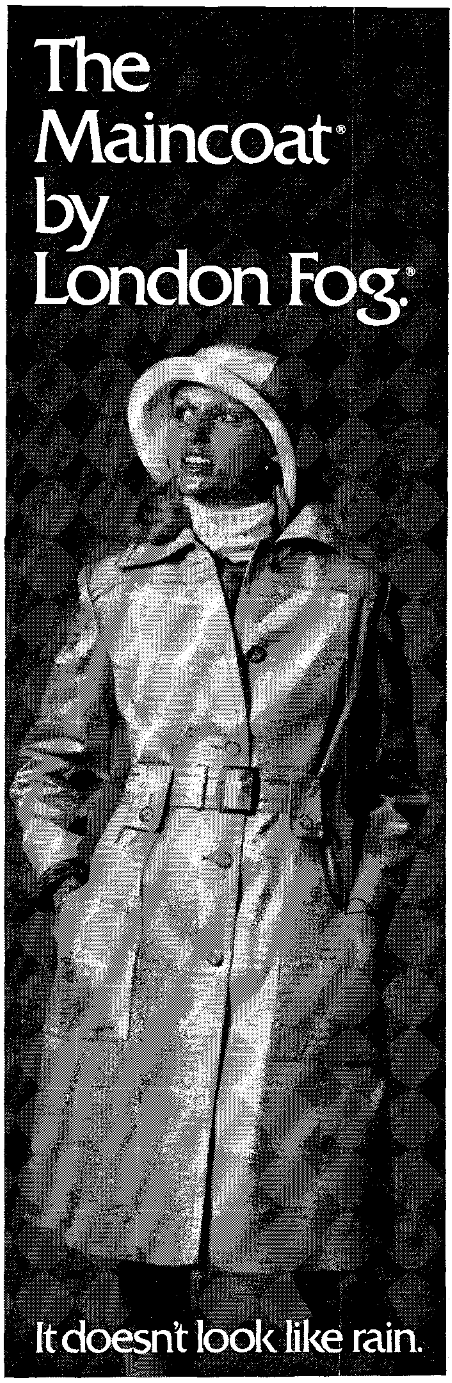
kind of work that blacks get when they can get it is gradually being upgraded. In 1960, only sixteen per cent of all employed nonwhites held white-collar jobs. In 1970, twenty-eight per cent did, and this gain represented a substantial increase in jobholders—from one million to two million four hundred thousand. During the decade, the rate of increase of black professional and technical workers (up from 4.7 per cent to 9.1 per cent of the black labor force) almost precisely matched the rate of decrease of black private household workers (down from fifteen per cent to 7.7 per cent). Twice as many professionals and technicians, half *as many servants: whether or not we* actually see these people, we are told that they are there, so the quality of somebody's life has got to be improving. Moreover, there have been some quantitative advances. During the sixties, the income of married white blue-collar workers increased by twenty-five per cent, but that of married nonwhite blue-collar workers went up by forty-two per cent.

WHEN John Kenneth Galbraith wrote "The Affluent Society," in 1958, there was an electric coffeepot in one of every two American homes. By 1970, eighty-six per cent of all families had one (even though some families that could doubtless afford them shunned them or drank tea). In many small respects, 1958's affluent society had become, by its criteria, an opulent one, or, at the least, an electric one. The average number of radios per American family was three in 1960; a decade later it was five. What is perhaps more illustrative of the recent change in American living and spending habits was that whereas in 1960 only 12.4 per cent of all families had an air-conditioner, ten years afterward the percentage had tripled. The dividing line between necessities and what used to be thought of as luxuries had, for an enormous number of Americans, become blurred. In 1970, we were a nation in which ninety-nine per cent of a total of sixty-three million households had a refrigerator, a radio, and a gas or electric range; in which more households—29.3 per cent of the total—had two cars than had none; and in which as many had television sets as had toilets. Nearly nineteen per cent of our households had a dishwasher, more than forty-one per cent a clothes dryer, and ninety-one per cent a vacuum cleaner. However messily we might treat our outdoor environment (we were releasing two hundred and eight million tons of man-made wastes into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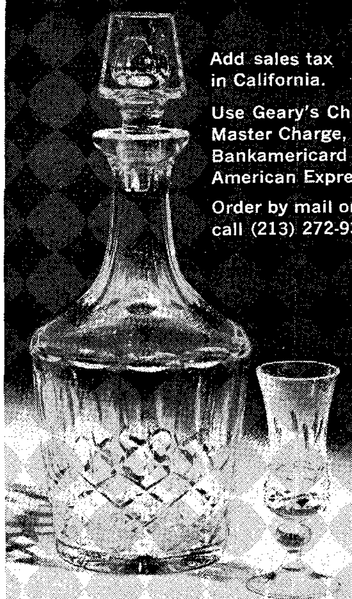

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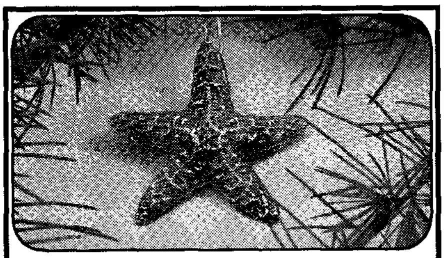

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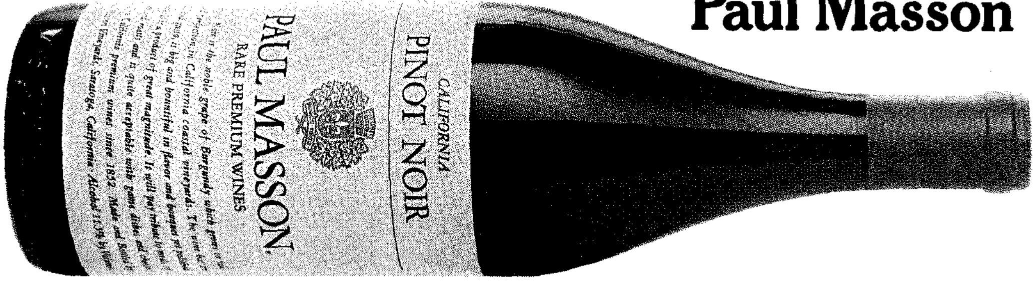
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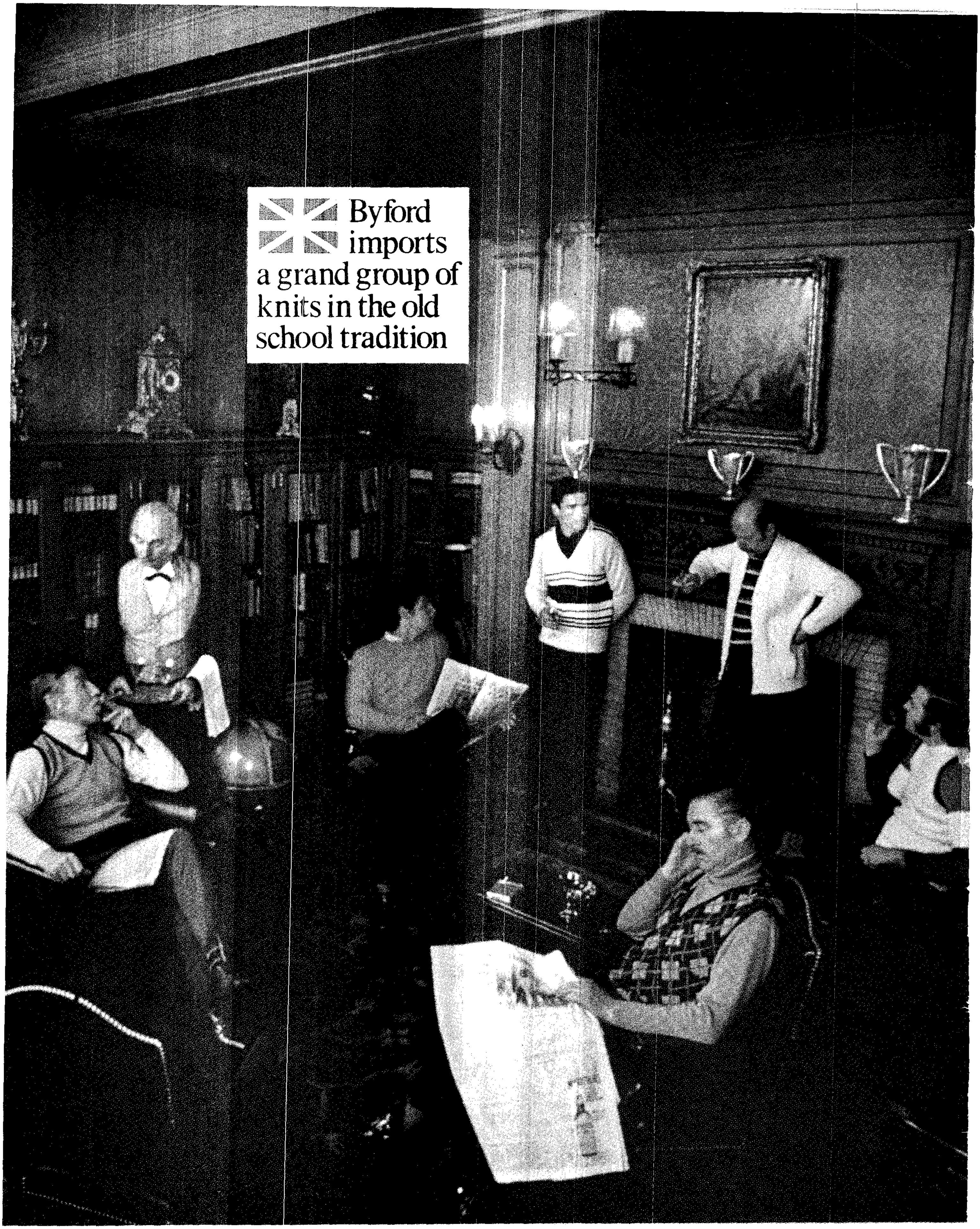

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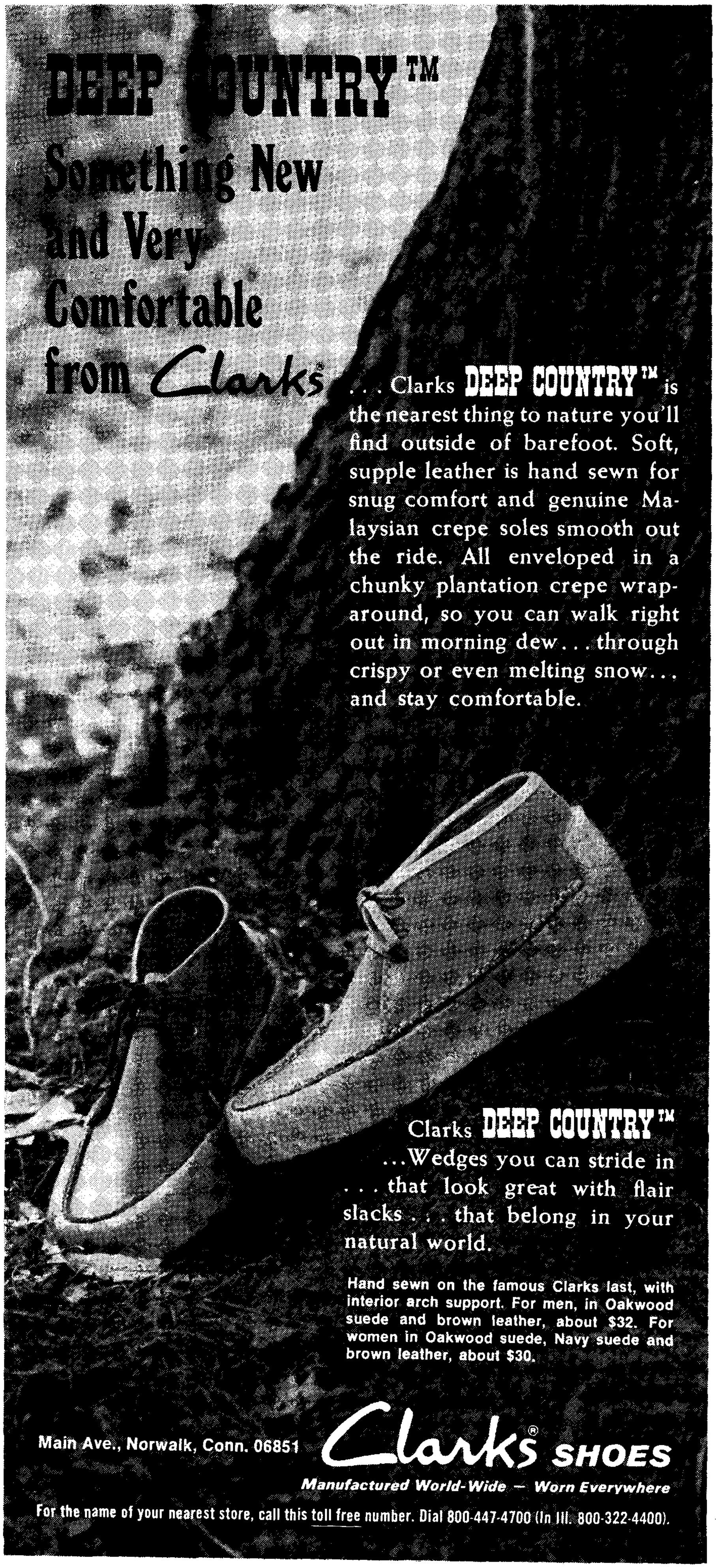
the air annually, fifty-one per cent of it from transportation sources), we had achieved an unparalleled capacity for indoor tidiness. And however unliberated politically, socially, and economically some of our women might feel, domestically they had been freed from manual drudgery to a degree beyond their mothers' dreams.

Residents of other countries, where median-income figures are apt to fluctuate between decades by tens of dollars rather than by thousands, must occasionally think that some of our statistics are misprints. In 1970, even forty-one per cent of all American families with incomes under three thousand dollars had a car. Of those with incomes over fifteen thousand dollars that year, which hardly qualified them by their country's standards as rich, ninety-six per cent had one car and sixty-three per cent at least two. By July of 1971, the Census Bureau reckoned, some twenty million households—nearly one-third of the national total—owned at least two cars. In 1970, only 17.5 per cent of all households (43.1 per cent of black households) had no car available in 1970, and 5.5 per cent of all households had three or more cars. Eighty-three per cent of all the households in the country had access to at least one car, and nearly thirty per cent to two or more. (In the Western states, it was forty per cent.) Blacks may be concentrated in the cities, where, presumably, there is less need for cars than elsewhere; no matter, 52.5 per cent of all black households had a car. It is understandable that cars should figure importantly in suburban living: 39.5 per cent of all suburban families had two or more, and fifteen per cent of families consisting of a husband and wife and at least one child over fifteen had three or more.

Of the nation's 76,852,389 workers in 1970, all of whom had to get to work by one means or another, 59,722,550 used automobiles. Only about nine million of them rode in somebody else's vehicle; that means that every weekday there were more than fifty million one-person cars on the road. For whatever reason, only 8.9 per cent of all the workers used any kind of public transportation in 1970. As the reliance on cars increased in the nineteen-sixties from sixty-four per cent to seventy-seven, the use of public transportation diminished from 12.1 per cent to 8.5. Nationwide, less than ten per cent of all workers—only 6,514,012 of them—went to work by bus, streetcar, subway, elevated train, or railroad, and of all 58,227,931 *urban* workers only about eleven per cent de-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pended on public transportation. Outside the Northeast, only 2,967,476 people in the entire country used public transportation; it is easy to see why members of Congress from the other regions need pay little heed to demands for urban rapid transit. Even in New York City, sometimes known as Bagdad-on-the-Subway, only a little more than half of the three million workers took to the underground, and they constituted eighty per cent of the Americans who did.

THERE was no skyrocketing surge of purchasing power to account for all the buying that characterized the nineteen-sixties—merely heightened appetites. Between 1960 and 1970, median income went up by forty-three per cent, and at the same time consumer prices went up by 31.1 per cent. Consumer credit stood, breathtakingly, at a hundred and twenty-seven billion dollars. In his 1964 book, "Rich Man, Poor Man," Herman P. Miller, who was for many years the knowledgeable chief of the Population Division of the Census Bureau, noted that in 1960 in the poorest county of the poorest state of the Union—Tunica County, in northwest Mississippi—thirty-seven per cent of all households had a washing machine, forty-six per cent had a car, and fifty-two per cent had a television set. Tunica County has not lost its unhappy distinction, but its inhabitants have duly shared in the national acquisitiveness; in 1970, sixty-one per cent of its households had a washing machine, sixty-one per cent had a car, and eighty-six per cent had a television set.

In 1971, the median income for all American families went above ten thousand dollars for the first time in history; it reached $10,285, and, barring some deflationary upheaval in our economy, it is unlikely to revert soon to four figures. Of the more than fifty per cent of our families with incomes over ten thousand dollars, some 2,519,021 households, plus a hundred thousand or so scattered individuals, had annual incomes over twenty-five thousand dollars, and three hundred and ninety-eight thousand families had incomes over fifty thousand dollars. But if the poor are less poor today than they were a generation ago, they have no good reason to believe that the rich are not just as rich, and maybe getting richer. Between 1959 and 1970, the share of the national earnings received by the lowest one-fifth of American wage earners rose from five per cent to 5.5, while the share that went to the

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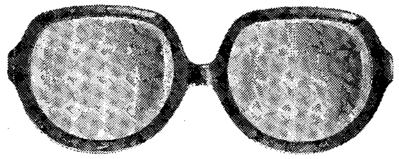

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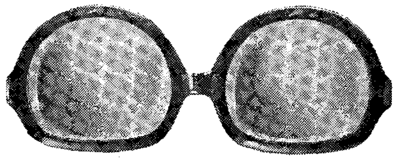

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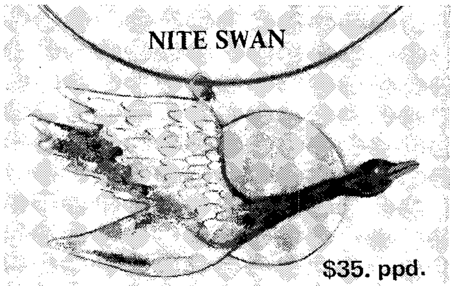

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highest one-fifth rose from 41.4 per cent to 41.6. The richest five per cent owned fourteen per cent of all the assets we could count. Such are the statistics on which discontent subsists.

In 1972, the personal income of all Americans came close to the trillion-dollar mark, but the advent of this milestone was hardly a cause for celebration, occurring, as it did, at a time when, because of inflation, there was actually less purchasing power for every American than there had been a couple of years earlier. Still, a trillion dollars ($1,000,000,000,000) came to about five thousand dollars a year in income for every one of our roughly two hundred million people. Annual incomes aside, it is amazing how little money most Americans really have. There are probably five thousand of us with a net worth of ten million dollars or more—and, contrary to the belief that women hold the purse strings of the nation, men outnumber them in this select, manipulative group by five to three—but at the same time the median of liquid assets for all American families in 1970 was a paltry eight hundred dollars. Only one of every eight families had liquid assets of more than ten thousand dollars, and one of every six families in this all-but-trillion-dollar-a-year country had no assets whatever. Even the cost of poverty is going up. The line was drawn in 1970 at $3,968 for a family of four—an increase of a thousand dollars over the 1959 cutoff point—but by 1971 it had reached $4,137 and by the start of 1973 it was $4,275. This was for nonfarm families; farm families, who presumably could live at least in part off the land, were not considered poor if they had as much as $3,643. (The government makes slight additional concessions to larger families: the maximum a seven-person nonfarm family could receive and still be poor was $6,983; for a farm family of that size the maximum was $5,947.) More than 27,125,000 Americans—7,680,000 of them black and 2,154,000 of them of Spanish origin—lived in a state of poverty in 1970. Of all the families in the nation, 5.3 per cent were receiving some form of public assistance: of all white families, 4 per cent; of families of Spanish origin, 12.6 per cent; of black families, 17.6 per cent.

About the only cheerful aspect of the poverty picture was that, over all, it was less discouraging than it had been before. In 1959, there had been 39,500,000 people living in poverty—twenty-two per cent of the entire population. The 25,600,000 who remained in that

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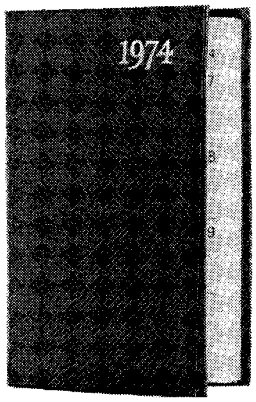
category in 1971 were only thirteen per cent of us. Poor whites had decreased by thirty-eight per cent, poor blacks by twenty-nine per cent. (As California had become preëminent among the states in most measurements, so did it harbor more poor than any other state—two million of them.) One of every ten white Americans lived in a state of poverty, and one of every three blacks. At the start of the sixties, three-quarters of all nonmetropolitan blacks were in poverty; a decade later, only half of them were. But, such gains notwithstanding, blacks were not escaping from poverty as fast as whites. In 1959, blacks were twenty-eight per cent of all the American poor, but by 1970, though they were only eleven per cent of the total population, they were thirty-one per cent of the poor. Indeed, they were close to becoming a majority of the welfare population. In 1971, whites still constituted forty-seven per cent of those receiving aid to dependent children, but the percentage of blacks was up to forty-four.

The poverty problem, however, was not primarily a black problem: relatively, yes; absolutely, no. For, percentages aside, there were nearly three times as many poor whites in America in 1970 as there were poor blacks—17,500,000 to 7,700,000. (In 1960, there had been 11,500,000 poor blacks, and they had constituted fifty-six per cent of the entire black population.) One big difference between these groups was that many of the white poor—for example, retired farmers too discouraged to seek greener fields elsewhere—were scattered and old. The black poor were younger and were huddled together. One of every four poor whites was over sixty-five, so the membership of that inadvertent fraternity was likely to be fairly rapidly reduced by death, but only one of every ten poor blacks was in that age group. Half of all the blacks in poverty were under eighteen, and they would be around for quite some time. Moreover, the black poor, by and large, are poorer than the white poor. On average, their 1970 income was sixteen hundred dollars below the poverty line, compared to thirteen hundred below for whites. It would have taken $11,400,000,000 in 1970 to get the poor up to the point of marginal subsistence. The prospects of their somehow reaching this point on their own are dim. There is a direct correlation, as we shall see, between education and income. Nearly three-quarters of the heads of poor families never finished high school. One-quarter



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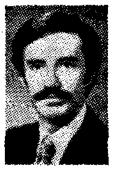

John C. Bruno

of the heads of poor families had less than eight years of schooling. Only two per cent of those families headed by college graduates were in poverty. There appears to be little correlation, however, between poverty and reluctance to work. Sixty-two per cent of the male heads of poverty families and forty-three per cent of the female heads worked for a while in 1970, and sixty-eight per cent of the female heads who didn't work said that they couldn't because of their responsibilities at home. Of the male heads of poor families who didn't work, sixty per cent were over sixty-five, and nineteen per cent were ill or disabled. Just above the poor on the economic scale, and hardly to be envied, are the near-poor, 10,200,000 strong in 1970, whom any little stroke of bad luck could push down into the group of outright poor. The number of families in this near-poor category who are headed by women rose by a distressing eighty per cent between 1959 and 1970. A lot of American women needed liberating in a very urgent way.

IN 1970, there were 67,656,566 year-round housing units in the United States—that is, houses, apartments, single rooms, and mobile homes. Apartments were looming larger and larger (literally as well as statistically) on the American scene. In the nineteen-sixties, all housing units increased by eighteen per cent, and this was a not surprising increase, with a rise in population of thirteen per cent and the inevitable abandonment of outmoded units, but the increase in apartments was spectacularly large: up by 36.8 per cent nationally, up by ninety-six per cent in the suburbs. Currently, for every two apartment buildings rising in the central cities, one is rising just outside them. More than five million new multi-unit residential structures went up during the decade. The trend toward apartment living is likely to accelerate in the years immediately ahead. By 1980, some sixty million of the Americans born since the Second World War will have grown up and will be seeking homes of their own. A substantial number of them, by all indicators, will become apartment dwellers.

Even so, we remain predominantly a nation of house dwellers; despite the drift toward apartments, the home-owners among us rose in the sixties from 32,800,000 to 39,900,000. (Some of them owned apartments or mobile homes, but the vast majority owned houses.) In 1970, sixty-three per cent

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of all American families owned a home. Among blacks as well as whites, home-ownership increased, even in the South, where forty-two per cent of the blacks owned a home of sorts in 1960 and forty-seven per cent did in 1970. New one-family homes are now being sold at the rate of 596,000 a year, currently at a median price of about $33,700; in theory, it is sound economics for a family to pay a sum equal to twice its annual income for a home. Of all American families with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars or more in 1970, eighty-five per cent owned at least one home, and even half of those with incomes under three thousand dollars had a place that, whatever its deficiencies, they could accurately call their own. Generally, our houses were all at once getting larger and less crowded. In 1960, the average suburban family consisted of 3.5 people occupying 5.1 rooms; in 1970, there were only 3.3 of them and they had 5.3 rooms.

THE Census Bureau defines "youth" as that segment of the population between fourteen and twenty-four. In 1970, because so many children were born in the decade following the Second World War, there were 40,285,000 Americans—one-fifth of the nation—who fitted the definition; in 1960, there had been only 27,136,000. One result of the increased size of this group was that the median age of the entire population of the United States fell in ten years from 29.5 to 28. Contemporary American youth has a good many unarguable attributes, and it has been invested with some that it may not deserve. In the sixties, it was widely believed, for instance, that young people were indolent and parasitic, and that they manifested their hostility toward Establishmentarian values by refusing to do the one specific thing that the Establishment has traditionally prescribed for them—to go to school. The figures do not bear this out. The young men and women we saw drifting around us, seemingly at loose ends, cannot have been unreal, but statistically they were all but irrelevant. Perhaps we were thinking of them as the tip of the iceberg when in fact they were the whole berg. In any event, in terms of school enrollment the nineteen-sixties were characterized more by continuity than by change, and what change there was favored the Establishment. The school-dropout rate for persons between thirty and thirty-four in 1971—those who had for the most part finished their

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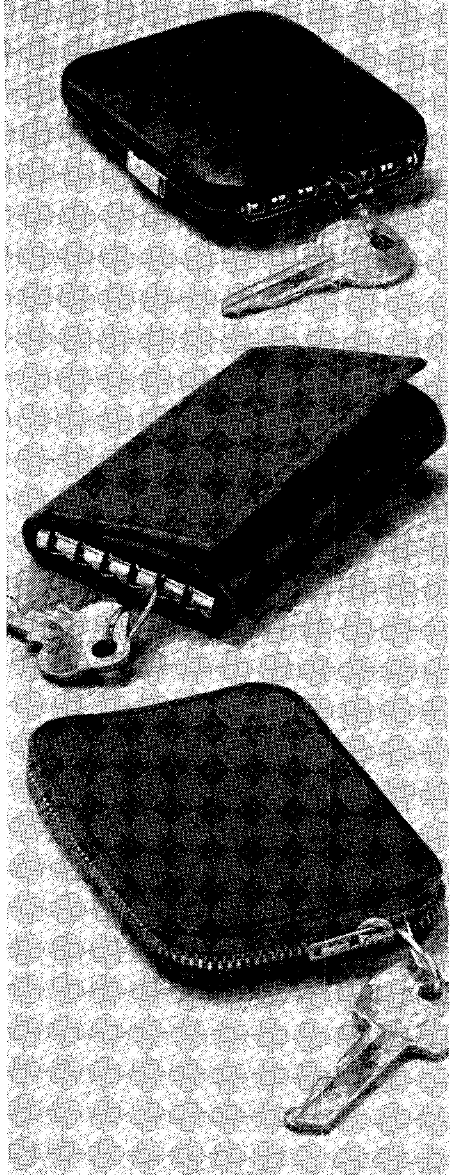

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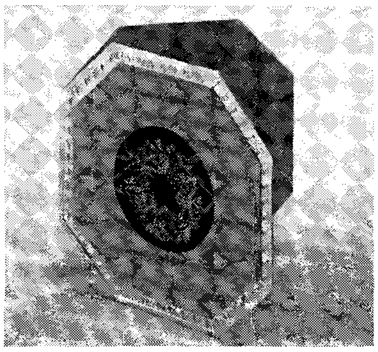

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education ten years earlier—was twenty-four per cent for whites and forty-one per cent for blacks. On the other hand, the rate for persons between twenty and twenty-four—those who were just finishing up—was only sixteen per cent for whites and thirty-one per cent for blacks. At the same time, the percentage of all Americans who had completed high school was climbing. Between 1962 and 1972, it rose from 46.3 per cent to 55.2. And for selected groups of younger people the comparison was even more impressive: of those who were between twenty and twenty-nine in 1960, sixty-five per cent had gone through high school; in 1971, the percentage was 79.5.

The Census Bureau has an abundance of data on education and income, and correlations of the two categories seem to indicate that the more people have had of the former the more they have of the latter. One-third of those who in 1971 were not high-school graduates were getting less than six thousand dollars a year, but only thirteen per cent of those with diplomas were doing so poorly. Conversely, while forty-three per cent of those who had finished college before 1971 were getting more than fifteen thousand dollars, only twenty-two per cent of those who had graduated from high school were doing as well, and a mere six per cent of those who hadn't made it through the twelfth grade. For heads of families with a college degree, the average 1971 earnings were $15,530; for those who had finished high school, $11,269; for those who had stopped after elementary school, $7,668. The last time the Census Bureau computed the probable average lifetime earnings for males twenty-five years of age and over with four years of college, it came up with the figure of $586,047; those eighteen and over with less than eight years of schooling could look forward to no more than $214,000.

Although many reservations have been expressed lately about the nature of American education, Americans are at least going through the motions of absorbing a lot of it. Among the findings of the 1970 census was the benchmark news that, for the first time in the nation's decennial stocktakings, more than half of its living adult citizens had graduated from high school. As recently as 1940, only 4.6 per cent of all living Americans twenty-five years of age and over had finished college, and 60.4 per cent of them had stopped their education after elementary school. In thirty years, there had been a drastic reversal; by 1970, eleven per cent of the

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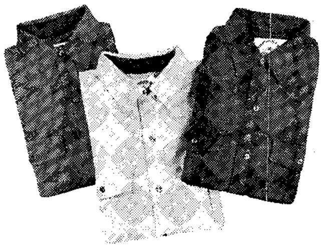

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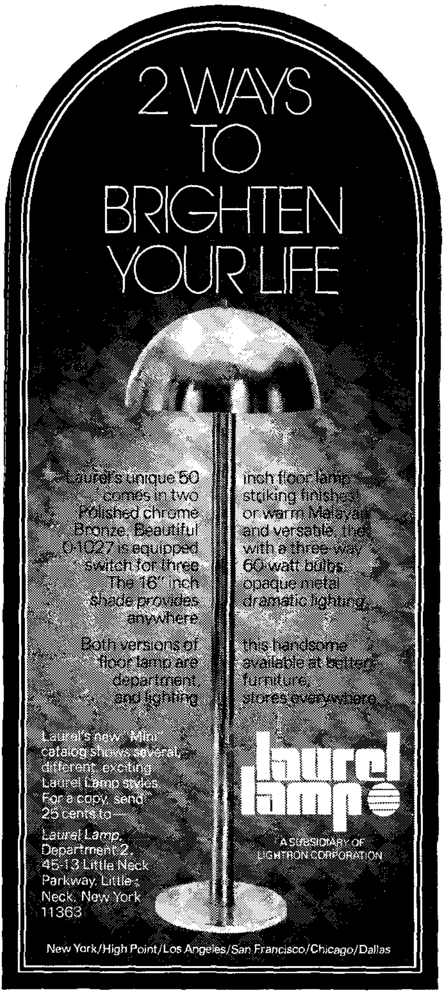
over-twenty-fives were college graduates, and only 26.6 per cent of them had not got beyond the elementary level. Of those between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-nine, eighty per cent had graduated from high school. Here the progress of American blacks was especially noteworthy. In 1940, only twelve per cent of the blacks between twenty-five and twenty-nine had completed high school, and in 1950 only twenty-three per cent. By 1972, more than sixty-six per cent had. (Even 22.8 per cent of the rural blacks had.) To be sure, they were still noticeably behind their white compatriots, but this was another gap that was narrowing. Blacks who were twenty and twenty-one in 1970 had a median of 12.4 years of schooling—a bit *more* than high school. At that level, they were very close to the whites of their age, whose median was 12.8.

The *kind* of education that many of these blacks were getting was another matter. More than twice as many blacks as whites were two years or more *behind the grade levels for their age,* and there were more black males in that unhappy fix than black females. Despite prodigious school-attendance figures, it was suspected in 1970 that our schools harbored millions of children—an unspecified but assuredly high proportion of them black children in central-city schools—with grave reading problems. Without remedial action, these children were almost bound to find their deficiencies increasingly disadvantageous as they grew older, inasmuch as there would be fewer and fewer niches in the economy that they could hope to fill.

Still, it is heartening to be able to worry about *degrees* of reading achievement. It was not so long ago that a substantial number of Americans suffered from a handicap that—economically, psychologically, and socially—was far more hobbling than a reading problem: the inability to read at all. In 1970, the nation had 1,400,000 illiterates—891,000 whites and 509,000 blacks. One per cent of all whites over forty-five were illiterate, and ten per cent of all comparable blacks. The illiteracy rate should decline sharply in the next decade or two, inasmuch as the greatest percentage of illiterates was to be found in 1969 among the oldest blacks: 17.2 per cent of the black males over sixty-five and 16.2 per cent of the black females. The dying off of older black illiterates in the nineteen-sixties was the principal cause of the dwindling national total, and their deaths also affected the statis-



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tical nature of the entire black population: in 1959, 7.5 per cent of all American blacks had been illiterate, and in 1969 only 3.6 per cent were.

Having now become a nation in which not to finish high school is the exception far more than the rule, we might within the next decade or two become one in which a majority of the inhabitants are college graduates. More than half of all the 1970 high-school graduates matriculated at some kind of college. A young man who a generation earlier might have gone straight from school to a job as an automobile mechanic was apt to spend two years at a technical college and emerge as an automotive-service engineer. (In the fall of 1970, 1,692,000 of a total of 6,300,000 college students in America were in junior colleges. The two-year colleges were responsible practically all by themselves for the rise in college enrollments between 1966 and 1971, for seven hundred thousand of an eight-hundred-thousand increase in freshmen and sophomores was credited to their ranks.) That sixty per cent of the eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds in white metropolitan families were in school in 1970 is hardly surprising; what *is* surprising is that more than fifty per cent of the comparable young blacks also were. The latter group had far outdistanced blacks in general, who, across the country, constituted only about nine per cent of the college population. Still, that is a better showing than they made in most measurable aspects of our society; and it may also be a hopeful augury that while in 1972 the percentage of whites between eighteen and twenty-four on college campuses remained about the same as it had been five years before, the total black college enrollment—seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand—represented an increase of a robust two hundred and eleven per cent since 1964.

In a single generation, the higher-education picture had changed radically, and not merely for blacks. Three-quarters of the blacks in college came from families in which the head of the house was not college-educated, but then so did three-fifths of the whites. In 1970 16.2 per cent of all Americans between twenty-five and twenty-nine had college degrees; by 1980, that figure might be up to twenty-four per cent, and by 1990 it might reach thirty per cent.

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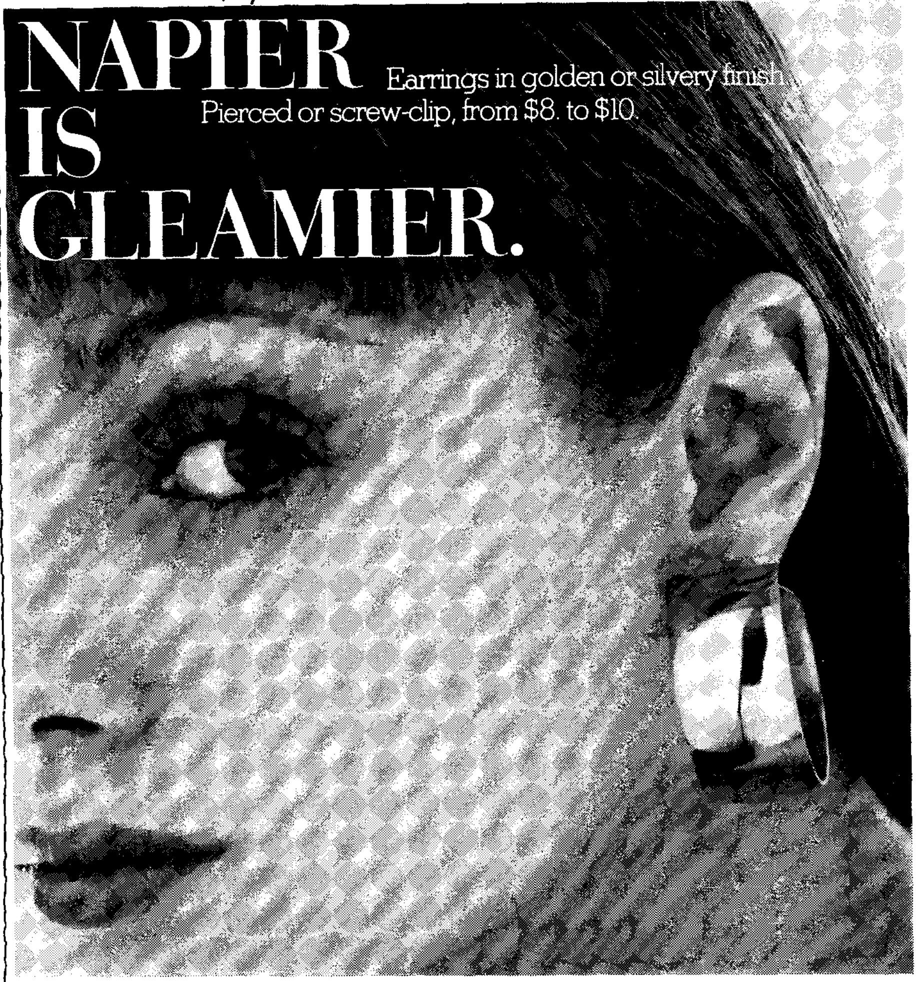
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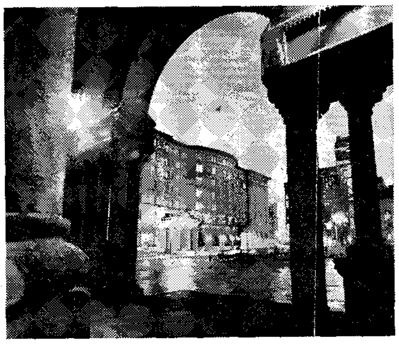

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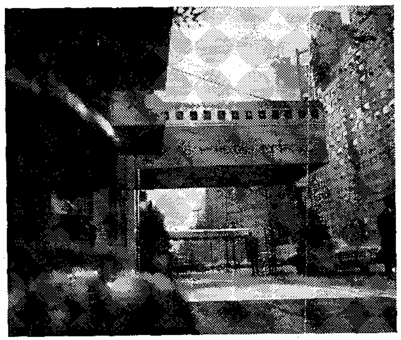

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ble group of older people—those often designated "senior citizens" by their juniors. However spry any individual may seem or feel when he reaches sixty-five, that is the age at which he is accorded by the Census Bureau the irreversible status of seniority. In 1900, when the life expectancy at birth of all Americans was forty-seven, there were merely three million who had reached the sixty-five-year watershed, and they made up slightly less than four per cent of the total population. By 1970, life expectancy had climbed to seventy, and there were alive (and not infrequently kicking) more than twenty million people sixty-five and over—virtually ten per cent of the nation. In sheer numbers, they now form a significant portion of the body politic. They outnumber the combined population of the twenty smallest states of the Union, and because they take their political responsibilities more seriously than most younger people do, candidates for elective office must take *them* seriously. Much of George Wallace's success was surely attributable to his assiduous courting of their support and his awareness of their frustrations. For they have many. Their biggest worry is their money, or their relative lack of it. The 1970 median income for all American families was $9,867; for all families headed by a person sixty-five or over, it was $5,053. True, they had, by and large, smaller families and fewer dependents, but many of them fell far short of making ends meet. Social Security notwithstanding, 27.1 per cent of all of them lived below the poverty line in 1969, and after Social Security payments were increased by about one-fourth between December, 1969, and March, 1971, the percentage fell merely to twenty-two per cent. Of the older people not living with their families, 48.5 per cent were below the poverty level in 1970, and the percentage in the farm regions was even higher. That many of them have found conservative politicians appealing may stem less from any hardening of arteries or attitudes, or any distaste for long hair, than from an understandable anxiety to conserve the purchasing power of the often fixed assets on which they rely to survive.

As the ranks of the over-sixty-fives have swelled, the size of American households has noticeably diminished. The average number of individuals per household dropped from 3.37 in 1950 to 3.14 in 1970. Nowadays, practically nobody lives in the great majority of American homes except parents and their younger children. In 1950, more

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than twenty per cent of all the nation's older people were living with relatives—in most instances, with their own grown children. In twenty years, this figure fell to 12.5 per cent. The percentage of older men living in households of which they were part of the family but not the head fell from eleven in 1961 to seven in 1971, and the percentage of such older women from twenty-two to fifteen. The old folks have, as some students of geriatrics delicately put it, become ever more emphatically disengaged. At the same time, not surprisingly, the percentage of older men living in their own households—frequently a one-person household—rose from twelve to fifteen, and the percentage of such older women from twenty-eight to thirty-six.

One reason for the prominence of individuals sixty-five and over in the one-person-household category is that there are so many elderly widows around. Most people prefer not to live alone, however, and a two-person household is not merely more congenial than solitude, as a rule, but also a good deal more economical. (The image of our older people as forlorn, abandoned, and condemned to live out their days in nursing homes or hospitals is, incidentally, a false one; only one of every twenty Americans sixty-five and over is to be found in any kind of institution.) Accordingly, in an era when fewer and fewer of the younger, conventionally marriageable Americans are actually getting married, there has been a jump in marriages among the old. More than thirty-five thousand marriages now occur annually in which at least one of the participants is sixty-five or over. There would probably be even more of them if it were not that for every widower in that age group there are now three widows. And, alas for the widows, the widowers do not always seek out their contemporaries for wives. There are 3,871 American husbands today who are seventy-five and over and have wives under twenty-five; 2,216 women seventy-five and over have husbands under twenty-five.

The loneliest Americans in 1970 were the worst off. Thirty-seven per cent of all of us of any race who lived alone also lived below the poverty level—a sobering fact at a time when longevity was increasing. And the outlook is not notably more promising for older couples, many of whom, it would seem, have precious little to comfort them except each other. In 1970, almost a quarter of all the married couples in the sixty-five-and-over bracket had to make do on less than three thousand

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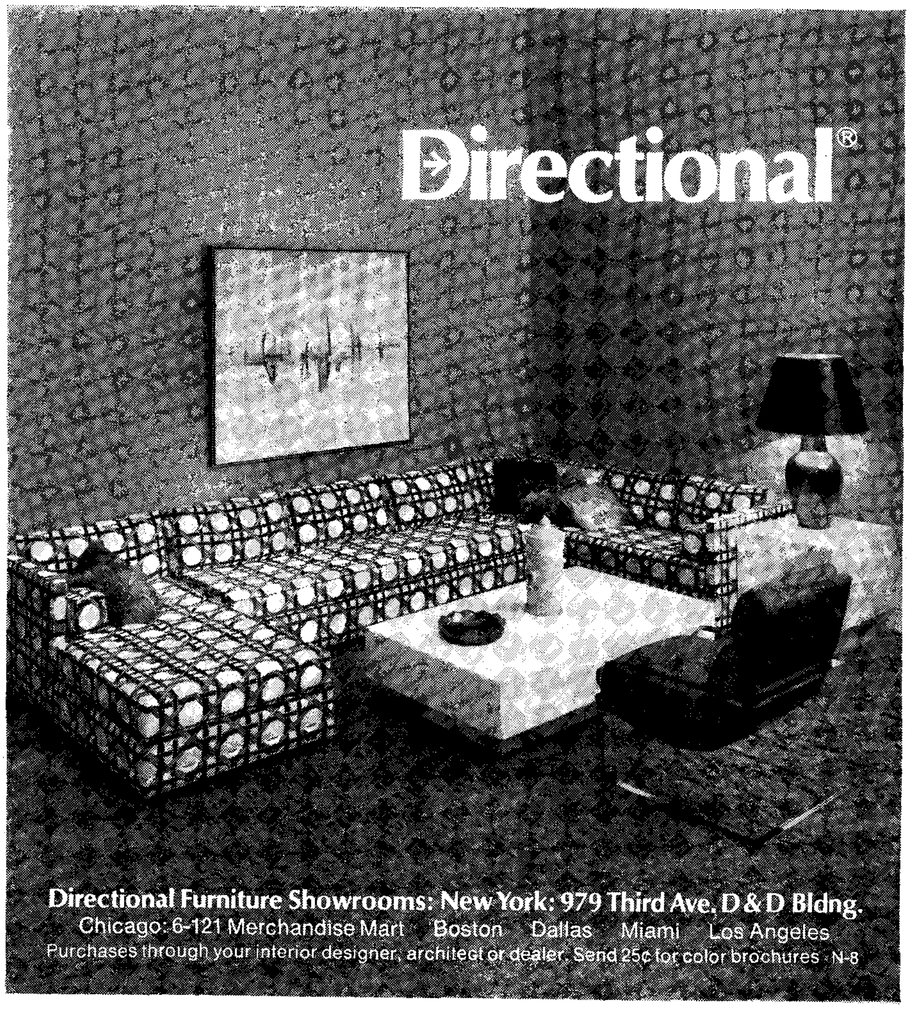

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dollars a year, and two per cent had to get by somehow on less than a thousand. The poor got poorer, the rich got richer still, and the old, for so many of whom Sun City was about as realistically attainable as Heaven, merely got older.

The number of people sixty-five and over is growing today at a rate greater than that of the rest of the population—an annual increase of twenty-one per cent as against thirteen per cent. There are about three hundred and fifty thousand more of them among us every year, and we can predict with fair accuracy how many will be around by the year 2000, inasmuch as the vagaries of fertility do not affect *them;* anybody who is going to be sixty-five by the end of the century has to be alive already. By then, there will probably be some twenty-nine million of them. And as the American life span is prolonged there will be even more individuals around who are the oldest of the old. In 1900, only twenty-nine per cent of all our people over sixty-five were as old as seventy-five. By 1970, thirty-eight per cent of them were over seventy-five, and by 2000, in all likelihood, forty-three per cent will be. The Census Bureau population experts who deal in projections have come up with some beguiling hypotheses about the possible composition of the United States at the start of the twenty-first century. If, as seems not improbable, America should maintain a zero population-growth rate, and if—a less credible contingency—immigration should no longer be a contributing factor, the total population in 2000 would be only 251,056,000, and there would be some interesting changes in the makeup of the country. Whereas in 1970 it contained 17,154,337 individuals under five years old and 7,630,046 seventy-five and over, in 2000 it would have just about the same number of preschoolers—18,147,000—but half again as many pre-octogenarians: there would be about 12,400,000 people seventy-five and over. After the population levelled off so that births and deaths were in balance, seven per cent of the total would be people seventy-five and over, and the median age for the entire nation would be 37.2 years—a median considerably in excess of the life expectancy today of some of the less developed nations on earth. There would be so many Americans over thirty around that the under-thirty group might even start listening to them again.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

photo: Arthur Todd

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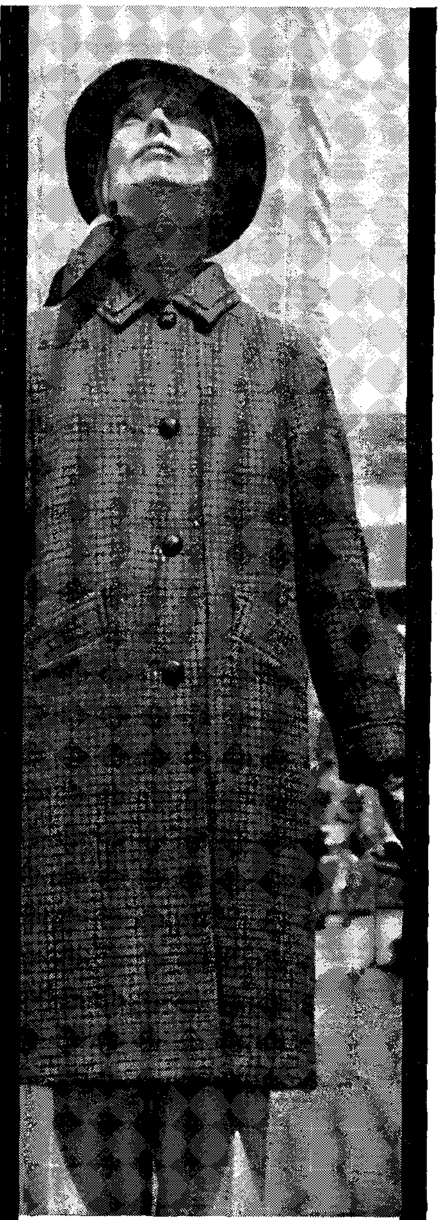

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Movieland—The Bums' Paradise

EDMUND WILSON summed up Raymond Chandler convincingly in 1945 when he said of "Farewell, My Lovely," "It is not simply a question here of a puzzle which has been put together but of a malaise conveyed to the reader, the horror of a hidden conspiracy which is continually turning up in the most varied and unlikely forms. . . . It is only when I get to the end that I feel my old crime-story depression descending upon me again—because here again, as is so often the case, the explanation of the mysteries, when it comes, is neither interesting nor plausible enough. It fails to justify the excitement produced by the picturesque and sinister happenings, and I cannot help feeling cheated." Locked in the conventions of pulp writing, Raymond Chandler never found a way of dealing with that malaise. But Robert Altman does, in "The Long Goodbye," based on Chandler's 1953 Los Angeles-set novel. The movie is set in the same city twenty years later; this isn't just a matter of the private-detective hero's prices going from twenty-five dollars a day to fifty—it's a matter of rethinking the book and the genre. Altman, who probably works closer to his unconscious than any other American director, tells a detective story, all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and that Los Angeles sickness. The movie isn't just Altman's private-eye movie—it's his Hollywood movie, set in the mixed-up world of movie-influenced life that is L.A.

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In Los Angeles, you can live any way you want (except the urban way); it's the fantasy-brothel, where you can live the fantasy of your choice. You can also live well without being rich, which is the basic and best reason people swarm there. In that city—the pop amusement park of the shifty and the uprooted, the city famed as the place where you go to sell out—Raymond Chandler situated his incorruptible knight Philip Marlowe, the private detective firmly grounded in high principles. Answering a letter in 1951, Chandler wrote, "If being in revolt against a corrupt society constitutes being immature, then Philip Marlowe is extremely immature. If seeing dirt where there is dirt constitutes an inadequate social adjustment, then Philip Marlowe has inadequate social adjustment. Of course Marlowe is a failure, and he knows it. He is a failure because he hasn't any money. . . . A lot of very good men have been failures because their particular talents did not suit their time and place." And he cautioned, "But you must remember that Marlowe is not a real person. He is a creature of fantasy. He is in a false position because I put him there. In real life, a man of his type would no more be a private detective than he would be a university don." Six months later, when his rough draft of "The Long Goodbye" was criticized by his agent, Chandler wrote back, "I didn't care whether the mystery was fairly obvious, but I cared about the people, about this strange corrupt world we live in, and how any man who tried to be honest looks in the end either sentimental or plain foolish."

Chandler's sentimental foolishness is the taking-off place for Altman's film. Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is a wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along. Chauffeur, punching bag, errand boy, he's used, lied to, double-crossed. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. He isn't stupid and he's immensely likable, but the pulp pretense that his chivalrous code was armor has collapsed, and the romantic machismo of Bogart's Marlowe in "The Big Sleep" has evaporated. The one-lone-idealist-in-the-city-crawling-with-rats becomes a schlemiel who thinks he's tough and wise. (He's still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart.) He doesn't know the facts of life that everybody else knows; even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares*. That's his true innocence, and it's his slack-jawed crazy sweetness that keeps the movie from being harsh or scabrous.

Altman's goodbye to the private-eye hero is comic and melancholy and full of regrets. It's like cleaning house and throwing out things that you know you're going to miss—there comes a time when junk dreams get in your way. "The Long Goodbye" reaches a satirical dead end that kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Altman does variations on Chandler's theme the way the John Williams score does variations on the title song, which is a tender ballad in one scene, a funeral dirge in another. Williams' music is a parody of the movies' frequent overuse of a theme, and a demonstration of how adaptable a theme can be. This picture, less accidental than "Beat the Devil," is just about as funny, though quicker-witted, and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images—a reverie on the lies of old movies. It's a knockout of a movie that has taken eight months to arrive in New York because after opening in Los Angeles last March and being badly received (perfect irony) it folded out of town. It's probably the best American movie ever made that almost didn't open in New York. Audiences may have felt they'd already had it with Elliott Gould; the young men who looked like him in 1971 have got cleaned up and barbered and turned into Mark Spitz. But it actually adds poignancy to the film that Gould himself is already an anachronism.

Thinner and more lithe than in his brief fling as a superstar (his success in "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" and "M*A*S*H" led to such speedy exploitation of his box-office value that he appeared in seven films between 1969 and 1971), Gould comes back with his best performance yet. It's his movie. The rubber-legged slouch, the sheepish, bony-faced angularity have their grace; drooping-eyed, squinting, with more blue stubble on his face than any other hero on record, he's a loose and woolly, jazzy Job. There's a skip and bounce in his shamble. Chandler's arch, spiky dialogue—so hardboiled it can make a reader's teeth grate—gives way to this Marlowe's muttered, befuddled throwaways, his self-sendups. Gould's Marlowe is a man who is had by everybody—a male pushover, reminiscent of Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity." He's Marlowe as Miss Lonelyhearts. Yet this softhearted honest loser is so logical a modernization, so "right," that when you think about Marlowe afterward you can't imagine any other way of playing him now that wouldn't be just fatuous. (Think of Mark Spitz as Marlowe if you want fatuity pure.) The good-guys-finish-last conception was implicit in Chandler's L.A. all along, and Marlowe was only one step from being a clown, but Chandler pulped his own surrogate and made Marlowe, the Victorian relic, a winner. Chandler has a basic phoniness that it would have been a cinch to exploit. He wears his conscience right up

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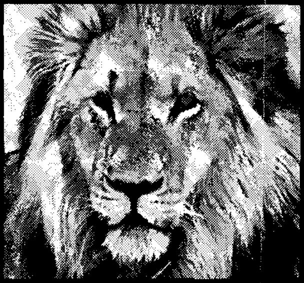

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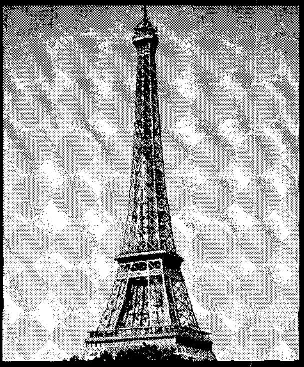

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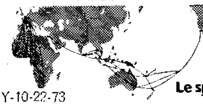

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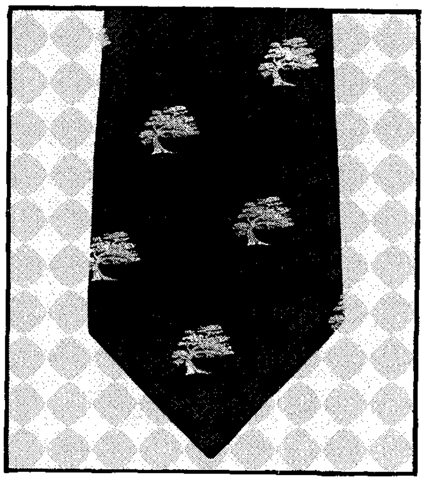
front; the con trick is that it's not a writer's conscience. Offered the chance to break free of the straitjacket of the detective novel, Chandler declined. He clung to the limiting stereotypes of pop writing and blamed "an age whose dominant note is an efficient vulgarity, an unscrupulous scramble for the dollar." Style, he said, "can exist in a savage and dirty age, but it cannot exist in the Coca-Cola age . . . the Book of the Month, and the Hearst Press." It was Marlowe, the independent man, dedicated to autonomy—his needs never rising above that twenty-five dollars a day—who actually lived like an artist. Change Marlowe's few possessions, "a coat, a hat, and a gun," to "a coat, a hat, and a typewriter," and the cracks in Chandler's myth of the hero become a hopeless split.

Robert Altman is all of a piece, but he's complicated. You can't predict what's coming next in the movie; his plenitude comes from somewhere beyond reason. An Altman picture doesn't have to be great to be richly pleasurable. He tosses in more than we can keep track of, maybe more than *he* bothers to keep track of; he nips us in surprising ways. In "The Long Goodbye," as in "M*A*S*H," there are climaxes, but you don't have the sense of waiting for them, because what's in between is so satisfying. He underplays the plot and concentrates on the people, so it's almost all of equal interest, and you feel as if it could go on indefinitely and you'd be absorbed in it. Altman may have the most glancing touch since Lubitsch, and his ear for comedy is better than anybody else's. In this period of movies, it isn't necessary (or shouldn't be) to punch the nuances home; he just glides over them casually, in the freest possible way. Gould doesn't propel the action as Bogart did; the story unravels around the private eye—the corrupt milieu wins. Maybe the reason some people have difficulty getting onto Altman's wavelength is that he's just about incapable of overdramatizing. He's not a pusher. Even in this film, he doesn't push decadence. He doesn't heat up angst the way it was heated in "Midnight Cowboy" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"

POP culture takes some nourishment from the "high" arts, but it feeds mainly on itself. "The Long Goodbye" had not been filmed before, because the book came out too late, after the private-eye-movie cycle had peaked. Marlowe had already become Bogart, and you could see him in it when you read the book. You weren't likely to have



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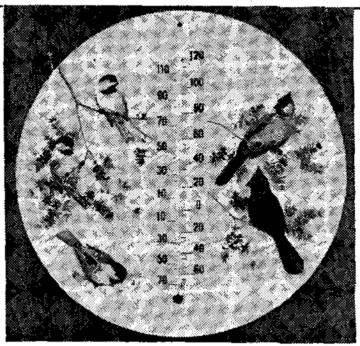

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kept the other Marlowes of the forties (Dick Powell, Robert Montgomery, George Montgomery) in your mind, and you had to see somebody in it. The novel reads almost like a parody of pungent writing—like a semi-literate's idea of great writing. The detective-novel genre always verged on self-parody, because it gave you nothing under the surface. Hemingway didn't need to state what his characters felt, because his external descriptions implied all that, but the pulp writers who imitated Hemingway followed the hard-boiled-detective pattern that Hammett had invented; they externalized everything and implied nothing. Their gaudy terseness demonstrates how the novel and the comic strip can merge. They described actions and behavior from the outside, as if they were writing a script that would be given some inner life by the actors and the director; the most famous practitioners of the genre were, in fact, moonlighting screenwriters. "The Long Goodbye" may have good descriptions of a jail or a police lineup, but the prose is alternately taut and lumpy with lessons in corruption, and most of the great observations you're supposed to get from it are just existentialism with oil slick. With its classy dames, a Marlowe influenced by Marlowe, the obligatory tension between Marlowe and the cops, and the sentimental bar scenes, "The Long Goodbye" was a product of the private-eye films of the decade before. Chandler's corrupt milieu—what Auden called "The Great Wrong Place"—was the new-style capital of sin, the city that made the movies and was made by them.

In Chandler's period (he died in 1959), movies and novels interacted; they still do, but now the key interaction may be between movies and movies—and between movies and us. We can no longer view ourselves—the way Nathanael West did—as different from the Middle Westerners in L.A. lost in their movie-fed daydreams, and the L.A. world founded on pop is no longer the world *out there*, as it was for Edmund Wilson. Altman's "The Long Goodbye" (like Paul Mazursky's "Blume in Love") is about people who live in L.A. because they like the style of life, which comes from the movies. It's not about people who work in movies but about people whose lives have been shaped by them; it's set in the modern L.A. of the stoned sensibility, where people have given in to the beauty that always looks unreal. The inhabitants are an updated gallery of California freaks, with one character

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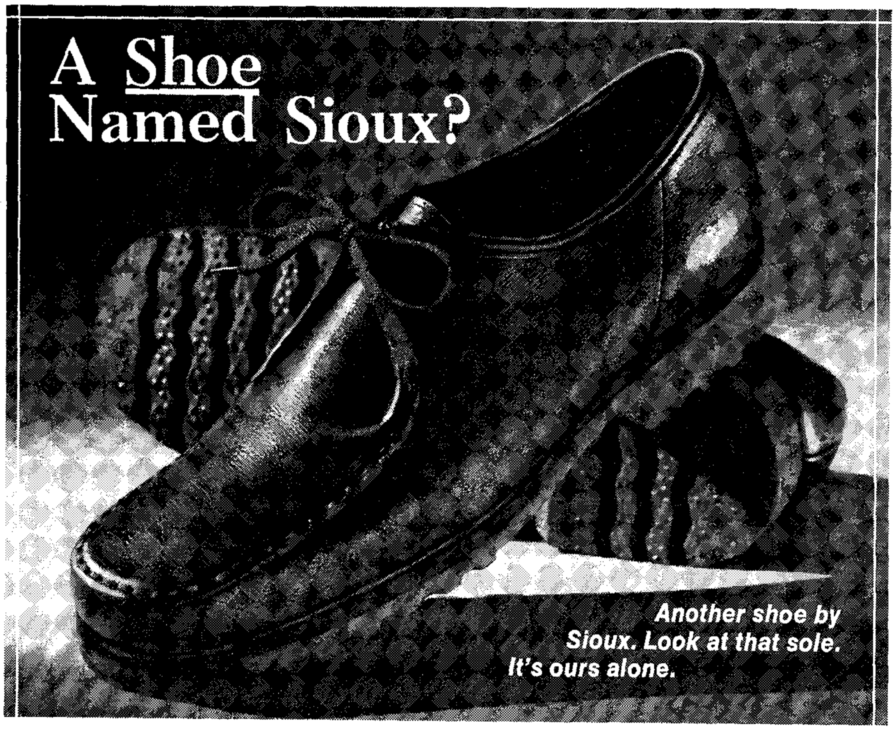

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who links this world to Nathanael West's—the Malibu Colony gatekeeper (Ken Sansom), who does ludicrous, pitiful impressions of Barbara Stanwyck in "Double Indemnity" (which was Chandler's first screenwriting job), and of James Stewart, Walter Brennan, and Cary Grant (the actor Chandler said he had in mind for Marlowe). In a sense, Altman here has already made "Day of the Locust." (To do it as West intended it, and to have it make contemporary sense, it would now have to be set in Las Vegas.) Altman's references to movies don't stick out—they're just part of the texture, as they are in L.A.—but there are enough so that a movie pedant could do his own weirdo version of "A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake."

The one startlingly violent action in the movie is performed by a syndicate boss who is as rapt in the glory of his success as a movie mogul. Prefigured in Chandler's description of movie producers in his famous essay "Writers in Hollywood," Marty Augustine (Mark Rydell) is the next step up in paranoid self-congratulation from the Harry Cohn-like figure that Rod Steiger played in "The Big Knife;" he's freaked out on success, L.A.-Las Vegas style. His big brown eyes with their big brown bags preside over the decaying pretty-boy face of an Eddie Fisher, and when he flashes his ingenuous Paul Anka smile he's so appalling he's comic. His violent act is outrageously gratuitous (he smashes a Coke bottle in the fresh young face of his unoffending mistress), yet his very next line of dialogue is so comic-tough that we can't help laughing while we're still gasping, horrified—much as we did when Cagney shoved that half grapefruit in Mae Clarke's nagging kisser. This little Jewish gangster-boss is a mod imp—offspring of the movies, as much a creature of show business as Joel Grey's m.c. in "Cabaret." Marty Augustine's bumbling goon squad (ethnically balanced) are the illegitimate sons of Warner Brothers. In the Chandler milieu, what could be better casting than the aristocratic Nina van Pallandt as the rich dish—the duplicitous blonde, Mrs. Wade? And, as her husband, the blocked famous writer Roger Wade, Sterling Hayden, bearded like Neptune, and as full of the old mach as the progenitor of tough-guy writing himself. The most movieish bit of dialogue is from the book: when the police come to question Marlowe about his friend Terry Lennox, Marlowe says, "This is where I say, 'What's this all about?'

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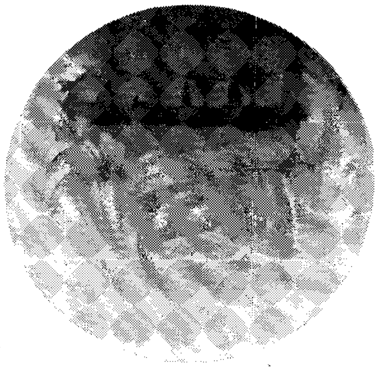

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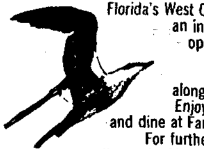

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and you say, 'We ask the questions.' " But the resolution of Marlowe's friendship with Terry isn't from Chandler, and its logic is probably too brutally sound for Bogart-lovers to stomach. Terry Lennox (smiling Jim Bouton, the baseball player turned broadcaster) becomes the Harry Lime in Marlowe's life, and the final sequence is a variation on "The Third Man," with the very last shot a riff on the leave-taking scenes of the movies' most famous clown.

The movie achieves a self-mocking fairy-tale poetry. The slippery shifts within the frames of Vilmos Zsigmond's imagery are part of it, and so are the offbeat casting (Henry Gibson as the sinister quack Dr. Verringer; Jack Riley, of the Bob Newhart show, as the piano player) and the dialogue. (The script is officially credited to the venerable pulp author Leigh Brackett; she also worked on "The Big Sleep" and many other good movies, but when you hear the improvised dialogue you can't take this credit literally.) There are some conceits that are fairly precarious (the invisible-man stunt in the hospital sequence) and others that are waywardly funny (Marlowe trying to lie to his cat) or suggestive and beautiful (the Wades' Doberman coming out of the Pacific with his dead master's cane in his teeth). When Nina van Pallandt thrashes in the ocean at night, her pale-orange butterfly sleeves rising above the surf, the movie becomes a rhapsody on romance and death. What separates Altman from other directors is that time after time he can attain crowning visual effects like this and they're so elusive they're never precious. They're like ribbons tying up the whole history of movies. It seems unbelievable that people who looked at this picture could have given it the reviews they did.

THE out-of-town failure of "The Long Goodbye" and the anger of many of the reviewers, who reacted as if Robert Altman were a destroyer, suggest that the picture may be on to something bigger than is at first apparent. Some speculations may be in order. Marlowe was always a bit of a joke, but did people take him that way? His cynical exterior may have made it possible for them to accept him in Chandler's romantic terms, and really—below the joke level—believe in him. We've all read Chandler on his hero: "But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid." He goes, apparently, in our stead. And as

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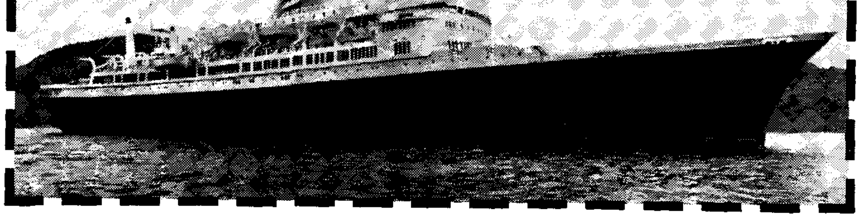

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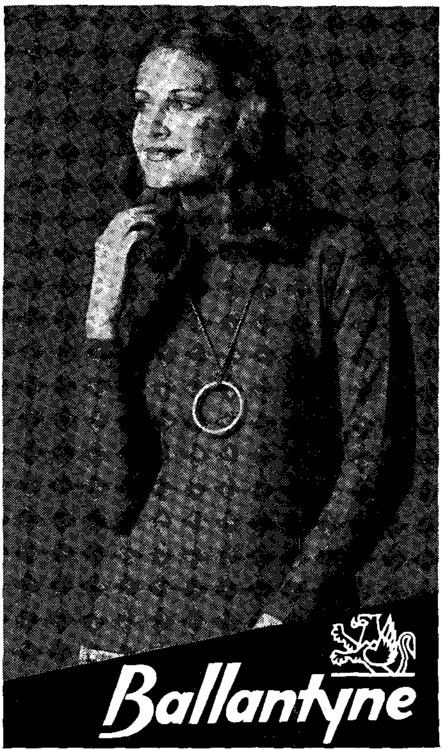
long as he's there—the walking conscience of the world—we're safe. We could easily reject sticky saviours, but a cynical saviour satisfies the Holden Caulfield in us. It's an adolescent's dream of heroism—someone to look after you, a protector like Billy Jack. And people cleave to the fantasies they form while watching movies.

After reading "The Maltese Falcon," Edmund Wilson said of Dashiell Hammett that he "lacked the ability to bring the story to imaginative life." Wilson was right, of course, but this may be the basis of Hammett's appeal; when Wilson said of the detective story that "as a department of imaginative writing, it looks to me completely dead," he was (probably intentionally) putting it in the wrong department. It's precisely the fact that the detective novel is engrossing but does not impinge on its readers' lives or thoughts that enables it to give a pleasure to some which is distinct from the pleasures of literature. It has no afterlife when they have closed the covers; it's completely digested, like a game of casino. It's a structured time killer that gives you the illusion of being speedy; "The Long Goodbye" isn't a fast read, like Hammett, but when I finished it I had no idea whether I'd read it before. Essentially, we've all read it before.

But when these same stories were transferred to the screen, the mechanisms of suspense could strike fear in the viewer, and the tensions could grow almost unbearable. The detective story on the screen became a thriller in a much fuller sense than it had been on the page, and the ending of the movie wasn't like shutting a book. The physical sensations that were stirred up weren't settled; even if we felt cheated, we were still turned on. We left the theatre in a state of mixed exhilaration and excitement, and the fear and guilt went with us. In our dreams, we were menaced, and perhaps became furtive murderers. It is said that in periods of rampant horrors readers and moviegoers like to experience imaginary horrors, which can be resolved and neatly put away. I think it's more likely that in the current craze for horror films like "Night of the Living Dead" and "Sisters" the audience wants an intensive dose of the fear sickness—not to confront fear and have it conquered but to feel that crazy, inexplicable delight that children get out of terrifying stories that give them bad dreams. A flesh-crawler that affects as many senses as a horror movie can doesn't end with the neat fake solution. We are always aware that the solution will



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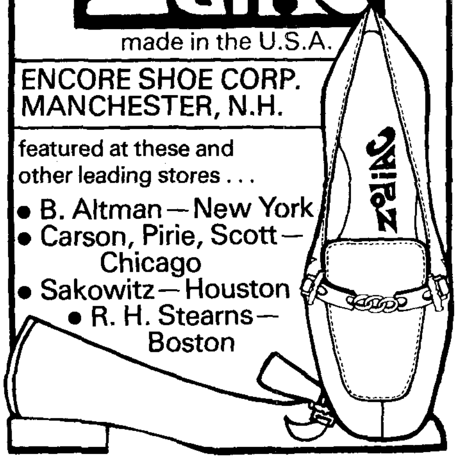

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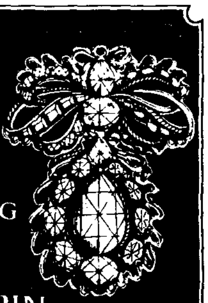

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not really explain the terror we've felt; the forces of madness are never laid to rest.

Suppose that through the medium of the movies pulp, with its five-and-dime myths, can take a stronger hold on people's imaginations than art, because it doesn't affect the conscious imagination, the way a great novel does, but the private, hidden imagination, the primitive fantasy life—and with an immediacy that leaves no room for thought. I have had more mail from adolescents (and post-adolescents) who were badly upset because of a passing derogatory remark I made about "Rosemary's Baby" than I would ever get if I mocked Tolstoy. Those adolescents think "Rosemary's Baby" is great because it upsets them. And I suspect that people are reluctant to say goodbye to the old sweet bull of the Bogart Marlowe because it satisfies a deep need. They've been accepting the I-look-out-for-No. 1 tough guys of recent films, but maybe they're scared to laugh at Gould's out-of-it Marlowe that would lose them their Bogart icon. At the moment, the shared pop culture of the audience may be all that people feel they have left. The negative reviews kept insisting that Altman's movie had nothing to do with Chandler's novel and that Elliott Gould wasn't Marlowe. People still want to believe that Galahad is alive and well in Los Angeles—biding his time, perhaps, until movies are once again "like they used to be."

THE jacked-up romanticism of movies like those featuring Shaft, the black Marlowe, may be so exciting it makes what we've always considered the imaginative artists seem dull and boring. Yet there is another process at work, too: the executive producers and their hacks are still trying to find ways to make the old formulas work, but the gifted filmmakers are driven to go beyond pulp and to bring into movies the qualities of imagination that have gone into the other arts. Sometimes, like Robert Altman, they do it even when they're working on pulp material. Altman's isn't a pulp sensibility. Chandler's, for all his talent, was.

—PAULINE KAEL

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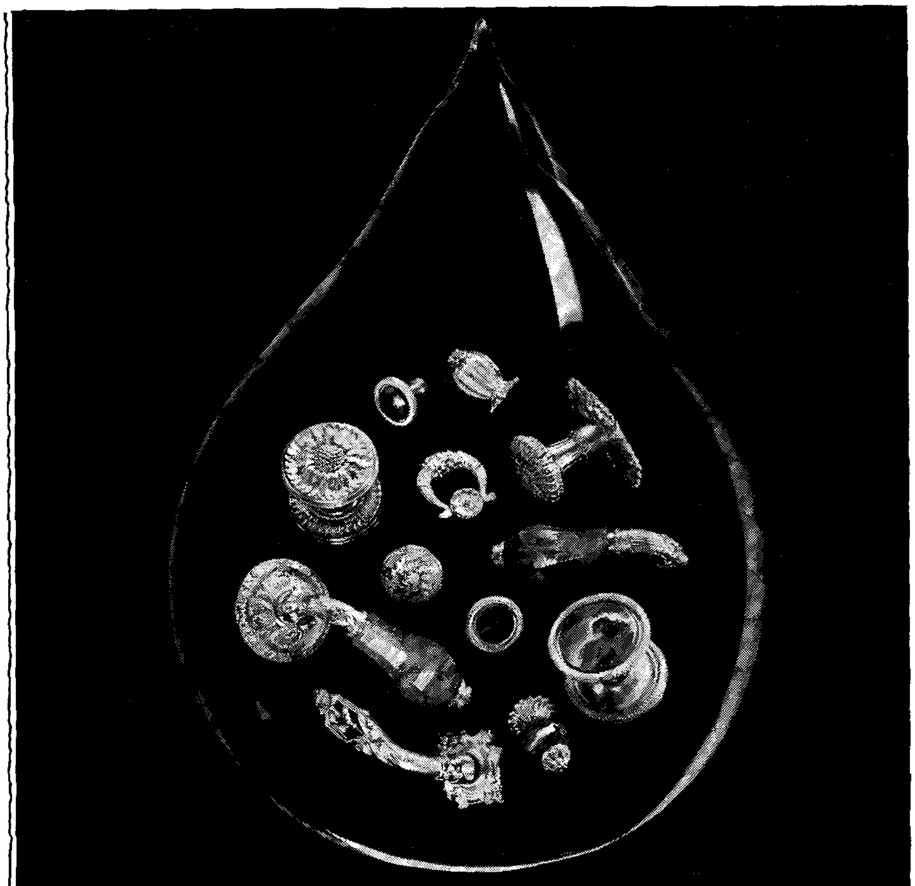

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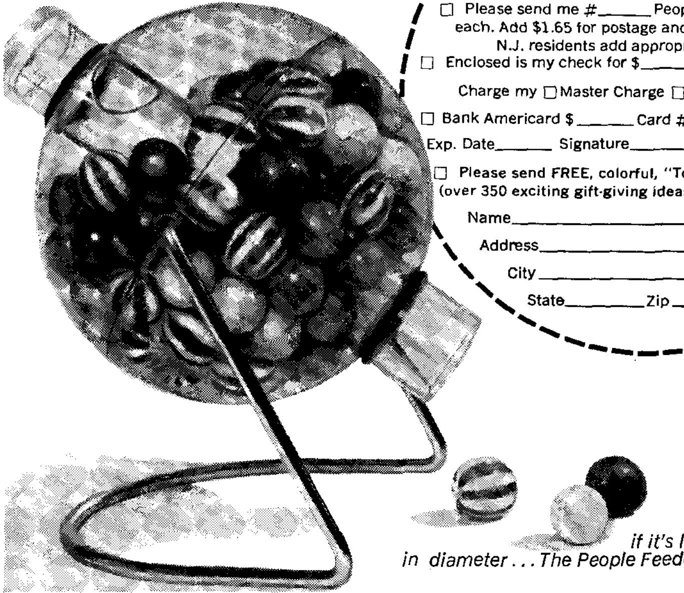

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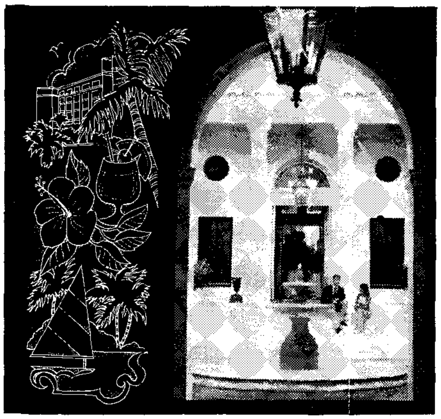

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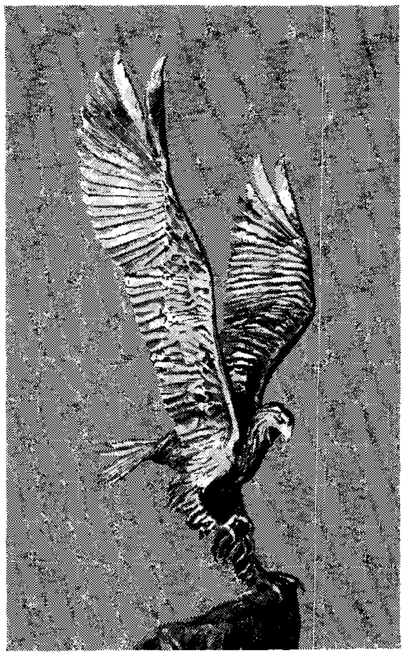

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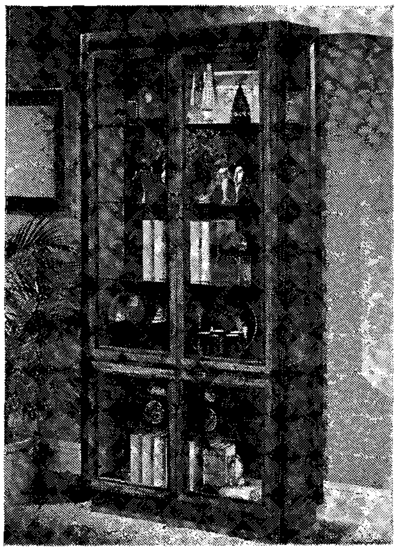
THE airlines borrowed from the public utilities the term "load factor," and it became a phrase for "empty seats." The professional footballers borrow from the airlines "no shows," another phrase for "empty seats"—and the newspapers worry about the new "no shows" as though they represent a curse on the gross national product. Compulsory attendance has been a matter of form in the public schools forever, but whether enabling legislation to apply this to a purely commercial enterprise would stand up under the Constitution is moot. Nevertheless, the legislation that has deprived the millionaire clubmen (for that is what some of the owners are) of the right to "black out" on television any match they did not wish to appear on the air could be counteracted by another blackout—if the Jets do not fill up Shea Stadium on a Sunday, we could bring into existence a law requiring that all the Manhattan movie houses and bars-and-grills, and all the Penn Central passenger trains going out of town suspend operations until the Jets are guaranteed a full house. But this would not be necessary if the management (if that is what it is) of the professionals repeats, and often, an experiment that was given a try the other evening: a meeting between two sets of true professionals—the Cowboys, sporting the likes of Staubach and Morton and Hill, and the Redskins, sporting the likes of Hanburger and Biggs and Jurgensen. Football of this sort is sui generis; nothing that the deftest operators at even Penn State and Notre Dame and the rest muster up can compare. Unfortunately, not all of what the professionals have offered this fall can compare, either; a great deal of it falls into the category of chop-suey generis (such as the Jets 9, the Patriots 7, last Sunday—a trite little afternoon of touch football). And now, as the deficit of proficiency accelerates (not enough skilled hands for too many teams), comes news of a World Football League, to commence operations next year, here and there in this country (in this city, for one) and in Canada and Mexico and whatnot. As the League expands—and it must, for expansionism is the mood of pro-



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fessional football—the devotees of television will be arising at four in the morning for a look at New York vs. the Bengal Tigers, and wholly unreliable sources have informed this correspondent that there are in the making, from new, undrained composts of personnel, squads to represent Malaysia's major city, Kuala Lumpur (the Kuala Bears), and Bombay (the Indian Givers).

NO one would think to match Harvard against any of this, but there Harvard is this fall—ninety-seven points to seven in three tries, and the least generous defense in the country. All that is the fault of Joe Restic, who came down from Canadian professional football, quite a bit of which was onscreen earlier this year, to impart what he knew to a far less guileful lot of performers. His end product was on view Saturday last in Boston—Harvard 57, Columbia 0—and will be on view this Saturday at Ithaca, against a Cornell that has just put away Princeton by a count nearly as awesome (Cornell 37, Princeton 6). There are no whirlwind runners for Harvard, but in their place is a variety of deceit, subterfuge, and entrapment sufficient to baffle even the wariest of onlookers. What might be called a "controlled scrimmage" against Columbia turned with such rapidity into an uncontrolled scrimmage that Restic had to withdraw his pet quarterback, Stoeckel, by now the perfect Restic kind of field marshal, and work through four other quarterbacks before he could discover one mild enough to keep the count from running into the hundreds. Stoeckel paces his runners and catchers with complete equanimity, and when on occasion he must resort to punting, he often does it himself. (Putting the ball out-of-bounds on the Columbia one-foot line is a sample of what he can do.) Pastorini, of the Oilers, is another such rarity. Stoeckel is in especial blessed by the prancing and catching of McInally, who looks seven feet tall, runs like a deerfly, and punts nearly as well as Stoeckel. (Out-of-bounds on the Columbia three is a sample.) McInally, though he is a Californian, has been adopted by the Boston public as a mascot; after a match is over, he is apt to spend a quarter of an hour onfield autographing programs. Columbia is but Columbia this fall, but Cornell is indeed Cornell. What happens at Ithaca should be as absorbing as the volcanic eruption in which the Rams beat the Cowboys, 37–31, last Sunday.

—J. W. L.

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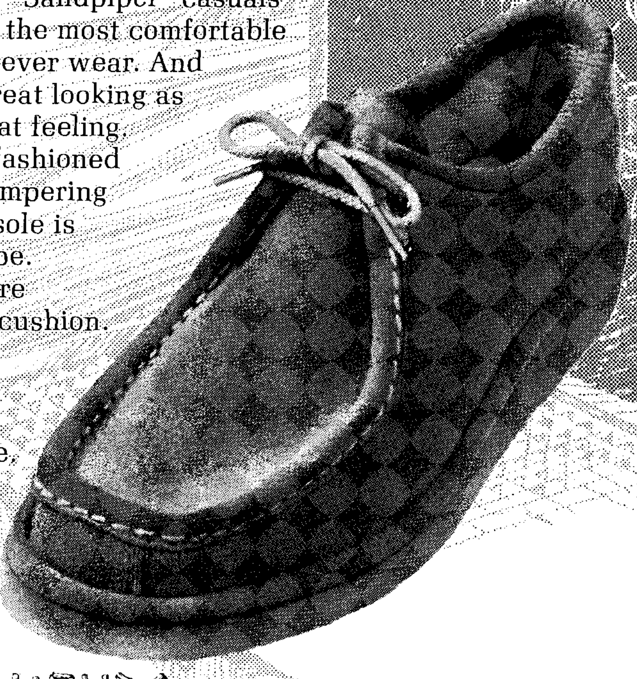

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 13

GERALD R. FORD is an amiable, industrious Republican politician with an unbroken record of Party regularity. He is a two-hundred-proof Middle American, and, as far as is known, adheres strictly to all the moral standards that his colleagues preach but many violate with disheartening frequency. His record may show one or two violations—in 1970 he failed to report, perhaps by mere oversight, eleven thousand five hundred dollars in campaign contributions of questionable origin—but no one has ever accused him of being on the take. As Minority Leader of the House of Representatives, he has been a skillful, though somewhat less than brilliant, organizer. If he approaches any political issue with a passion that might earn him serious political enmity, nothing in his impeccable Republican record reveals it. That he is thoroughly equipped to serve as Vice-President seems unarguable; the office requires only a warm body and, occasionally, a nimble tongue. However, the President said last night that in making his choice of a successor to Spiro T. Agnew he had as his first criterion that the man designated "must be qualified to be President." Neither Richard Nixon nor anyone else has come forward to explain Gerald Ford's qualifications to serve as Chief Executive. He altogether lacks administrative experience. If his knowledge of foreign affairs exceeds that of the average literate citizen, the fact has yet to be demonstrated. He has parroted Nixon on Indo-China, as he has on almost everything else. He fought the good fight for confirming Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and G. Harrold Carswell as justices of the Supreme Court. There is, of course, no Constitutional or other requirement that a potential President produce evidence of powers of independent or critical thought, but it has been a common assumption of the electorate that the President of the United States should be a leader rather than a follower, and close scrutiny of Gerald Ford's record over the past quarter century shows him to be a follower rather than a leader—except in the President's favorite sport, football, in which Ford shone as varsity center at the University of Michigan in the early thirties.

It is now known that for several weeks the President had been aware that sooner or later—and probably sooner—he would have to face the problem of proposing a candidate to replace Agnew. Since it is his practice to make up his mind well in advance of announcing his conclusions publicly, the chances are that he had settled on a replacement for Agnew well before Agnew's withdrawal. If so, he maintained his cherished "confidentiality" well, for until last night no one pretended to be able to offer anything better than an educated guess as to whose name he would eventually submit to Congress, which under the Twenty-fifth Amendment to the Constitution can accept or reject the President's choice. Early in the year, before the Baltimore grand jury began to take an interest in Agnew's affairs, and when Nixon was at the height of public esteem, it was widely assumed that the man he hoped would be elected to succeed him in 1976 was the apostate Democrat John B. Connally, of Texas. When it became clear that Agnew was in deep trouble, it was assumed by many that Nixon would be pleased to turn over the Vice-Presidency to Connally, with the expectation that Connally would be in a strong position to seek the Republican nomination three years from now. But if Nixon had held this vision of the future he quickly abandoned it when it became evident that congressmen in large numbers would resist the proposal—a large part of the Democratic majority viewing Connally as a renegade, and a substantial number of Republicans viewing him as a rank opportunist. The President wanted neither a quick defeat nor a prolonged debate, and everyone soon realized that he would therefore not take the risk of naming Connally—even though it was probable that if the decision had been his alone to make, Connally would still have been his choice.

In the months immediately following Nixon's 1972 triumph, it was natural that he should give some thought to settling on a worthy successor. A bit later, however, when the scandals began to be revealed and his standing in the polls began to drop almost weekly, his mind must have turned from the period that would follow 1976 to the three years preceding it. Suddenly, it was no longer a matter of prolonging the dominance of the policies he had established but one of recouping unanticipated losses. Then, as Agnew started his precipitate decline, the problem was not how to replace him with an aggressive, innovative type but how to find a symbol of respectability and selflessness. On the list of those said to be under consideration, there were several who might have filled the bill, among them William Rogers, Melvin Laird, and William Scranton, but none of these matched Gerald Ford. Rogers was known to feel slighted by the preëminence given Henry Kissinger in foreign affairs; Laird was competent and orthodox but abrasive; Scranton was respectable but cursed with an independ-

ent mind and a record of early hostility to Nixon. Though none of the local seers were sure enough of themselves to say in advance of Nixon's announcement that it had to be Ford, nearly all were saying last night that Ford was the one who came closest to satisfying post-Watergate logic. Indeed, there is now a tendency to believe that the events of this extraordinary week may help the Administration win back some of the ground it recently lost. Though Agnew apparently had no connection at all with Watergate, he was the highest-ranking official involved in scandal, and his misdeeds were uncovered not by a Senate committee with a Democratic majority but by a team of Department of Justice lawyers under the direction of a Republican United States Attorney, George Beall. Once the facts were made clear, there was no White House attempt at obstruction of justice or at a coverup. Agnew's resignation was, despite the honeyed—or, in Nixonian language, "stroking"—words in the President's letter of acknowledgment, cause for manifest relief; the President swiftly proposed a successor who was almost universally assumed to be a man of integrity. These developments may go at least a short way toward reëstablishing confidence in the President—though, of course, no such benefit would accrue if it should now turn out that there have been irregularities in the President's own tax returns of the last few years.

In the immediate aftermath of the President's announcement, it was taken for granted by almost everyone that Ford would have no trouble in getting House and Senate approval, and, indeed, that this was the President's principal reason for nominating him. There was some talk among House and Senate leaders of the undesirability of acting with a haste that would preclude a show of serious reflection and reasonably extensive investigation, and the common estimate was that anything less than two or three weeks of congressional hearings would strike the public as unseemly, but few doubts were expressed as to the outcome. In the midst of all the flurry over Agnew and Ford, however, there were other developments, which may grow in importance while the Vice-President-designate is under consideration. Only hours before the President's announcement and the festivities attending it, the Court of Appeals handed down a powerfully worded decision upholding the order issued a few weeks ago by District Judge Sirica that the President submit to him the White House tapes

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dealing with Watergate for the purpose of allowing him to decide which ones were of sufficient relevance to be heard as evidence by the grand jury. While the White House lawyers have yet to make known their feelings and the President's feelings about the matter, it has been generally assumed that the President was determined to seek a Supreme Court ruling, if necessary, and no one has thus far suggested that he might fail to do so, though it now appears likely that the Supreme Court will prove reluctant to reverse the five-to-two decision by the Court of Appeals. In the meantime, Watergate investigators have learned that a few years ago Charles G. Rebozo (or Bebe, as he is known to the President and other friends) had accepted from an emissary of Howard Hughes a hundred thousand dollars in cash—a sum that was to be turned over to Mr. Nixon or else was to be spent in some fashion that would make either his political or his private life more tolerable. Rebozo's story is that he kept the money in a safe-deposit box for some time and then returned it. He has yet to name the person he claims to have returned it to, and the Internal Revenue Service, which somehow got word of the transfer, began an investigation, but called it off before reaching any conclusions. Members of the Ervin committee have announced that when they get into their campaign-funds study they will take up where the I.R.S. left off.

A few more developments like these will strengthen the case for impeachment proceedings against the President, which, even without them, is already strong. Thus, it could quite easily turn out that the committees appraising Gerald Ford's qualifications to be Vice-President will in fact be considering approval of a man who could within a matter of weeks or months succeed to the Presidency—and that is not at all what most of those who praised his selection had in mind. The likelihood is that few men now committed to approving him for the lesser office would change their vote if it became clear that he would shortly succeed to the greater one. To do so would be to reveal a cynical and contemptuous view of the Constitutional arrangements that would elevate Ford even if the President stood under no cloud but was merely the innocent victim of a disabling illness, assassination, or a bolt of lightning. Still, the fact is that lack of enthusiasm for Gerald Ford as President is approximately as widespread as the expressed enthusiasm for him as Vice-President. One good thing that might grow out

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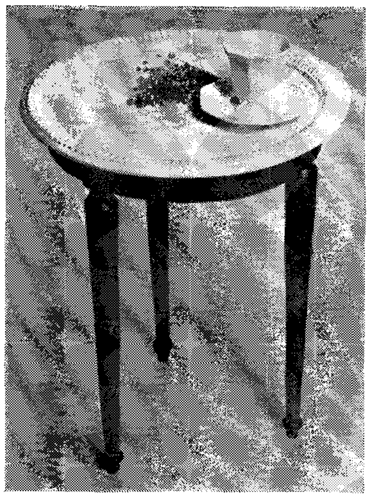

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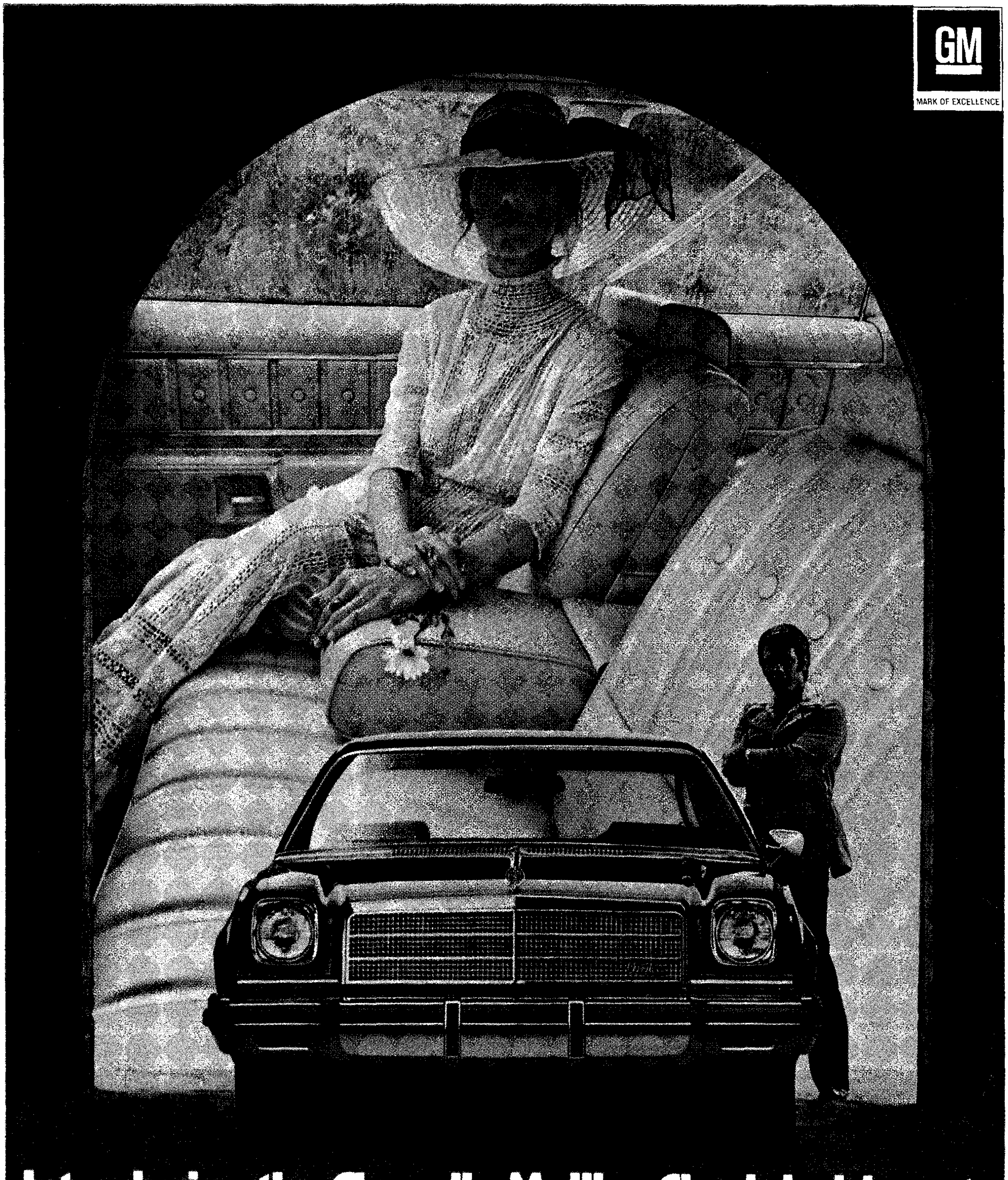

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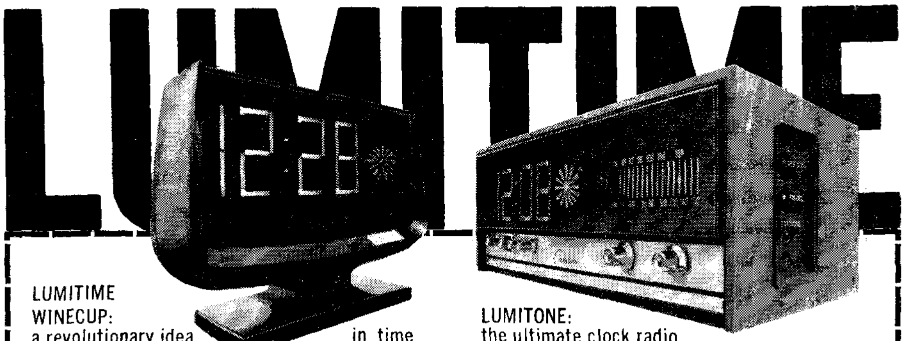
of these difficulties is a set of procedural reforms that would compel party leaders to be fully as rigorous in their selection of Vice-Presidential candidates as they are—or are supposed to be—in their selection of Presidential candidates.

IT is possible that the Internal Revenue Service, or some prosecutors in Maryland, will bring further actions against Spiro Agnew and that he may suffer stiffer penalties than those which resulted from his plea bargaining with the United States Attorneys. But if the books are now finally closed, debate is likely to continue for some time over the settlement that Elliot Richardson accepted. There is considerable feeling that Agnew's punishment fell far short of fitting the crime. To many, a ten-thousand-dollar fine seems an absurdly light imposition upon a man who the prosecution was convinced had illegally accepted something in the neighborhood of ten times that amount, and the failure to insist on a period of incarceration is widely regarded as a tribute of sorts to the high office that the offender held. Criminologists could doubtless come up with thousands of examples of stiffer punishments meted out for lesser infractions to the poor and powerless. Some of the government prosecutors urged Agnew's imprisonment, and the Attorney General evidently saw the moral validity of their position but questioned whether imprisonment, which could have been achieved only after prolonged trial proceedings, would be in the public interest. He was no doubt right in drawing attention to the divisiveness of drawn-out legal maneuvers—Agnew is by no means without angry and vocal sympathizers—but it is questionable whether this kind of divisiveness is any worse than the kind likely to be produced by unsupervised probation for a Vice-President whose transgressions far exceed those of young underprivileged men and women serving prison sentences of ten years or more. It may well be that more pain is endured by those who fall from the heights to the lower depths than by those who fall from already low estate to one a few degrees lower. But the glaring inequality of a system of criminal justice under which a discredited Vice-President who fattened his purse illegally receives more consideration than a light-fingered adolescent who increases his holdings by a few dollars from a purse snatched in a jammed subway is beyond any dispute, and it is this inequality that Agnew has now come to symbolize. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

LUMITIME



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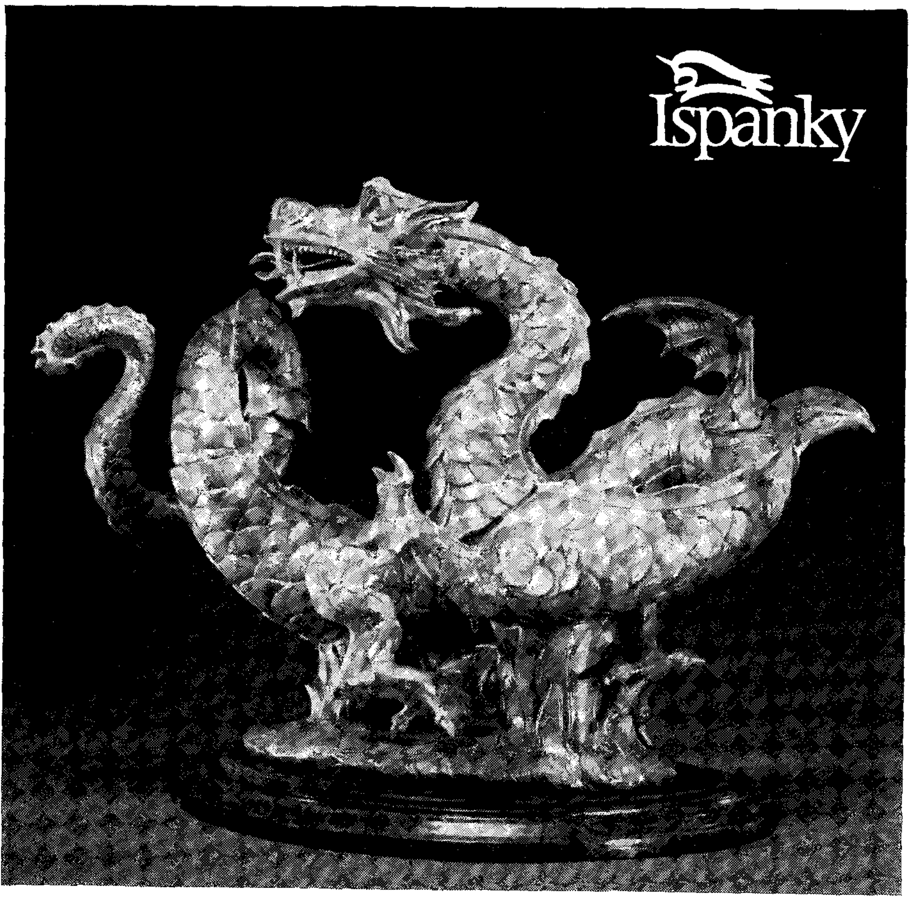

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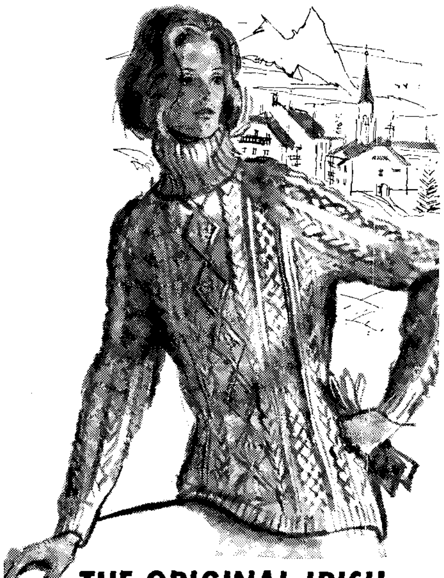

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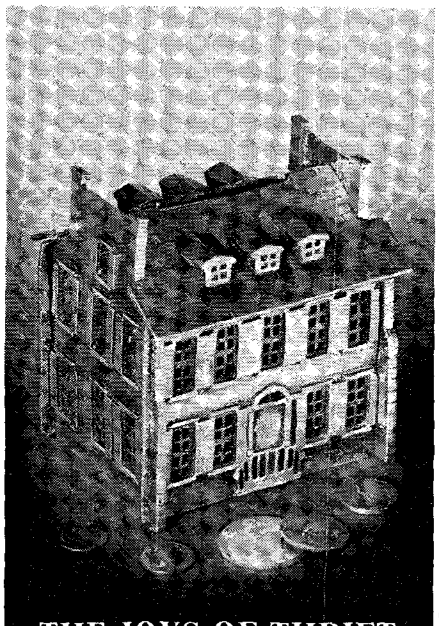

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THE RACE TRACK

So Long, Secretariat

THE Meadow Stable's Secretariat came back triumphant at Belmont the other day in the Man o' War Stakes, his farewell under colors here, and thus wiped out the memory of his defeat two weeks earlier in the Woodward. Once more the Secretariat of the Belmont Stakes, he took the lead quickly in the mile and a half over the turf course and was never headed, winning by five lengths from Tentam in 2:24⅘—a new track mark for the distance. Seven and a half lengths farther behind, Big Spruce was closest of the four other starters. Observers in the walking ring before the race thought Secretariat never looked better, and after the race Turcotte, who rode him, said the colt was so relaxed that he had just let him go his own way. Tentam, a flier on the grass and recent winner of the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City (E. P. Taylor bought him a few weeks ago from the Cragwood Stable), challenged Secretariat several times, to no avail. "He was too much horse," said Velasquez, Tentam's jockey. According to the plans of Secretariat's stable, he will run once more—in the Canadian International Championship Stakes, a mile and five furlongs on the grass, at Toronto's Woodbine on October 28th, the day after the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct. For the record: Secretariat's cut of the Man o' War purse increased his earnings to $1,224,053, amassed in twenty starts, of which he has won fifteen.

THERE were two winners of the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. Twenty two-year-olds came out for the famous one-mile fixture—so many that, for the first time since the race was inaugurated, in 1867, it was split and run in two divisions. Holding Pattern, a Canadian gelding who ran in a claiming race not long ago, won the first, having survived a claim of foul, and Protagonist won the second, in a photo finish. After Holding Pattern overhauled Green Gambados in the stretch, Velasquez, who finished third on Hosiery, claimed the winner had interfered with

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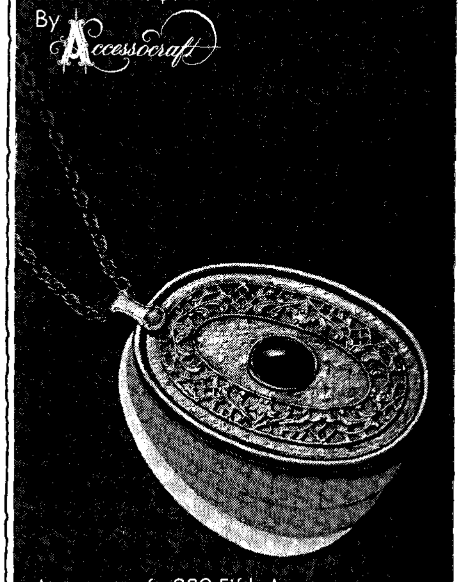

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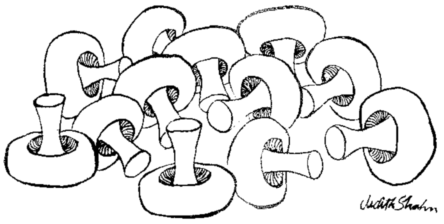
his mount, but the stewards disagreed. Protagonist's victory was balm for Elmendorf, whose favored Talking Picture ran out of the money in the Frizette the week before. Oh, well, this has not been a vintage year for two-year-olds. Now for Aqueduct, which continues through December 29th, with the mutuel take reduced from seventeen to only fourteen per cent.

RHEINGOLD came through with flying colors in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the richest prize for thoroughbreds anywhere, at lovely Longchamp in Paris a fortnight ago. With Piggott riding high in the saddle, he swept past the winning post two and a half lengths ahead of Allez France, the favorite. Four lengths farther away, Hard to Beat led in a thundering herd of twenty-four disappointments, among them Kentucky-bred Dahlia, who had beaten some of Europe's best, including three Derby winners, in the De Beers-diamond-sponsored King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. Other also-rans were Tennyson, who was second in this year's French Derby, and San San, winner of the Arc a year ago. It was a thrilling race from start to finish of the twenty-four-hundred-metre run (roughly a mile and a half), and nobody could doubt that the best horse of the day won.

There's an old saying that they do things better in France, and it certainly goes for the parades to the post, which are reserved for important stakes races. In these, the runners are never accompanied by stable ponies. Instead, they come out of the paddock mounted and are led at a walk past the stand by grooms in their Sunday best. As the twenty-seven went on their way this year, Rheingold and Allez France stood out. The former is an imposing individual, powerful in build and perfectly balanced in proportion to his height and length. Allez France is a filly of size and beautiful quality, for whom Daniel Wildenstein gave $165,000 at a sale of the Beiber-Jacobs horses. She is by Sea-Bird, winner of the Arc in 1965, and she reminds one of her mother, Priceless Gem, who won the Belmont Futurity the same year, beating, among others, Buck-



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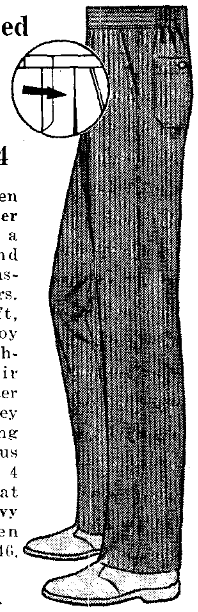

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passer. Winner of the Prix de Diane (the French Oaks), and three other top stakes, Allez France is rated the best three-year-old over there. The crowd cheered her in Secretariat style as she went to the post. Dahlia looked good, too, but many horsemen were surprised that she started. A fortnight before, she hurt a leg in the Prix Vermeille, won by Allez France, but evidently Nelson Bunker Hunt, the Texas oilman who owns her, wanted her to run.

Neither the excitement of the race nor the enthusiasm of the crowd of more than sixty thousand was dulled by the cool, gray afternoon. Direct Flight was the first of the field to break the line as the runners came out of the gate, and he led in the long run to the first turn of the course. I had expected to see Belmonte, who came over to ride El Famoso, or Cordero, on Hurry Harriet—or both of them—send their mounts to the front in true Aqueduct style, but they didn't; in fact, neither horse was mentioned by the announcer who described the progress of the race over the public-address system, which had loudspeakers all over the place. Piggott kept Rheingold in position not far behind the leaders, and when they turned into the straight for the long run home, he cut the corner the way Ussery does and went into the lead. Meanwhile, Allez France was making the best of an almost impossible task. From the outside post position, she had worked her way into contention under the clever handling of Saint-Martin; then, at just about the same time Rheingold went to the front there was an opening along the rails and Saint-Martin, who rides like Laverne Fator—remember him?—popped her through it and began to overhaul Rheingold. But a furlong out Piggott looked back, gave his mount a couple of taps with his whip—and that was that.

Rheingold is owned by H. R. K. Zeisel, a London club operator who is a former concert violinist and was a member of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with whom he once played under Toscanini. The colt is a four-year-old bay by Faberge out of Athène, by Supreme Court. He was bought as a yearling in Ireland for three thousand guineas, and named for his owner's favorite Wagnerian opera. An apt name, too, for the beast's share of the Arc prize money was 1,200,000 francs. (Colonel Martingale could never figure out foreign exchange!) One of the leading three-year-olds in England last season, he was beaten by a head by John Galbreath's Roberto for

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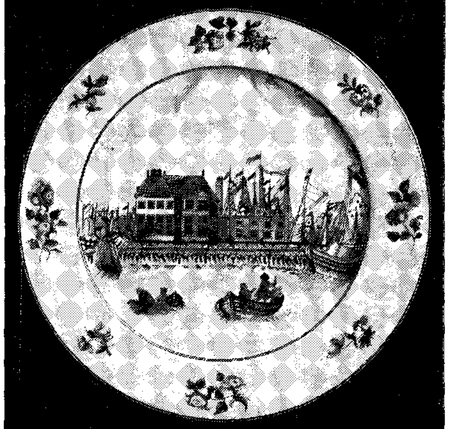

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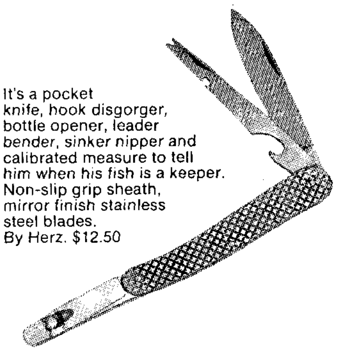

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the Derby Stakes at Epsom, and this year he was looked on as the best of his age in Europe until he was beaten in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot and in the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup at York. They say that Barry Hills, his trainer, brought off a remarkable feat of training to bring him back to his top form for the Arc, and I am told that Hills was so confident of his accomplishment that he bet a thousand pounds on his horse before leaving England for France and got 12–1. Rheingold paid slightly more than 8–1 in the mutuels at Longchamp. Piggott, England's favorite jockey, was also a happy man; after fifteen tries, he had his first victory in the Arc, and at the same time he settled a score with Saint-Martin. Three years ago, Piggott rode the hitherto unbeaten Nijinsky in the race, and Saint-Martin, on Sassafras, nipped him at the wire.

Your correspondent regrets that these notes on the Arc are a bit late, but the ground broke from under him at Maisons-Laffitte, and he hurt a leg. However, the Sisters of Charity, who run L'Hôpital des Jockeys there, and Dr. Assailly put him together again, and he saw the race. For that, *merci beaucoup!*

—AUDAX MINOR

*

FASHION NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the San Francisco Examiner*]

STONE MOUNTAIN (Ga.)—(UPI)—The couple smiled and joined a procession of robed figures winding their way up a small hill with lighted torches. At the top they stood with bowed heads while a cross was burned.

"U'all have a hundred little Klansmen," a man yelled at the White robed bride and groom.

The wedding was a feature Saturday night of a rally of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Janie Campbell, 19, of Spartanburg, S.C., and George Davis Robinson, 35, Greenwood, S.C., thought it was a proper setting because they met at a Klan rally.

"Smile, boy," someone shouted to the serious looking groom as he stood on a wooden platform where the marriage was performed.

The couple wore open-faced hoods and robes for the ceremony in a remote section facing Stone Mountain.

*

AUGUSTA (UPI)—Gov. Kenneth M. Curtis and the state attorney general may be beheaded for a collision over the chief executive's intention to nominate Colby College Prof. Donaldson Koons to head the new Department of Conservation.—*Brunswick (Maine) Times Record.*

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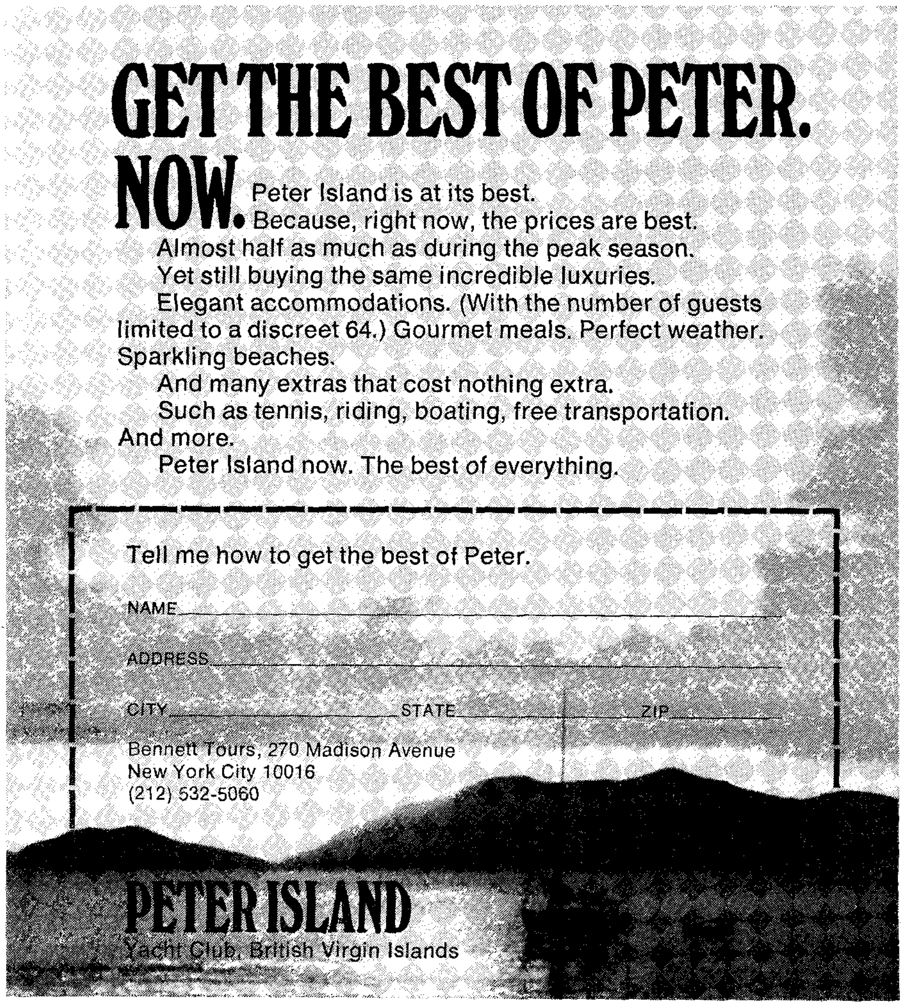

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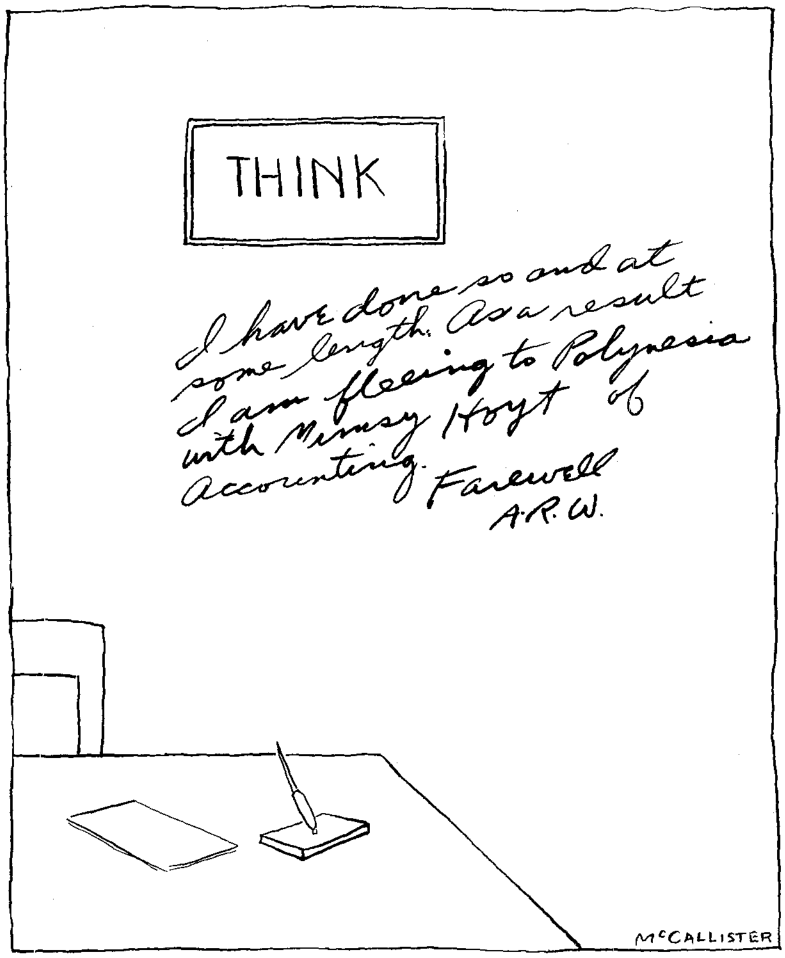
BOOKS

Inner Lights

JOKES about the distractedness, about the myopic unworldliness of scholars have in them a core of fear. The great scholar is a rare, uncanny beast. Supreme tightrope walkers come in small families. The mysteries of levitation, of the double somersault through the black void under the circus-tent roof, are transmitted from parents to children. The master performances are staged alone or before a small knot of peers, and without safety nets. They have nothing to do with public entertainment but are feats of utter control, autistic and spendthrift in the unlit arena. Your true aerialist is a blind creature on the common ground. So it is with absolute scholars, archivists, decoders, algebraists. A human being who concentrates exceptional forces of intellect and character on a single target, whose complete strength of existence has a single focus, threatens the casual, sprawling shapes of everyday life. The more so if his target is wholly abstract, remote from ordinary needs, perhaps even trivial. Dumas, though himself devoured by grandeur, saw the point. In "The Black Tulip" he pictures a man literally consumed by mental lust—not an urge for wealth, political power, sensual reward but the need to produce a perfect hybrid of two plants. For the total scholar, it is not the object that matters so much as the hunt. When the inscription is deciphered, when the fossil is classed, when the watermark is authenticated, there can be emptiness. Legend tells of alchemists so consumed by their search for the elixir of truth that their disciples, coming to call on them at morning, found only ash. No wonder the line of humor about sages falling into wells and about Dr. Strangelove (a name that is, in fact, a perfect tribute to scholarship) goes back to antiquity.


THINK
I have done so and at some length. As a result I am fleeing to Polynesia with Mimsy Hoyt of Accounting. Farewell
A.R.W.
McCALLISTER

Gershom Scholem, Emeritus Professor of Jewish Mysticism at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, is one of the supreme scholars of the age. He was trained in mathematics and physics, then in Semitic philology at the universities of Berlin, Jena, Bern, and Munich. He is at home in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Yiddish, French, German, and English. His earliest writings were published in a Zionist periodical in 1914-16, when the author was not yet twenty. By 1971, the bibliography of Scholem's articles, essays, commentaries, translations, and books had reached five hundred and fifty-two entries. It must currently be near six hundred. The bulk of his work deals with the history of Jewish mysticism and of the Kabbalah. Even when it is accessible to the layman, as in "Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism" (1941), in "On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism" (1965), and in "The Messianic Idea in Judaism" (1971), Scholem's scholarship is unsparing in its density and specialization. The world of reference it inhabits is almost fantastically esoteric. Sabbatai Sevi, Abraham Abulafia, Nathan of Gaza, Isaac Luria, Moses de Leon, R. Isaac Seckendorf the scribe, Abraham Saba are figures virtually forgot even among Talmudic exegetists and recorders of Jewish thought. The mystical concepts Scholem expounds—the *Shekhinah*, the *sefiroth*, the *en-sof*—are among the most abstruse in the history of religious feeling. The sources of his argument are often manuscripts that allow of no fully agreed reading, or incunabula of which, perhaps, a single copy survives in a Leningrad library or in the private keeping of a family in Salonika. Now the Princeton University Press is publishing the first English version of Scholem's magnum opus, "Sabbatai Sevi: The Mystical Messiah"—a revised, updated version of the Hebrew original, which appeared in 1957. Its one volume runs to almost a thousand pages. The text inches, as it were, across thickets of footnotes. Vast as it is, the narrative concentrates on a period of two or three years in the career of a false Messiah in the second half of the seventeenth century. The bibliography alone contains two hundred and thirty-nine items, most of them obscurely monographic.

Why should the general reader bother?

The answer is, as it happens, emphatic and positive. But it needs working out. And it is based in part, I think, on Scholem's biography and personality.

He was born Gerhard Scholem into a Berlin family so largely assimilated to the Gentile community that the home bore almost no traces of Judaism. Nevertheless, Scholem recalls that during twenty years of life in his father's house he never met a non-Jew. The paradoxical coexistence of assimilation with social apartness seems to have struck him early. When he was fourteen, Scholem read and was deeply impressed by Heinrich Graetz's famous "History of the Jews." The encounter was both seminal and ironic; it is precisely Graetz's excessive rationalism, his neglect of the Jewish mystical tradition, that Scholem was to oppose and correct in his lifework. It was to

Graetz's book, however, that he owed the impulse to learn Hebrew. His parents were less than enthusiastic, but Scholem persisted, and soon found himself in a circle of young Zionists. He discovered an inspired teacher in the person of a rabbi of a small private synagogue, and began studying the Talmud and the classics of Hebrew literature. Yet although his studies absorbed much of his energy, his main interest lay in mathematics. It was only during the summer term of 1917, at Berlin University, that Scholem knew he would not make a first-rate mathematician. A fellow-student in the advanced algebra seminar always arrived at the answers first. Scholem is a proud and ambitious man, lucidly aware of the gap between the creative and the competent. He saw no use in staying in a discipline in which he would not be of the foremost.

But Scholem's mathematical abilities and training have not been wasted. In his rigorous manner of argument, in his ability to keep lengthy, fragile sequences of probability taut, in his delight in the logic of the arcane, one senses the spirit of the algebraist. Only a sometime mathematician could have brought as much sympathy as does Scholem to the numerological operations, to the permutations of abstract counters that play so vital a part in the world of the Kabbalah. He came to that world at some point between 1915 and 1917. Looking back on what was to be the decisive turning in his intellectual career, he is not entirely clear about the reasons for it. Both Orthodox and emancipated circles in European Judaism looked down on the Kabbalah—if they knew anything of it at all—as a suspect aberration, as a counterpart to that emotional, faintly uncouth Eastern Judaism that brought blushes to the cheeks of highly rational modern Jews in Berlin and Paris. Finding a collection of Kabbalistic works in the library of an elderly Reform rabbi, the young man voiced his enthusiasm. To which his discountenanced host replied, "What, you actually expect me to *read* this nonsense?"

The motives that drew Scholem to the Kabbalah and to Jewish mysticism were no doubt complex and in part subconscious. An ambitious, exceptionally gifted young scholar will instinctively seek out an area of a subject in which he can be pioneer and master. In 1915, moreover, Scholem had met Walter Benjamin, who was to become one of the subtlest, most erudite figures in the history of modern literary theory and criticism. Benjamin's conviction that language was a many-layered

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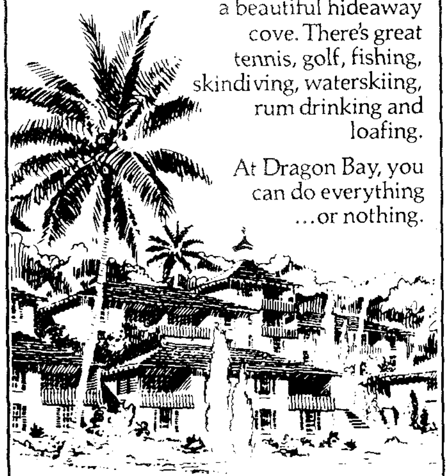

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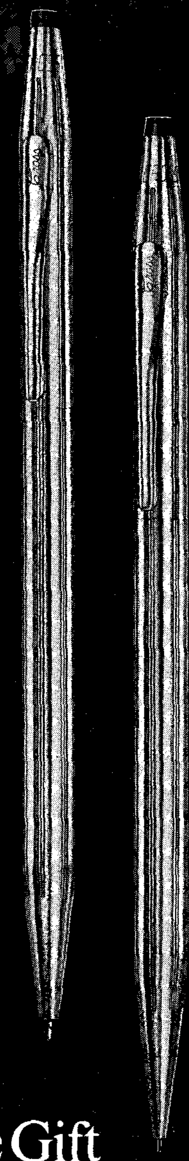

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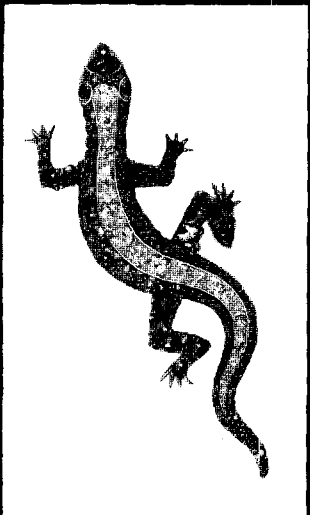

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mask of hidden meaning, his sense, rare at the time, of the significance of allegorical and hermetic devices in poetry and art, can only have reinforced Scholem's interest in the esoteric. But there may have been a deeper impulse at work. The atmosphere in Weimar Germany seemed to Scholem increasingly ominous and unreal. Long before his friends and intellectual peers, well before Franz Rosenzweig and Martin Buber, in whom German Judaism saw the confirmation of its stature, the young Scholem appears to have felt distinct premonitions of catastrophe. Now anyone thinking, feeling along such nearly "unthinkable" lines would find himself returning to the tragic mystery of Judaism, to the hidden meanings of suffering and Messianic awaiting. Nothing in Orthodox, Reformed, or emancipated Judaism in the early twentieth century, nothing in Jewish secular culture, could anticipate the holocaust, let alone find a symbolic location for it in the context of religion and ethics. Such location was conceivable only in the subterranean and mystical dimensions that official Judaism in the West had all but banished from remembrance. Scholem's studies of the Kabbalah were, in a strange sense, a piece of political prophecy.

From 1919 on, Scholem concentrated on his chosen field. Like other great scholars and artists, he proceeded with intuitive economy. His doctoral dissertation of 1921, a translation of one of the oldest Kabbalistic texts, promised an introduction. This was to appear forty years later. Scholem had mapped his terrain from the start. In September of 1923, he moved to Jerusalem. Only if one looks back carefully can one gauge the lucidity and originality of this act of emigration. The world of academic prestige and reward lay in Europe and, in an as yet preliminary way, America. The entirety of Scholem's background had been urban, bookish, mandarin in the traditional vein. His dual qualifications as mathematician and comparative philologist seemed to point directly to a university chair or a career as private scholar and man of letters. The Palestine to which Scholem went was remote and difficult. It did not offer much opportunity to the pure scholar. Yet Scholem, of course, was right, and this rightness has colored his tone and psychological outlook. He sought desperately to warn those who stayed behind, who were confident that the future of Judaism lay in the Gentile nation-state. He wrestled, literally, with Walter Benjamin's spirit, attempting to draw this most eminent of his intellectual and

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moral companions to Palestine before it was too late. He failed. And when the holocaust came, Scholem must have seen it as a nightmare he had long dreamed. The imperious irony, the flashes of bitterness and boredom that characterize his approach, reflect both Scholem's foresight and his inability to save those who stayed blind. He is impatient with men who can see everything plain except their own condition, and his impatience, one feels, embraces the many Jews in the Diaspora who, he believes, could today make an invaluable contribution by going to Israel and, it may well be, assuring the survival of their own children.

The Jerusalem of 1923 was a dusty, somewhat secretive city in which diverse national and religious communities lived contiguously yet apart. Scholem found it a treasure house of books and traditions veritably buried under oblivion. As head of the Judaica section in the National Library, he began rescuing from dust and the past the unsuspected legacy of Jewish mysticism and theosophical literature. In 1924, he started publishing in Hebrew, and those competent to judge deem his Hebrew prose to be as forthright, as finely ordered as his German. Though there were a mere hundred thousand Jews in the whole of Palestine, Scholem found the life profoundly rewarding. All doors were open, all strangers were in the family. Only a year after his emigration, moreover, good fortune struck. A benefaction from an American Jew (a Warburg who had himself left Germany for the United States) made possible the inception of the Hebrew University. Scholem was appointed lecturer in 1925, and was to teach in this distinguished, ever-growing institution for the next forty years.

But although he was to found an entire scholarly discipline, to discover and edit its sources, to establish its methodology, Scholem remained thoroughly involved in the difficult political and social crises of the new community. Until 1936, he was a member of the Arab-Jewish political party and alliance. The violent disturbances that occurred in the Mandate in 1936 convinced him that partition was necessary and inevitable. In this conviction, he was well in advance of the official Zionist position. During the Arab-Israeli war of 1948 and in the first ten years of the new nation, Scholem was an unswerving supporter of Ben-Gurion's policies. Ben-Gurion, legend has it, returned the compliment. When Scholem's "Sabbatai Sevi" was published, the Prime Minister closed his office and betook himself to bed for five days of

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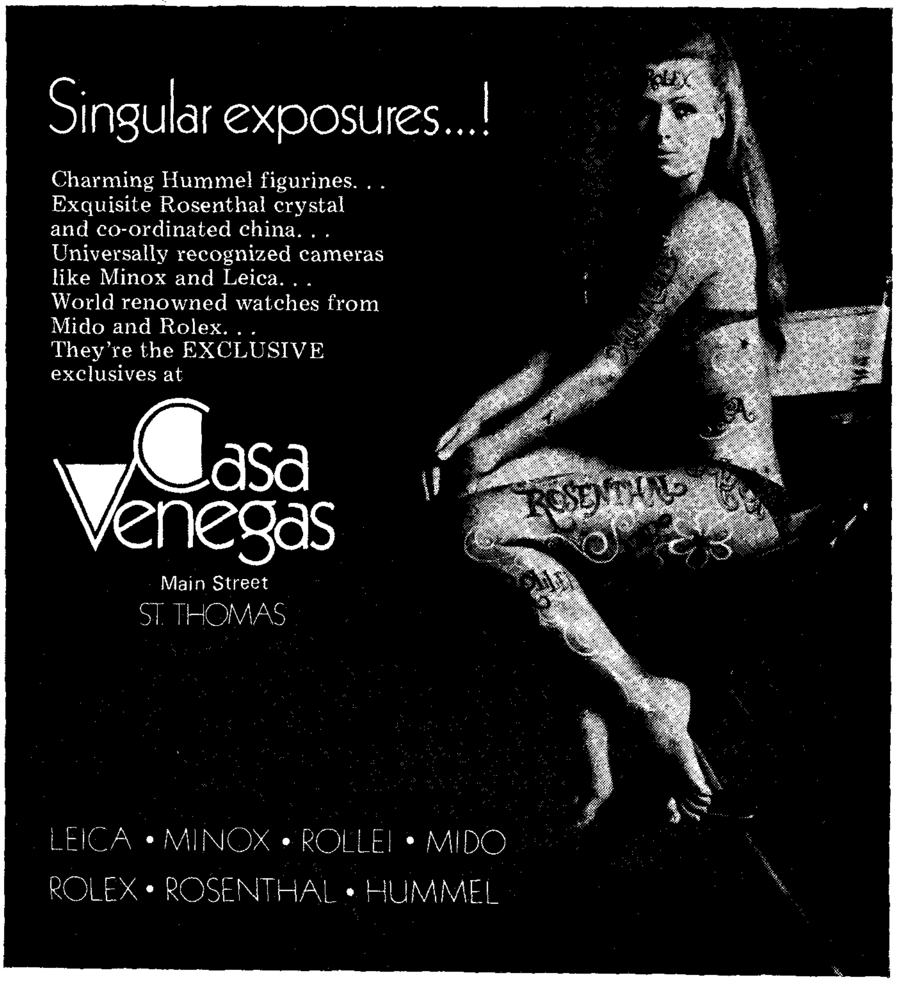

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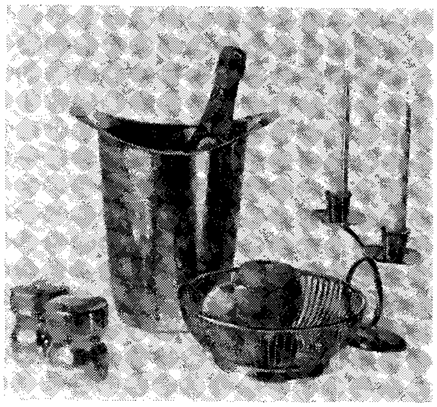

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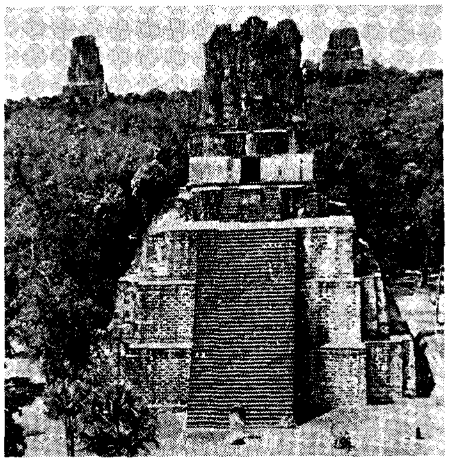
uninterrupted reading. Later, however, Scholem became a critic of Ben-Gurion. Today, Scholem's position in Israel is complex. He is, on the one hand, among the intellectual monuments of the young state. But he is also isolated. The ironic pragmatism of his political inclinations divides him from the more utopian or fanatical of his countrymen. His insistence on the central strain of mysticism in Judaism has deeply irritated the official rabbinate. The mystics themselves, on the other hand, sense in Scholem a sympathetic witness and examiner rather than a fellow-initiate. He has, moreover, refused to break his personal and intellectual ties with the Diaspora. Returning to Germany in 1946, in an American Army uniform, he labored to retrieve and bring to Israel what the Nazis had left of Jewish books and manuscripts. Soon he found himself going back there often, to teach, to write in German, to be custodian and expounder of Walter Benjamin's largely unpublished heritage. And though Scholem is fully cognizant of the links between Jung and Nazism, the annual study groups of Jungians who meet under the title Eranos have provided him with one of his spiritual bases. It is here that the range of his interests in magic, theosophy, symbolism, the logic of ecstasy seems most seriously represented. Thus he is a Zionist abroad and a man of international commitments and of a divided linguistic allegiance at home. He is, in any event, too great a scholar, too idiosyncratic a presence, to fit easily.

But it is, one feels, the plurality of Scholem's interests as a person, the unresolved cultural and psychological tensions of his position that give even the more arcane of his writings their unmistakable directness. The amalgam is a fascinating one at both the general and the stylistic level. Scholem is steeped in the lost past, in a world of sentiment and expression that began in the Hellenistic period, flowered during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, produced bizarre spiritual upheavals in the sixteen-sixties and again in the so-called Frankist movement of the eighteenth century—a world whose final spoors were all but effaced by the holocaust. His immersion in this spectral antiquity is often complete and addictive. But even at its most remote, Gershom Scholem's scholarship betrays an alert presentness. If he seeks out the shadow places and buried roots of Jewish mysticism, of the Messianic imagining, it is because the energies underground may be of vital import to the future of the Jewish people. In a way that is very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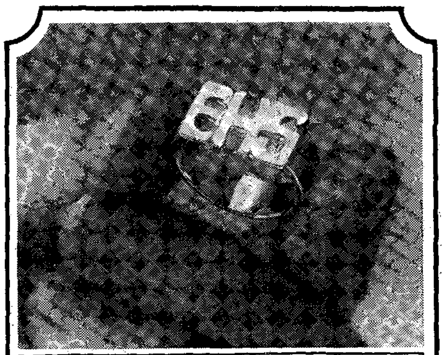

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difficult to put abstractly but that emanates from each of his books, Scholem is working to reknit the rich coherence of a Jewish self-consciousness terribly bruised by the artificial rationality of the modern rabbinical and secular traditions and by the holocaust. He labors the wealth, even the scandal, of the past in order to multiply options of survival. No great textual scholar, no master of philology and historical criticism commands a technique at once more scrupulously attentive to its object and more instinct with the writer's voice. That voice reaches and grips the layman.

SABBATAI SEVI (or Zwi, as the name may also be transliterated) was born in Smyrna in 1626. His youth seems to have been marked by an ascetic religiosity and by his immersion in Kabbalistic studies. He was drawn in particular to the Kabbalistic interpretations of Isaac Luria (1534-1572). Lurianic Kabbalism spread through the Jewish world in the late sixteenth century from its original center of study and meditation in the community of Safed, in what is now Israel. Scholem's magisterial analysis of Lurianic thought is pursued throughout his work on Jewish mysticism and is summarized in the hundred-thousand-word article on the Kabbalah he has contributed to the new Jewish Encyclopaedia. Suffice it to say that Lurianic Kabbalism emphasizes the expansions of God's emanation through all material stages of created being and that it puts vivid stress on personal rebirth. Through inner illumination and ritual, the individual can be renovated and can bring his spirit nearer an apprehension of the Divine mystery. Both these points had long been a part of Kabbalistic doctrine, but Isaac Luria gave a special, dramatic stress to the psychology of personal renewal. This psychology, moreover, was based on a mystical conception of extreme audacity. In order to make room for the world, God has, quite literally, "contracted": He has descended ever deeper into the recesses of His own Being. There is, consequently, a real sense in which the world as we know and inhabit it can be defined as "an absence of God." But there is also another consequence: in every created being there is a "space" from which God has, as it were, withdrawn. This withdrawal, however, is never complete, it is never a void; there is a residue of Divine manifestation. It may require only a rebirth of self-consciousness for the individual to perceive his own unity with that of the Divine substance in all

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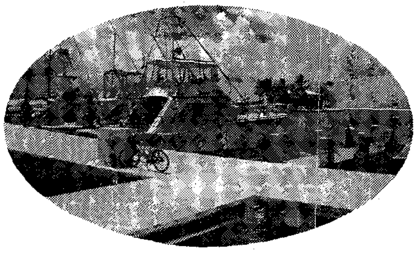

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things. Thus, there is at the enigmatic heart of Lurianic Kabbalism a promise of the restitution of cosmic harmony through the earthly medium of a mystically reborn Judaism.

In Sabbatai Sevi's mind, this promise seems to have fused with general strains of Messianic expectation. In 1648, Sevi appears to have come to regard himself, and to proclaim himself to a handful of admirers, as the Messiah. This created a certain amount of local scandal. Yet although Sabbatai Sevi made further disclosures of his Messianic status and mission in Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo, no great commotion ensued. This was probably due to the manic-depressive character of Sevi himself. His belief in his own Divine nature was obviously intermittent and frequently negated by periods of depression and inner confusion. Until 1665, in fact, Sabbatai Sevi was one of numerous ephemeral visionaries and enthusiasts of his generation—a generation laboring under the hideous shock of the Polish-Russian massacres of Jews in 1648—who cherished more or less vivid dreams of Messianic return.

Sevi had settled in Jerusalem in 1662. It was there that a young student of the Talmud, Nathan of Gaza (1644-1680), crossed his path. Nathan is one of the most remarkable figures in the history of Judaism. He was a brilliant publicist, a theologian of original powers, and a man of boundless energy. Through a process of mystical intuition that probably defies critical reconstruction, Nathan of Gaza arrived at the conviction that Sabbatai Sevi, the faintly scandalous wanderer, the ascetic and intermittent aspirant to a Messianic mission, was indeed the Messiah. Informed of this illumination, Sevi went to Gaza. It was from Nathan that he received confirmation of his own transcendent status. This time it was St. Paul who revealed a Christ to himself. This is the crucial fact in the relation of the two men, and it underlies the whole Sabbatian movement. In May of 1665, Sabbatai Sevi publicly proclaimed himself to be the Messiah.

The moment was aptly chosen. Throughout the Jewish and Gentile world, the year 1666 was widely assumed to be one of apocalyptic fulfillment. Numerological speculations founded on Kabbalistic writings and the Book of Revelation had endowed the number 1666 with unique significance. A Second Coming was thought to be imminent. Quickly the news of Sabbatai Sevi's self-revelation and of the theological validity attached to it by Nathan of Gaza spread. Jewish communities in

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Italy, Holland, Germany, England, and Poland were swept up in the fantastic message and in the controversies it generated. The Jews of Tunis and the Sudan waited impatiently for further word. Christian and Islamic observers watched what might at any moment explode into a mystical-nationalist political movement. In a state of manic exaltation, the Messiah himself went back to Smyrna in the fall of 1665. There he issued antinomian decrees and visionary promises to the rapidly growing number of his followers.

At first, the Turkish authorities seem to have taken matters coolly; various facets of Sabbatianism chimed in with mystical trends in Islam. But soon they realized the potential political dangers of a Messianic program. Sevi was summoned to Constantinople. In September of 1666 the Sultan's Privy Council gave him the choice of apostasy or death. Sabbatai Sevi chose conversion to Islam and took on the name of Aziz Mehemed Effendi. During the next five years, the apostate led a curiously easy, privileged life under Turkish patronage. With the full cognizance of the Turks, he mingled Islamic and Jewish rites and continued to play on his own Messianic status. But fresh scandals and the news that Sevi was converting a number of Turks to Judaism caused the commander of the janissaries in Constantinople to act. Sabbatai was arrested and jailed in Adrianople, then exiled to an obscure nest in Albania. There he continued to see disciples and to act out his double role as Jew and Muslim. He died almost ten years to the day after his apostasy—on September 17th of 1676. Nathan became a homeless, often despised and threatened wanderer. He died in Macedonia in January of 1680. Sabbatian hopes and doctrines persisted, however, in diverse subterranean forms. The crypto-Jewish sect of the Dönmeh in Salonika continued to use Sabbatian prayers and rituals until well into the twentieth century.

These bare facts and their main spiritual implications were laid out by Scholem in a classic chapter on "Sabbatianism and Mystical Heresy" in "Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism." Why, therefore, the enormously expanded treatment of Sabbatianism in the present work?

It is not the person of the false Messiah himself that most concerns Scholem. A lifetime of careful study has convinced him that Sevi's undoubted charismatic powers, his abilities to transmute trancelike states into acts of hypnotic force, pose no special problems. Scholem feels certain that he is dealing

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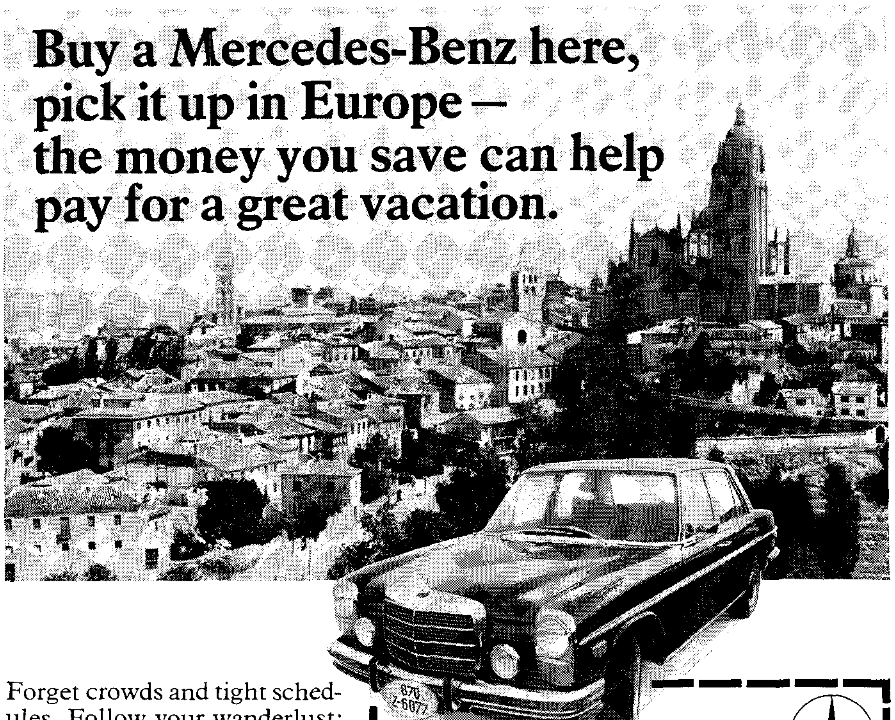

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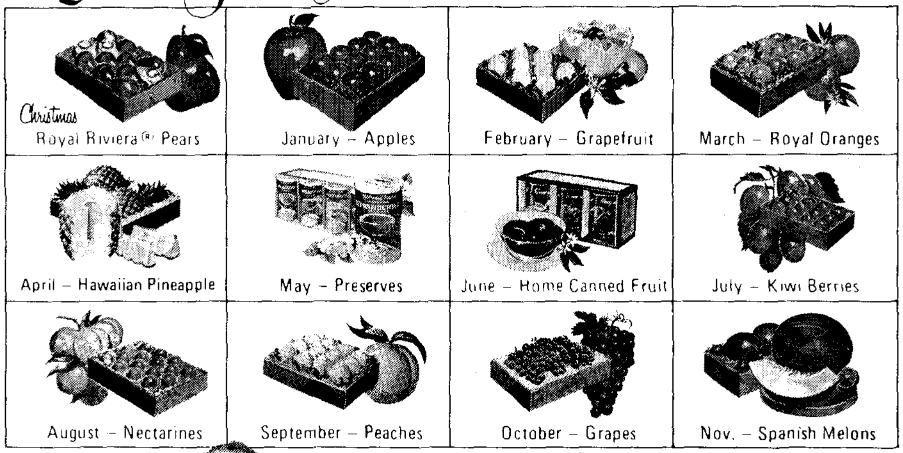

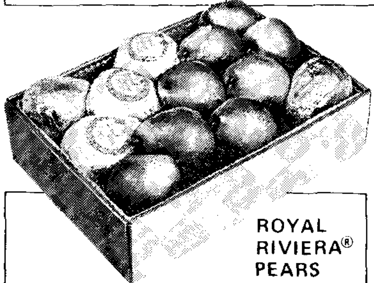

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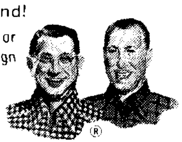

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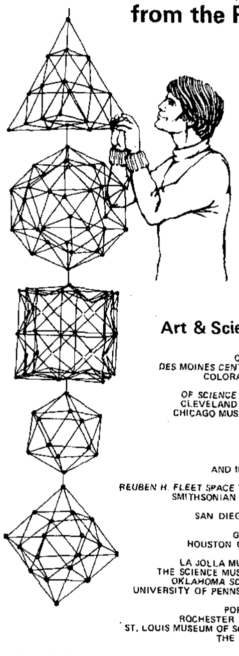
with a manic-depressive type not unusual in the literature of ecstasy. Nor is he primarily interested in the relations between Sabbatai Sevi and Nathan of Gaza, though he has acute things to say about the dramatic psychology of their encounter and mutual reinforcement. (The theme had already caught the eye of novelists: witness Israel Zangwill's "Dreamers of the Ghetto," of 1898, and Arthur Cohen's "In the Days of Simon Stern," published earlier this year.) No; Scholem's fascination with the Sabbatian movement derives from the motif that has animated his lifework. He is concerned with the ways in which the mystical and Kabbalistic representations of God and the world have entered into the historical realities of the Jewish condition. Via the charismatic phenomenon of Sabbatai Sevi and the speculations of Nathan of Gaza, a peculiarly esoteric, hermetic version of the Kabbalistic picture of the Divine entered into the history of the Messianic idea. To this explosive conjunction there must be added one other theme—the one Scholem examines in one of the most famous of his essays, "Redemption Through Sin." With the coming of the Messiah, the Law would be transcended. Indeed, from a certain point of view, the Law could be seen as a negative custodianship, as a mode of constraint and protection during the ambiguous time of Jewish life in an unredeemed creation. Two ancient traditions of feeling or conjecture strengthened this antinomian view. There was the old rabbinic concept of "a commandment which is fulfilled by means of a transgression" (*mitzvah ha-ba'ah ba-averah*) and the notion that prophets can perform and command acts which are external or even contrary to the Torah. Kabbalah, the Messianic idea, redemption through transgression: these are the three topics whose intellectual sources, psychology, and historical effect Scholem pursues in his magnum opus as he has pursued them throughout his scholarly, philosophic writings.

It is the interplay of these themes that alone can account for the two most striking features of the Sabbatian affair (which was in itself, after all, only an ephemeral episode): the fantastic spread of the movement and the fact that much of its spiritual meaning survived Sevi's apostasy. In his book Scholem dwells almost obsessively on both points. By tracing the progress of Sabbatian ideas in different parts of seventeenth-century Europe, the Middle East, and Africa, Scholem builds up an unrivalled sociological and psychologi-



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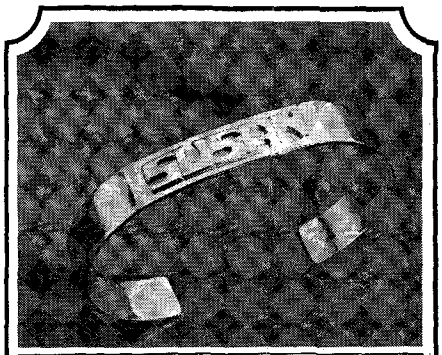

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cal profile of Jewish life at the time. He shows that the heretical faith cut across class and economic lines. Members of the financial élite of Amsterdam, Venice, and Hamburg joined with the poorest of their brethren in spreading Messianic propaganda. No naïve correlations between sociological facts and religious feeling obtain. It is mere modern reductionism, says Scholem, to believe that a transformation of human existence is "essentially" social because it has manifest social aspects and material implications: "The world view of the generations with which we are concerned here was not yet impoverished to that extent, and their experience still had room for a spiritual dimension that was more than the direct or indirect reflection of social reality. It was the interlocking of the various elements in the historical actuality of the Sabbatian movement which accounts for much of its explosive charge." (It ought to be said at this point that those competent to judge find R. J. Zwi Werblowsky's translation of Scholem's Hebrew masterly, and that Scholem himself designates the English text as definitive.)

More or less conscious notions of personal and communal rebirth drawn from the Kabbalah, the long enigma of exile, and a menacing historical situation, particularly in Eastern Europe, had prepared the ground for Sabbatian hopes. Moreover, as Scholem indicates in some of the most guarded but also forceful of his analyses of a buried past, the false Messiah invoked energies wider than Judaism. Though the evidence is obscure, Sabbatai Sevi often seems to have had Jesus in mind. He imitated some of Jesus's actions and speculated on the relations between the Messianic aspects of Jesus's revelation and his own. This syncretic tendency undoubtedly found echo among the Turkish authorities. Islam also inclines to see Abraham, Moses, and Jesus as Divinely endowed, if preliminary, witnesses to the revealed truth. Sevi undoubtedly took note of possible parallels between the annunciatory and expository roles of John the Baptist and Paul in relation to Christ and the relations of Nathan of Gaza to his own mission. These complex undertones may help to explain the breadth of appeal of Sabbatian ideas and the fact that a number of Christian observers were ready to take Sabbatai Sevi's claims at face value. The world seemed to them strangely poised for a Second Coming, for a new light out of the East.

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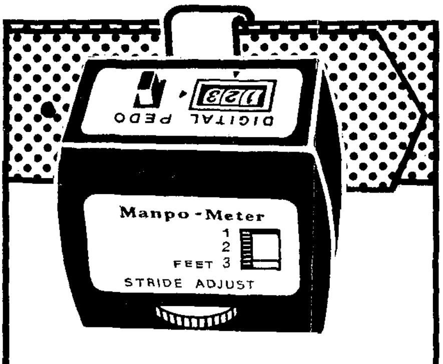

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number of Sabbatians, including Nathan, remained totally persuaded of Sevi's Messiahdom after September of 1666. As Scholem shows, the very awfulness of the news of the Messiah's conversion to Islam, the utter vileness and mystery of his action, triggered a matching response. In an uncanny theological-psychological leap, the Sabbatians proclaimed that Sabbatai Sevi's apostasy at Constantinople was further—indeed, final—proof of his Messianic being. Using Kabbalistic images of the mysteries of confusion that must precede the reëntry of God into every fibre of creation, and drawing on the doctrine of the holy sinner, the Sabbatians exulted in the Messiah's outward degradation. Sabbatai Sevi had plunged into darkness, he had left the sphere of Divine emanation, in order to accomplish the foretold, the necessary journey through evil. Only when the heart of evil was reached, only when he stood (apparently) at the furthest, most scandalous remove from the God of Israel and His Torah, would the Messiah reveal himself and let the light of revelation cover the universe.

The paradox has stunning power. We find it again in Blake's doctrine of salutary excess and in Dostoevski's conviction that direct access to Christ lies with the demonic. It points as well to a more general psychological trait familiar to students of Marxism: no actual setback, no contrary evidence, however drastic, can uproot utopian faith. A "Stalinism" is always no more than a detour, a black episode in the pilgrimage to the millennium. If hope were susceptible of unflawed disproof, we would cease dreaming.

"Sabbatai Sevi" does not go beyond the death of Nathan of Gaza. But in Scholem's other books and essays we find the outline of an original, highly suggestive theory about the ultimate consequences of the Sabbatian fever. Scholem seems to feel that the two most powerful currents of emotion and action in modern Judaism can be viewed as a legacy, or a modified version, of the seventeenth-century Messianic illusion. Scholem sees in modern Chassidism, as it arose after the seventeen-fifties in Eastern Europe, an attempt to preserve those aspects of Kabbalism that could evoke a popular emotional response but that are stripped of their Messianic flavor. Chassidism is a revivalist movement, based on charisma and personal ecstasy but freed from the peculiar and tragic problem of an actual Messiah. Many Sabbatians and crypto-Sabbatians found a spiritual home in the Chassidic world. Once again, it was

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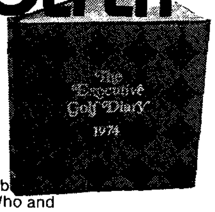

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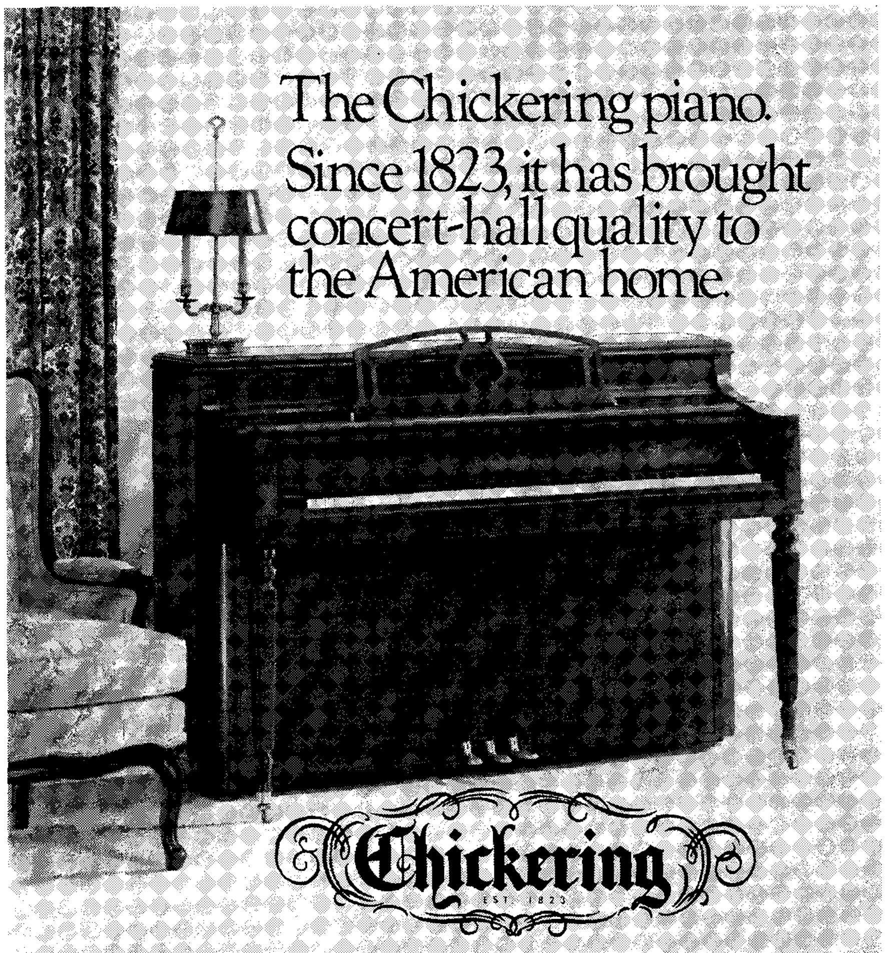
not the rabbis, not the guardians of formal learning and the Law, who held the keys to rebirth but inspired visionaries, prophets, paradoxalists possessed of the holy spirit. In Chassidic lore and practices, the great hopes of 1666 lived on, and live yet, via the influence of Chassidic traditions on such current American-Jewish writers as Norman Mailer, Elie Wiesel, Arthur Cohen. (Scholem's insistence on the Sabbatian mystical structure of Chassidism and on the particular historical roots from which the movement sprang have put him at sharp odds with Martin Buber. Scholem believes that Buber trivialized the real force of Chassidic literature into a kind of chicken-soup revivalism.)

The second main impulse to evolve from and through the Messianic dream of the seventeenth century was, of course, that of Zionism. The inner history of Zionism, of the dream of a return to Israel of the Jewish communities scattered in exile, is so manifold and complicated that it has until now eluded definitive scholarly treatment. At the level of ritual formula—"next year in Jerusalem"—and Divine promise, Zionism has been a permanent, a basic aspect of Judaism as such. The relation of the observant Jew to the God of Israel makes no sense if it is divorced from the possibility of a homecoming, either individual or by virtue of Messianic intervention, to the land of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But the actual nature of this possibility bristles with empirical and psychological problems. For many pious Jews in the two-thousand-year history of the Diaspora, Israel was a purely symbolic concept, a thread of transcendental apartness in the ordinary fabric of private and social existence. For others, it was an alternative that Divine grace or flight from persecution might suddenly make real. To the very pious and the mystical, Jerusalem was no doubt a central object of hope and meditation. But it was by no means evident that a homecoming to a secular, merely historical Israel could have valid meaning. Such meaning could derive only from Messianic fulfillment and God's restoration of His temple. These intricate, often contradictory strands of literal or allegorical expectation, of attraction and repulsion, are inwoven with the whole of Jewish history. They represent a constant of instability in the psyche and behavior of the individual Jew wherever he may be. If anything, the holocaust and the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 have made the relations between exile and Zion, between home and home away from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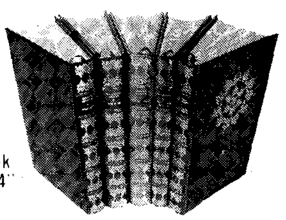
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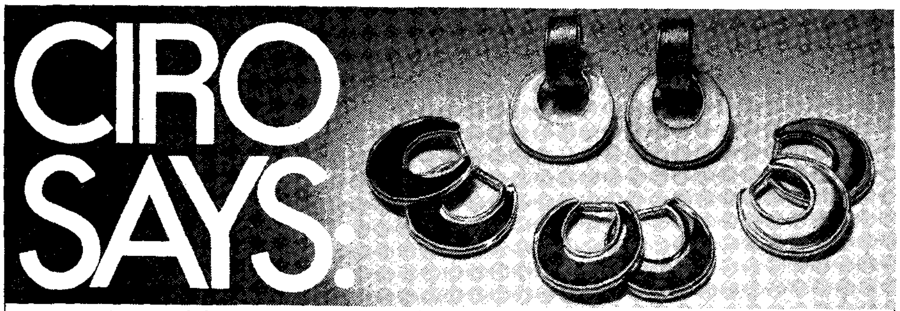
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home even more problematic. Sabbatianism did not play a direct role in the subterranean prehistory of modern Zionism. But the dream of a Messianic seizure of power in Jerusalem, of an ingathering of the Jewish people in an apocalyptic rebirth, added yet another element of unrest to the condition of the Jew in a Gentile world. By his very failure, by the scandal and humiliation of that failure, Sabbatai Sevi may have brought nearer the realization that Judaism must come home to Israel long before the return of the true Messiah. To the extent, therefore, that it can be related to Chassidism on the one hand and Zionism on the other, the Sabbatian heresy had consequences both visionary and practical.

Gershom Scholem's vast scholarship and the force of his presentation have insured the prestige, the wide dissemination of his views. But it would do no service to his originality or polemic zest to deny that these views remain, to many of his fellow-Jews, disturbing. Speaking on the German radio in December of 1968, Scholem reflected on his lifelong study of the Kabbalah and mysticism. This study, he insisted, was not a matter of scholarly monomania. On the contrary: to investigate Jewish mysticism was to bring back to life an absolutely basic strain in Jewish religious and social history. The great mystics of the Hellenistic era, the medieval Kabbalists, the visionaries of the seventeenth century, the Chassidim, even the Frankists, with their lurid, antinomian delusions, had stood "at the heart of Judaism, not at the edge . . . never, indeed, at the edge but always at the inmost core." Modern Judaism has damaged itself and wasted vital reserves by ignoring so much of its inheritance. This is an implausible, even scandalous proposition to both the Orthodox and the emancipated Jew. To the Orthodox, the truth of Judaism lies in the Law and in the long tradition of rabbinical commentary on the Law. He finds abhorrent the notion inherent in Kabbalism of a "Hidden Torah," of an esoteric body of Divine commandment and promise of which the actual Torah is a meagre fragment or even a falsification. The emancipated Jew, on the other hand, prides himself on what he takes to be the glorious rationality of his background and heritage. He feels that Judaism, proudly distinct from other faiths, is a structure of ethics and rational discourse relatively free of mystical lumber. Like Cardinal Newman, he has been taught to believe that mysticism begins in

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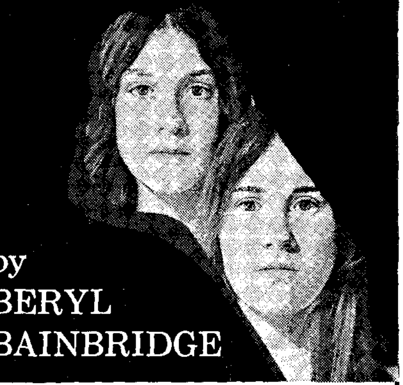

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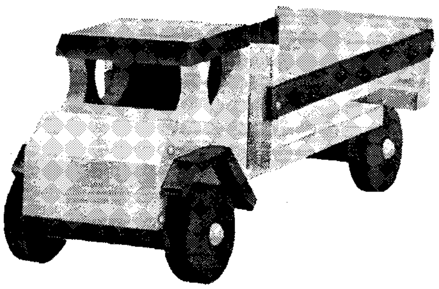

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"mist" and ends in "schism." Indeed, he may go further and attribute to the lucid intellectuality of the Judaic tradition a seminal part in the brilliance of the Jewish contribution to modern science and to contemporary social and political thought. Scholem's stubborn, often ironic insistence that Merkabah mysticism—the long tradition of meditation on the seven degrees of light emanating from God's throne—is at least as crucial to an understanding of Judaism (more so, in fact, than is the emancipation from the ghetto or the achievement of Marx or Freud) does not accord easily with the climate of Jewish feeling. But Scholem's argument has changed—permanently, one suspects—the relations of that feeling to its own past.

Nor can conventional Jewish attitudes derive much comfort from Scholem's final analysis of the Messianic idea. He is, as we have seen, one of the major historians of that idea and of its complex interaction with mysticism and the observance of the Law. A lifetime of reflection is concentrated in the caution Scholem puts forward in his essay "Toward an Understanding of the Messianic Idea in Judaism" (1959). The passage, though it is well known, deserves to be cited at some length:

> The magnitude of the Messianic idea corresponds to the endless powerlessness in Jewish history during all the centuries of exile, when it was unprepared to come forward onto the plane of world history. There's something preliminary, something provisional about Jewish history; hence its inability to give of itself entirely. For the Messianic idea is not only consolation and hope. Every attempt to realize it tears open the abysses which lead each of its manifestations *ad absurdum*. There is something grand about living in hope, but at the same time there is something profoundly unreal about it. It diminishes the singular worth of the individual, and he can never fulfill himself, because the incompleteness of his endeavors eliminates precisely what constitutes its highest value. Thus in Judaism the Messianic idea has compelled a *life lived in deferment*, in which nothing can be done definitively, nothing can be irrevocably accomplished. One may say, perhaps, the Messianic idea is the real anti-existentialist idea. Precisely understood, there is nothing concrete which can be accomplished by the unredeemed. This makes for the greatness of Messianism but also for its constitutional weakness. Jewish so-called *Existenz* possesses a tension that never finds true release; it never burns itself out. . . . Little wonder that overtones of Messianism have accompanied the modern Jewish readiness for irrevocable action in the concrete realm, when it set out on the utopian return to Zion. It is a readiness

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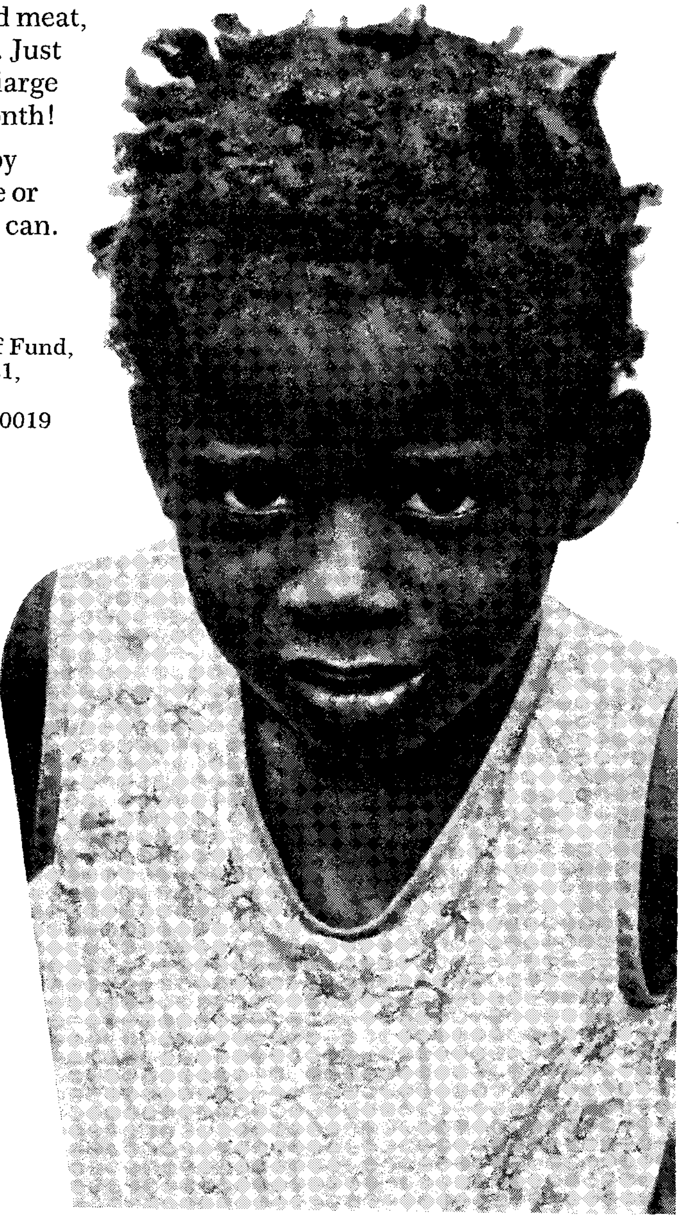

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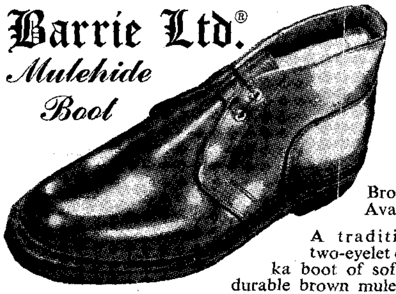

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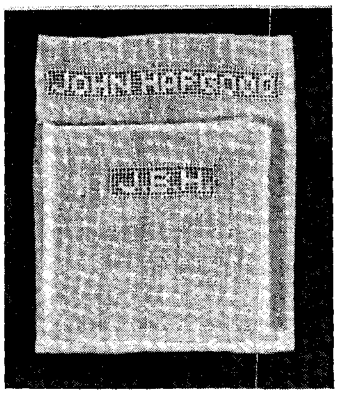

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which no longer allows itself to be fed on hopes. Born out of the horror and destruction that was Jewish history in our generation, it is bound to history itself and not to meta-history; it has not given itself up totally to Messianism. Whether or not Jewish history will be able to endure this entry into the concrete realm without perishing in the crisis of the Messianic claim which has virtually been conjured up—that is the question which out of his great and dangerous past the Jew of this age poses to his present and to his future.

The bleak intensity of this conclusion tells of more than philosophical insight. Scholem, at this point, is engaged in a dialogue at once public and intimate with the two contemporaries whom he sees as his true peers. He is rethinking and qualifying Walter Benjamin's theses on the transcendence of history; he is, as it were, exploring the tragic ambiguity of Benjamin's allegory of history as an angel who lacks wings but looks upward poised for flight. At the same time, Scholem is refuting the radical utopianism of the Marxist visionary Ernst Bloch, for whom the Messianic promise, in the guise of revolution and the foundation of total Socialism, is a guarantee of the meaning and future of human life. Scholem is reminding Bloch and the entire current generation of apocalyptic radicals that a blind investment in the future tense can devalue the present and can negate the integrity of the individual.

But whether or not one accepts Scholem's convictions about the centrality of mysticism in Jewish history or his reading of the Messianic promise, there can be no doubt of the intellectual and imaginative stature of his achievement. It is, perhaps, the imaginative penetration, the density of felt life in Scholem's reanimations of a distant, esoteric past that constitute his preëminence. We are at present fortunate in possessing a number of historians capable of restoring to our inner eye—almost, one might say, to our sense of touch—great spaces of human experience formerly reserved to the specialist. Joseph Needham's "Science and Civilization in China" has brought back into our awareness facts of human accomplishment, animate presences, landscapes crowded with being which had been all but lost to historical remembrance. The books of Frances Yates on the role of magic, hermeticism, and the allegorical arts in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Europe make for a whole archeology of the imagination. Contours extravagant yet precise now fill what were literal blanks on the map of the past. These scholar-artists are, consciously or not,

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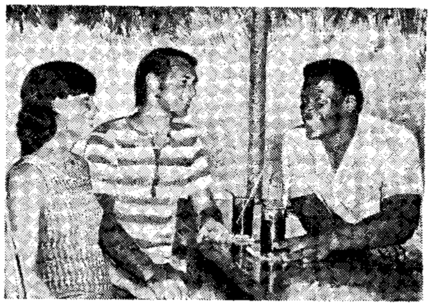

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the legatees of the classic novel and, in particular, of Proust. Theirs also is a "remembrance of things past" so vivid that we enter into their world of documents and analysis as confidently as into our native scene. Gershom Scholem is of this family.

But what, finally, is Scholem's attitude toward the strange spheres of thought and illumination he has rediscovered for us? What is his own view of the mysteries revealed by the Kabbalah, of the emanations, "broken vessels of Divine light," letters of fire he has resurrected from historical oblivion or the scorn of rationalism? Scholem does not address himself to this question directly, but there are hints that he is aware of a certain irony in his labors. In 1959, he published a very short text entitled "Ten Nonhistorical Propositions on the Kabbalah." There is, he admits, something utterly ironic about the application of exact philology to a mystical tradition. Yet, he continues, this irony, this dialectic of opposites, is inherent in the mystical text itself. How, otherwise, are we to grasp the assertion of the mystic that he has something incommunicable to communicate? The radiant truths of the Kabbalist's vision are by very definition beyond translation into public words or even metaphors. But the Kabbalistic text struggles incessantly at just such translation. The distinction, suggests Scholem, is that between "recognition" and "transmission": we may be able to recognize that which we cannot transmit. Or it may be that we can transmit the meaning of an esoteric text only when this meaning has lost its true power. That is, the scholar understands and expounds only those mysteries that are already in a state of decay. It is because he refuses to explain, it is because he encloses his writings in silence, that Kafka is the last of the real Kabbalists.

Scholem's "Ten Propositions" is full of modest irony, but it leaves one unsatisfied. What "truth-value," to borrow a term from logic, does this skeptical, though in his very private sense also deeply religious, scholar assign to the bizarre objects of his research? Having the luck of sharing quarters with Professor Scholem during a time when we were both guests of the University of Zürich, I pressed the question. He evaded it, or, quite properly, treated it as a naïve impertinence. One evening, we dined together in town. I asked again. Scholem grew impatient and looked away, with a characteristic air of ironic dismissal. Then, abruptly, he turned to me: "There is one thing I know, and know beyond any doubt. The

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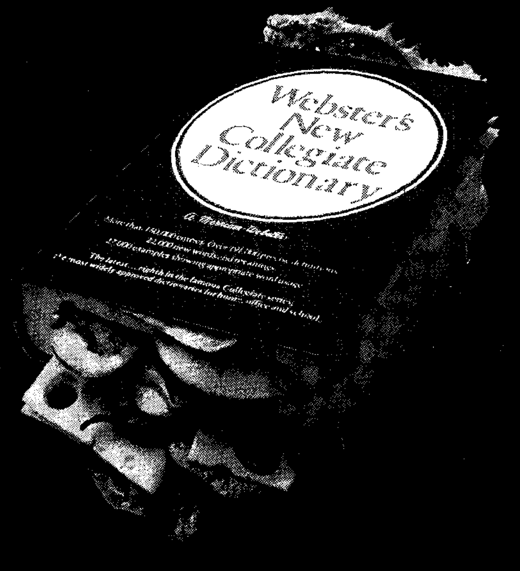

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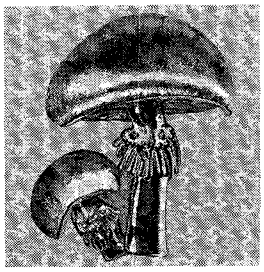

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Kabbalists, the mystics, knew something that we do not know." After which he was silent, and he said little more until we had walked through the old, gabled streets that take one, via flights of steps, to the university and its guest house.

It has been Gershom Scholem's genius to show, if not the light of this knowledge, the radiant shadow it casts on history. —GEORGE STEINER

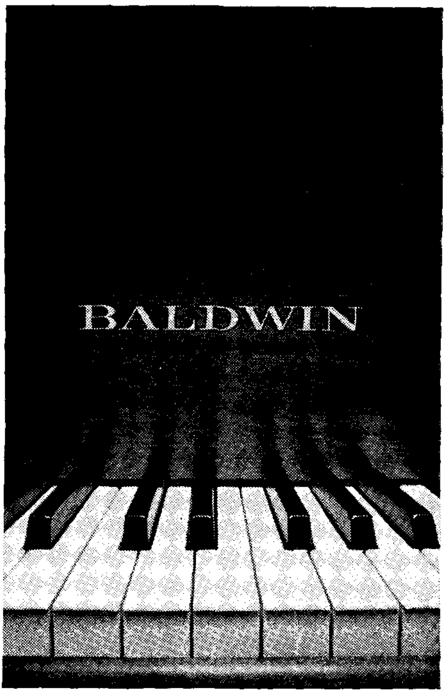
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TWO VIRGINS, by Kamala Markandaya (John Day). A simple, moving story about two adolescent Indian sisters, their closely knit, impoverished family, and the backwater village they live in. Miss Markandaya writes in a forthright, almost breakneck style that could have been paced a little less relentlessly but could not be more precise or lucid. From the minutiae of the girls' lives we learn a great deal about the fabric of life in India today. They are constantly choosing between Eastern and Western ways of looking at the world—in their school, at home, in their language, and in their attitudes toward their own ripening sexuality, of which they are both keenly aware. One sister dares all, moves to the city, and is brought low. The other dares nothing but observes everything, and quivers like a tuning fork. Both their stories are fascinating and demonstrate that Miss Markandaya writes as well about such universal feelings as lust, friendship, envy, and pride as she does about matters idiosyncratic to her country.

THE FIRST DEADLY SIN, by Lawrence Sanders (Putnam). A bloated, adipose novel inside which is a perfectly good but slender suspense story crying to get out. It is an urban hunting tale: the hunter is a fiftyish New York City police captain, and his unknown quarry is a gilded young swinger-about-town who kills at random and without apparent motive. When Mr. Sanders takes time out from his overwriting and attends to the business of his narrative, he creates a true and taut excitement, but too often the mood is broken. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

DICKIE'S LIST, by Ann Birstein (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Everything you didn't want to know about the New York publishing world but were afraid someone



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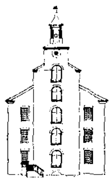

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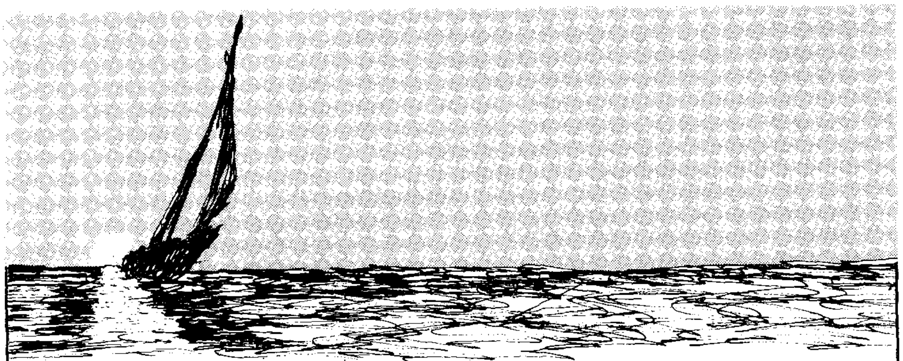
would get around to writing anyway. "Dickie's List" fails as an exposé of the seamy side of the New York quality-lit. crowd because of the triviality of the details the author gives us about that world, and it fails as a chronicle of the vaguely dissatisfied life of Sandra Baxter—née Wolfe, formerly of the Bronx, now of the upper West Side, Cape Cod, Bergdorf's, and Zabar's—pretty much for the same reason. All the characters are types, not believable people. There is a Jewish mother who makes Mrs. Portnoy look like a subtle character sketch; a neglectful forty-year-old husband and super-editor who seems to be twenty-eight and treats Sandra as if she were a pet poodle; a plump English lover who acts bored most of the time but becomes madly passionate at the beach. And there is a lot of vapid publishing-party and publishing-lunch chatter.

GENERAL

WHATEVER BECAME OF SIN?, by Karl Menninger (Hawthorn). The distinguished psychiatrist recalls the intellectual (and historical and emotional) processes by which many acts once thought of as "sins" were transformed into crimes or demoted to "sickness" or symptoms of sickness, or became matters that were no longer thought about at all. But Dr. Menninger does not believe that moral choice and moral responsibility have ceased to exist. With considerable subtlety of thought, and deceptive simplicity of style, he presents an outline for an ethical system in the course of discussing what deeds we human beings commit that still deserve the awful name of "sin," and telling us how not to commit them.

JOHN STRACHEY, by Hugh Thomas (Harper & Row). An acute, absorbing biography of an English political figure (1901-63) whose influence was greater than is suggested by the offices he held in the Attlee Government of 1945-51: Under-secretary of State for Air, Minister of Food, and Secretary of State for War. Mr. Thomas recalls Strachey's well-off, well-connected family, which put him politically to the right, and then follows the gifted young man through the influences—education, travel, an early love affair—that moved him to the left: to the Labour Party, to Oswald Mosley's New Party, to the Communist Party (which accepted him as a popularizer but not as a member),



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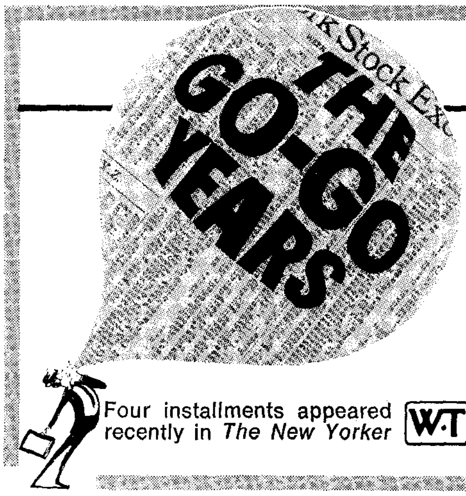

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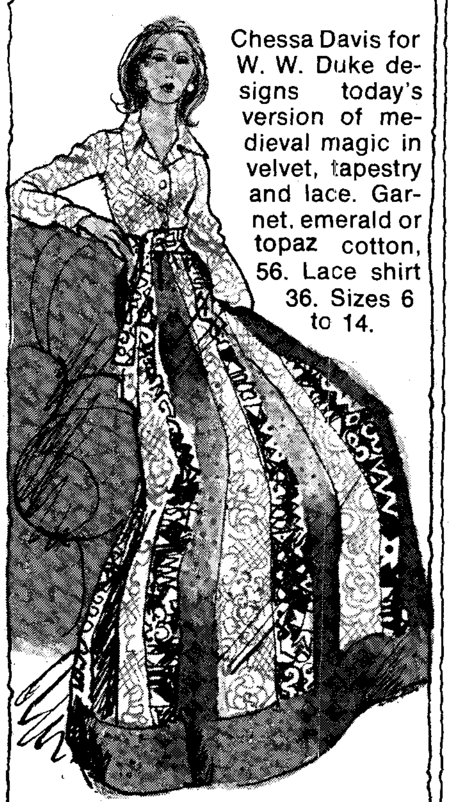

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and then back to the Labour Party. Out of Parliament from 1931 to 1945, Strachey wrote books ("The Coming Struggle for Power" is the best-known), worked for the Left Book Club and its *Left News*, and broadcast during the Second World War—literary and propagandistic efforts to mold British opinion. Thomas, presenting a whole man, *includes contradictions*; for example, Strachey, dedicated to the working class, had nothing to say to an encountered worker. The star-studded background of the book demonstrates (among other things) the clubbiness and intimacy of British political society, in which even the "outs" stay "in."

A VISIT TO PORTUGAL, 1866, by Hans Christian Andersen, translated from the Danish by Grace Thornton (Bobbs-Merrill). From Grace Thornton's short-and-to-the-point foreword we learn that Andersen was invited to visit Portugal in 1865 and that he accepted the invitation eagerly and did his homework, learning all he could about the past history and present condition of the country he was to see and where he was to live for a few months. His hosts were Jorge and José O'Neill and their families; the O'Neill brothers had met Andersen in Copenhagen in 1827, when they were all young and strangers in the big city. Andersen was a stranger because he had come to Copenhagen a poverty-stricken boy from his native Odense, and remained always awkward and clumsy and outside the warm social life he craved; the O'Neills were *really* strangers, having come from their native Lisbon as students. Andersen's account of his travels makes bright but curiously superficial reading, and there is an air about it of dejection, as though he had been taken aback, or cast down, in a manner that is not explained to us, but here and there anecdotes and comments shine out, revealing once again the great storyteller's irresistible humanity and his fervent love of his own country.

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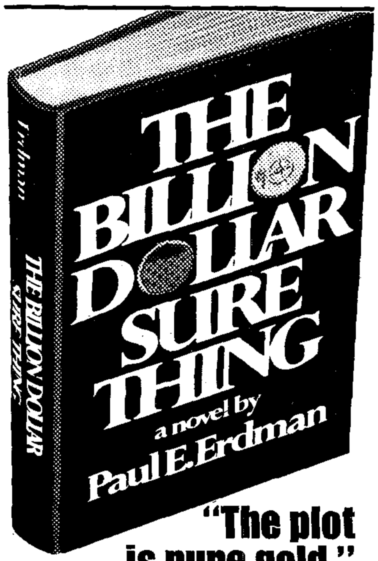

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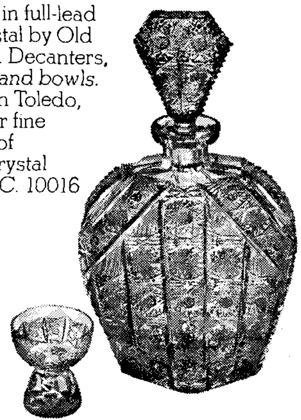

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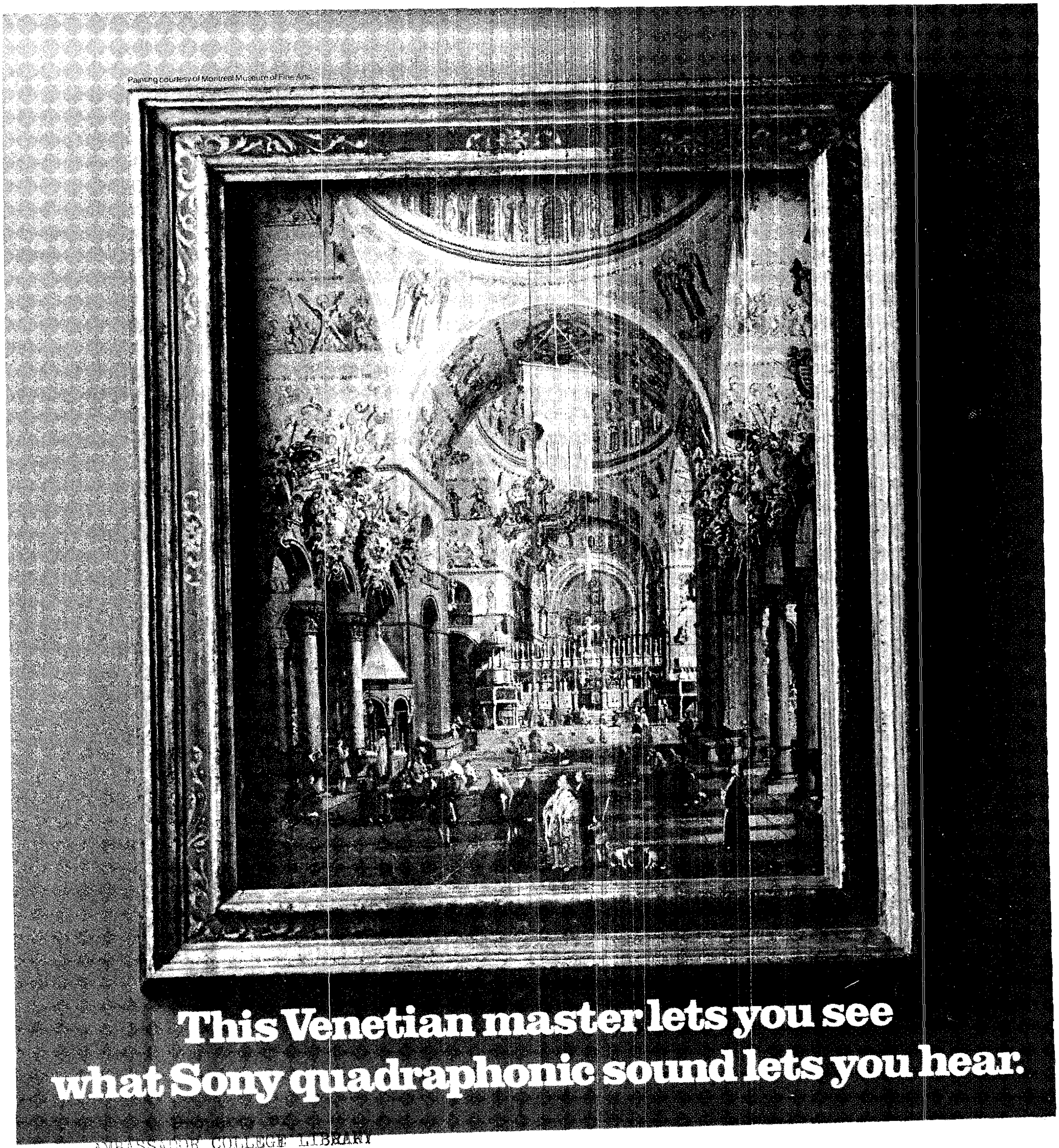
Red Label
100% Scotch Whiskies
Blended and bottled in Scotland
John Walker & Sons Ltd., Kilmarnock
86.8 Proof
4/5 Quart
Bottled in Scotland
Awards
Dunedin 1890
Jamaica 1891
Kimberley 1892
Brisbane 1897
Dear Phil
I don't know how to
thank you
for all

When it's difficult to express your feelings in words, a gift of smooth, satisfying Johnnie Walker Red Scotch can say all you ever wanted to say…and more.

This gift has never left any giver speechless. And the message always comes across smooth and clear.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."



Painting courtesy of Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

This Venetian master lets you see what Sony quadraphonic sound lets you hear.

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Just as the painter Canaletto makes you feel the space and depth of a great cathedral, Sony quadraphonic sound surrounds you with the space and depth of music.

Not just breadth, like ordinary stereo, but the added dimension of depth.

In fact, Sony has added some wonders of its own to 4-channel sound.

We've integrated all the components into one compact, solid-state music system. So you don't have to go shopping for complicated attachments.

You just sit back and enjoy SQ records, tapes and broadcasts with all the clarity and intensity that's quadraphonic sound at its best.

Yet, in spite of its virtuoso performance, the Sony SQP-400 is a very simple system to operate.

We've added a control panel that lets you balance the four speakers so you can maximize the 4-channel sound from any part of the room.

Think of it this way.

To listen to Sony quadraphonic sound is to see with the eyes of Canaletto.

THE SONY® SQP-400.

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